Sept. 8, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

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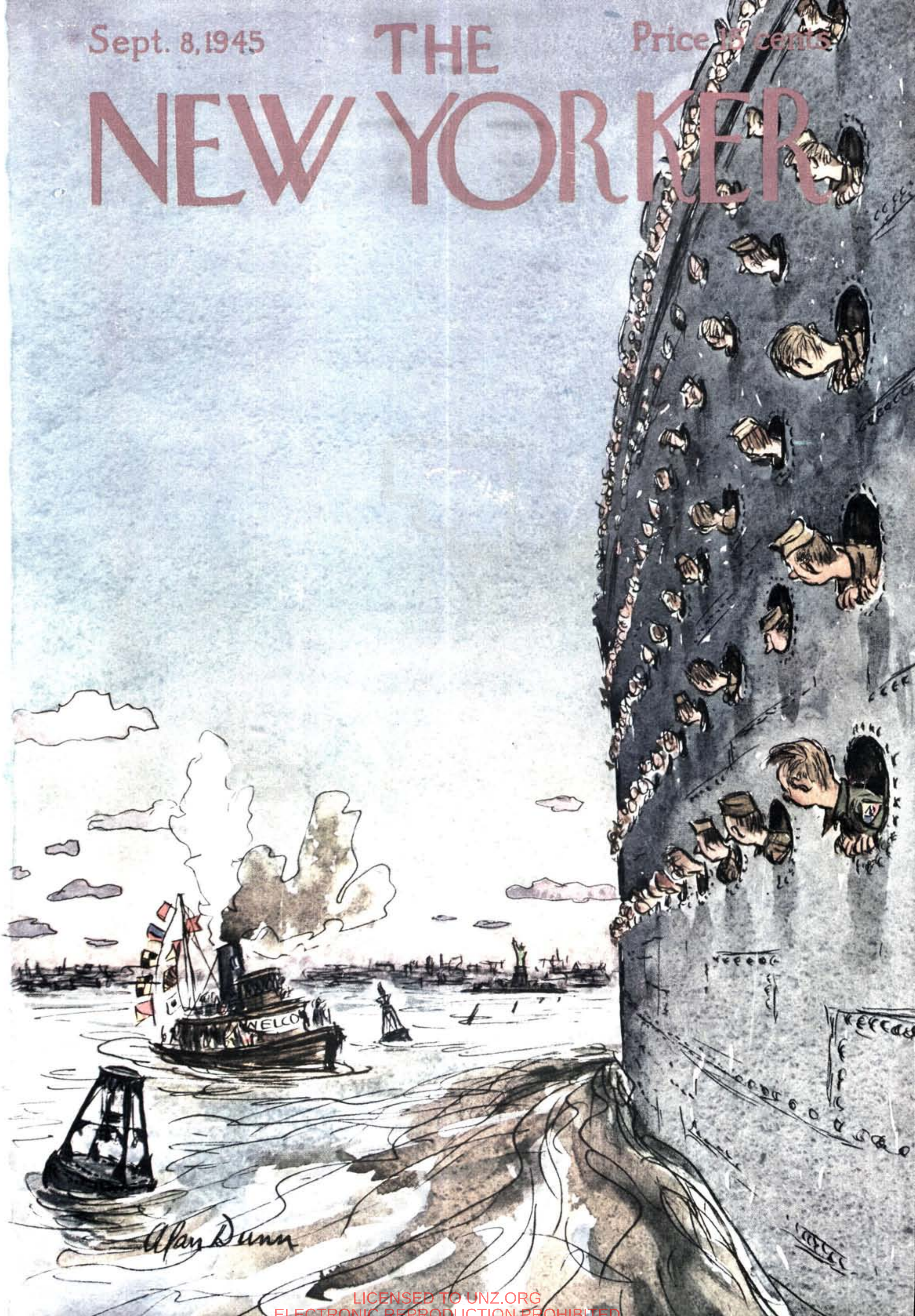
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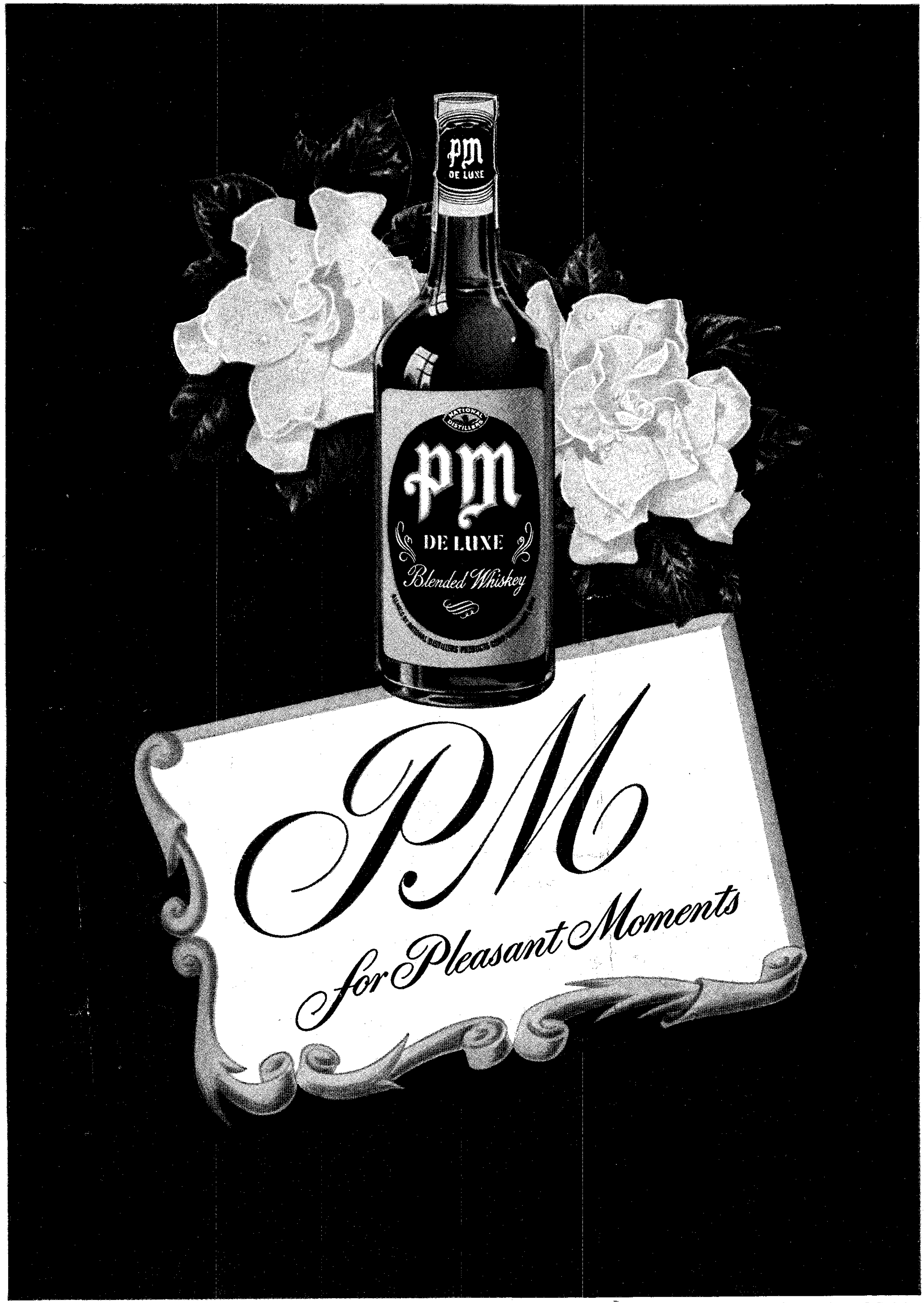
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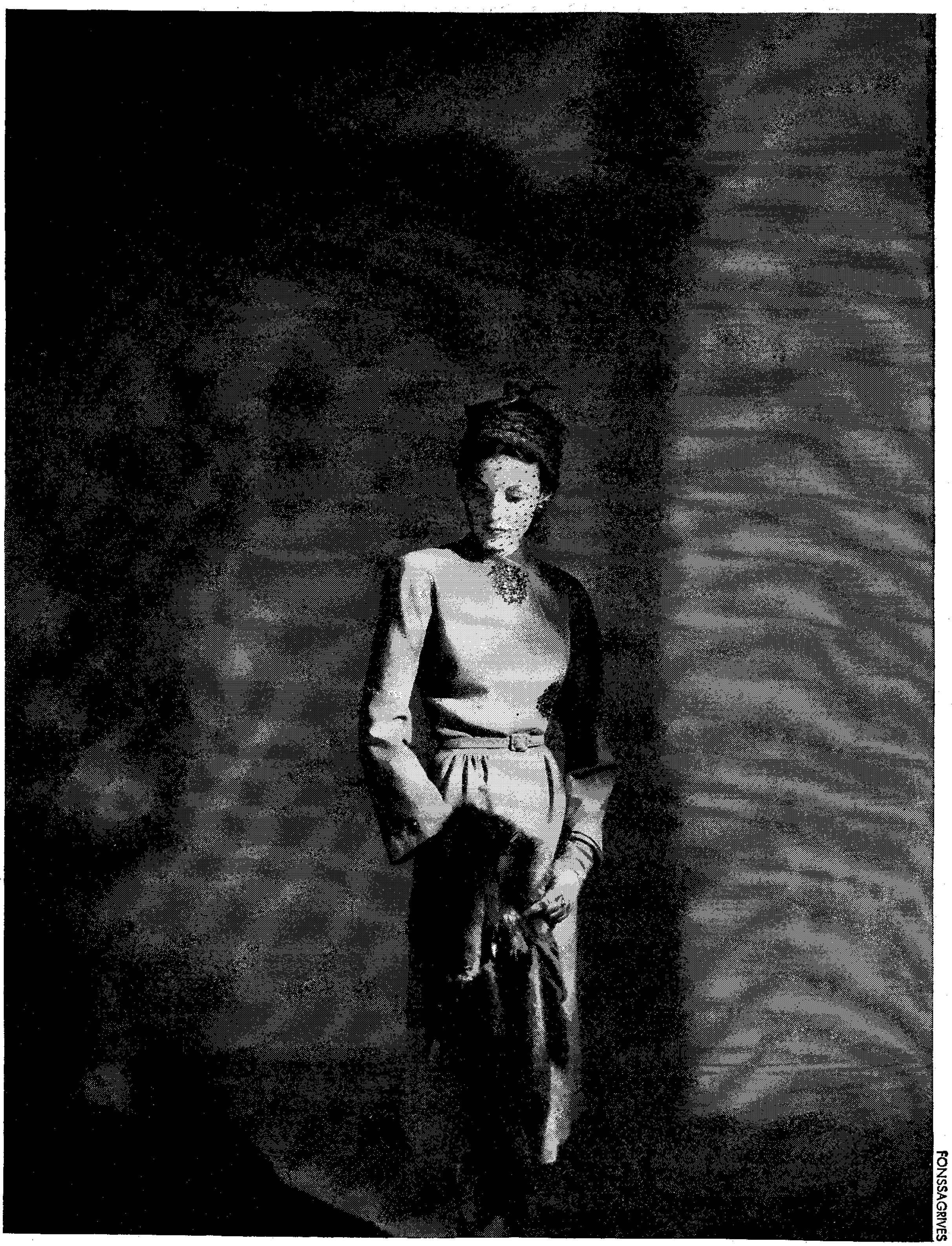

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANNA LUCASTA—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute, now in its second year, is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed and Sat. at 2:40.)

A BELL FOR ADANO—John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy made into a play that might be a little better without its somewhat patronizing air. Fredric March makes up for a lot, however, with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

DARK OF THE MOON—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch boy. Carol Stone and Richard Hart have these singular parts. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

DEAR RUTH—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her older sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. The cast includes Augusta Dabney and Lenore Lonergan. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE GLASS MENAGERIE—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally effective play. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

HARVEY—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading rôle is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I REMEMBER MAMA—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both splendid. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY—An adaptation of the Marquand novel that may have been broadened and simplified a little too much but is still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe in the title rôle. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Moves on Sun., Sept. 9, to the Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—An expert comedy by John van Druten, with a small cast consisting of Elliott Nugent, Martha Scott, and Vicki Cummings. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

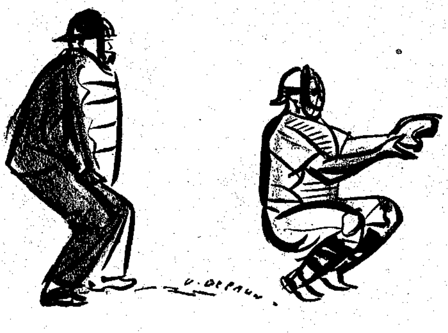
WITH MUSIC

BLOOMER GIRL—A great big show about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. The cast includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

CAROUSEL—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have transplanted "Liliom" to New England and set it to music with highly agreeable results. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

FOLLOW THE GIRLS—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MARINKA—The tragedy at Mayerling has been provided with a happy ending and set to music. Rather routine but probably fair enough for the hot weeks. With Joan Roberts, Harry Stockwell, Romo Vincent, and Luba Malina. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6,
THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

OKLAHOMA!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that is probably the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

ON THE TOWN—A carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like "The Garrick Gaieties." With Sono Osato and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

SONG OF NORWAY—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a good job. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

UP IN CENTRAL PARK—Boss Tweed and his gang set to music and handsomely presented by Michael Todd. Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is very satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields are responsible for the book, which may be a little laborious. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

MR. STRAUSS GOES TO BOSTON—A musical comedy by Leonard L. Levinson, with music by Robert Stolz, and a cast headed by George Rigaud, Virginia MacWatters, and Ralph Dumke. Directed and produced by Felix Brentano. Opens Thurs., Sept. 6. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME—A play by Vera Mathews, produced and directed by Johnnie Walker. Opens Mon., Sept. 10. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A BOY WHO LIVED TWICE—A psychological play by Leslie Floyd Egbert and Gertrude Ogden Tubby, with Claire Windsor. Directed by Paul Foley and produced by Hall Shelton. Opens Tues., Sept. 11. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

DEVILS GALORE—A comedy by Eugene Vale, with Ernest Cossart and Rex O'Malley. Directed by Robert Perry and produced by William Cahn. Opens Wed., Sept. 12. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO—"Danses Concertantes," "Concerto Barocco," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Le Beau Danube," Sun. Eve., Sept. 9. . . . "Concerto Barocco," "Mozartiana," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Rodeo," Mon. Eve., Sept. 10. . . . "Mozartiana," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Scheherazade," Tues. Eve., Sept. 11. . . . "Concerto Barocco," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "The Nutcracker," Wed. Eve., Sept. 12. . . . "Ballet Imperial," "Danses Concertantes," and "The Red Poppy," Thurs. Eve., Sept. 13. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Concerto Barocco," "Grand Adagio," and "Scheherazade," Fri. Eve., Sept. 14. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Grand Adagio," and "Rodeo," Sat. Aft., Sept. 15. . . . "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Concerto Barocco," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Le Beau Danube," Sat. Eve., Sept. 15. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:30. Mat. at 2:30.)

ICE SHOW—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed entirely or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in this cool, subterranean cavern.

BILTMORE ROOF, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—This old favorite has at least one eye open again. Russell Swann, who is one of our more expert magicians, and Bob Grant's merry orchestra.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Paula Laurence, Kenneth Spencer (a songbird), and Edmond Hall's orchestra, and other pleasant trappings.

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Imogene Coca making intelligent fun of almost anything, jazz piano by Cliff Jackson and Mary Lou Williams, music by Benny Morton's orchestra, and songs by Susan Reed, a newcomer to night life.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For a peaceful dinner and sedate romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Rustle, bustle, and hustle in the Hollywood manner. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the ingenious mind-reader, a dance team, and Stanley Melba's agile orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . A Melba trio plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Just about as peaceful and pleasant as nighttime on a rooftop can be. Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Café Lounge, large and dressy, is sweetened by the lush dance music of London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A handy refuge for the eternal sophomore and his young lady. Eric Correa's orchestra and Decita's rumba band are on hand.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Jane Pickens singing (with gestures) at suppertime on the Starlight Roof. George Olsen's orchestra provides dance music through the evening and Mischa Borr's orchestra alternates with it at supper. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—At the **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Irwin Corey, Evelyn Knight, the Herman Chittison trio, and Stuart Ross at the piano. . . . **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Reopens on Wed., Sept. 12, with

DEPARTMENTS
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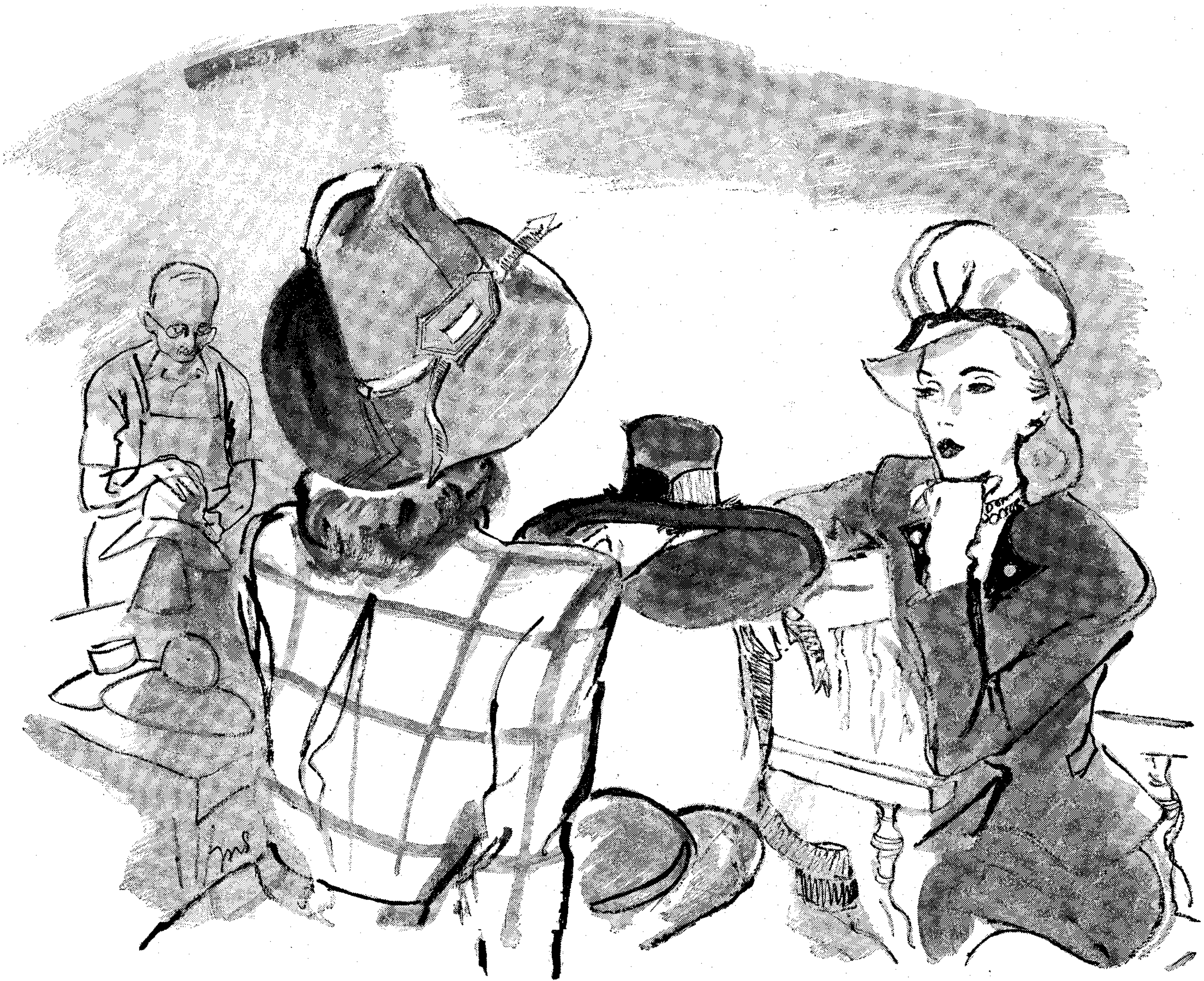

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

Maxine Sullivan, Monica Boyar, Garland Wilson, and the Cedric Wallace Trio. . . . SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy herself, singing about her special brand of world-weariness.

Miscellaneous—At the COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing in a highly decorative setting. . . . 1-2-3 CLUB, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns providing a muted piano obbligato for the young people's table talk; no dancing. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): more for the côtelette à la Kiev than for the activities in the floor show. . . . VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a retrospective show, made up of bits of eight million earlier Versailles shows, with a collection of delectable if incoherent girls; Joe Ricardel's orchestra. . . . EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): semi-Spanish, with some strolling singers and a fine rumba band. . . . ZANZIBAR, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): worth visiting principally for Duke Ellington's orchestra (opening Tues., Sept. 11). . . . COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): the conventional Copacabana show, which at the moment includes Joe E. Lewis. Joel Herron's orchestra. Upstairs, in the Copa Lounge, Phil Moore's Four. . . . ASTOR ROOF, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra on this large, cool rooftop, playing for what look very much like jitterbugs. . . . 400 CLUB, 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Chuck Foster's orchestra and an ice show. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Woody Herman's orchestra (to be replaced by Stan Kenton's on Mon., Sept. 10). . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra.

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the BOSSERT, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its open-air deck and that colossal view of the harbor, has supper dancing on Fri. and Sat.

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Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At NICK'S, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, and their helpmeets scorching the midnight air. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a small but comfortable cave, equipped with Art Hodes' trio, and Don Frye as solo pianist; dancing. . . . ONYX, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): the stertorous Hot Lips Page and his new band (through Wed., Sept. 12), and Stuff Smith at work on his electric violin. . . . DOWNBEAT, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Art Tatum at the piano, and Al Casey and his trio; dancing. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing.

Al Fresco—At the TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Pk. W. at 67 (RH 4-4700): a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then.

A few sidewalk cafés: BREVOORT, 5 Ave. at 8; FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, 5 Ave. at 9; LONGCHAMPS, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

Groups—At the FERARGIL, 63 E. 57: oils and water colors from Thomas Eakins to the present. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 14. . . . KOOTZ, 15 E. 57: the gallery's group, including such artists as William Baziotes, Fernand Léger, and Byron Browne. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 8. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57: a summer show by Louis Bouché, Russell Cowles, Iver Rose, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 14. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 15. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Leon Kroll, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sat., Sept. 15. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, José de Creeft, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 24. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 8. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57: nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists. Weekdays, except Sept. 8, 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 15.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—The development of Greek art from the Stone Age to the third century B.C.; also, prints and drawings by Goya. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 15.

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Detroit, Thurs., Sept. 6 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., and Fri. and Sat., Sept. 7-8, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Sun., Sept. 9 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M., and Mon. and Tues., Sept. 10-11, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Chicago, Wed., Sept. 12 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., and Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 13-14, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. St. Louis Sat., Sept. 15 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Ike Williams vs. Nick Moran, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Sept. 7; Danny Bartfield vs. Willie Joyce, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Sept. 14. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

Dog Shows—Tuxedo Kennel Club, Westchester C.C., Rye, N. Y., Sat., Sept. 8. (A benefit for Dogs for A.A.F. Convalescents.) . . . Westchester Kennel Club, Westchester C.C., Rye, N. Y., Sun., Sept. 9. (A benefit for the National War Fund.) . . . Ox Ridge Kennel Club, Ox Ridge Hunt Club, Darien, Conn., Sat., Sept. 15. (A benefit for the Darien Citizens Committee of the U.S.O.)

Golf—L.I.G.A. Amateur-Pro Championship, Wheatley Hills G.C., East Williston, L.I., Thurs., Sept. 13.

Racing—Aqueduct, weekdays at 1 P.M., through Sat., Sept. 15. (Aqueduct Handicap, Sept. 6; Discovery Handicap, Sept. 8; the Cowdin, Sept. 12; Edgemere Handicap, Sept. 13; Beldame Handicap, Sept. 15.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:40 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., weekdays at 8:40 P.M., through Sept. 29. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Y.C. Race Week, through Sat., Sept. 8, at about 3 P.M. . . . Championship regatta on the Sound: Manhasset Bay Y.C., Sun., Sept. 9, at about 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Housing—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104—Prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built some of New York's early omnibuses, horsecars, subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in documents, photographs, and uniform equipment: Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept 30.

Planetarium—"A Trip to the Moon" is the rather timely title of the September lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. (Extra performance Sat. only at 11 A.M.)

Mineola Fair—The annual exhibition of practically everything you can raise on a farm, as well as a rodeo, square-dancing contests, fireworks, and a pair of Chinese walking fish: Fair Grounds, Mineola, L.I., Tues. through Sat., Sept. 11-15, from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.

Note—Beginning Sept. 15, the Post Office will accept, without a letter of request, Christmas packages for the Armies of Occupation. To assure delivery by Christmas, gifts for men and women in all services must be mailed by Oct. 15. Parcels must not exceed fifteen inches in length and thirty-six inches in girth and length combined; the weight is limited to five pounds.

ON THE AIR

Music—N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., Sept. 9, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., Sept. 8, at 5 P.M., and Sat., Sept. 15, at 4:30 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Boxing: Ike Williams vs. Nick Moran, Fri., Sept. 7; Danny Bartfield vs. Willie Joyce, Fri., Sept. 14; at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Football: University of Michigan vs. Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Sat., Sept. 15, at 1:45 P.M., WABC, WJZ. . . . Racing: Discovery Handicap, Sat., Sept. 8, at 4:15 P.M., WEAF.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Wed. at 10:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from Europe), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Sat. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri., at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

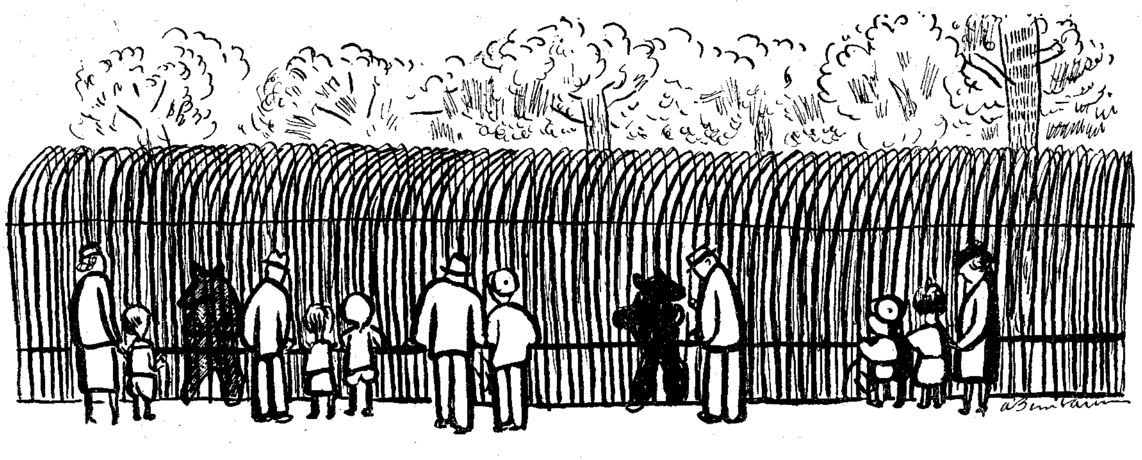
MOTION PICTURES

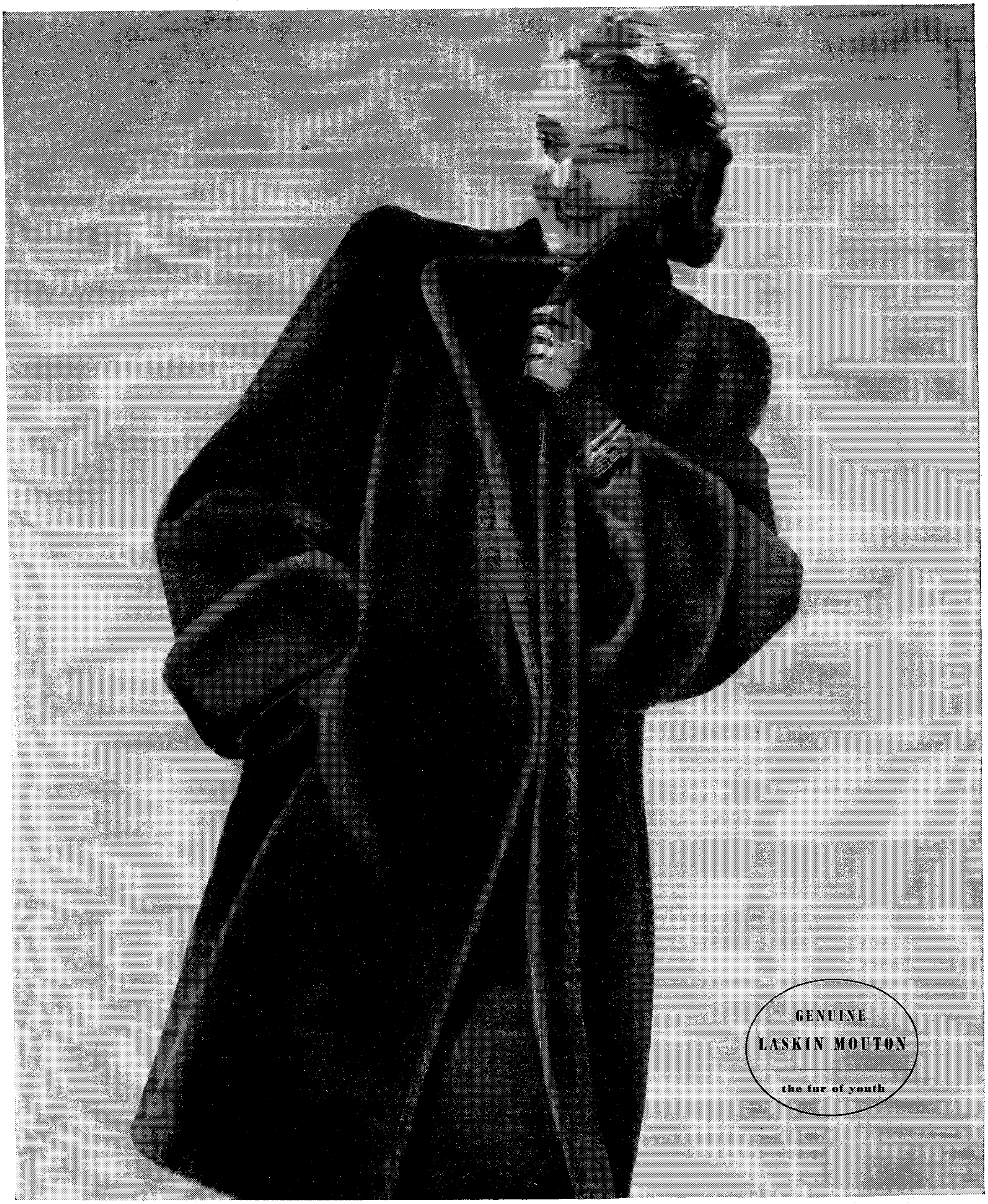
Along Came Jones—Gary Cooper on horseback again in a mildly amusing Western cooked up by Nunnally Johnson. With Loretta Young and Dan Duryea. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Tues., Sept. 11.)

The Corn Is Green—Screen version of the Emlyn Williams success, with Bette Davis instead of Ethel Barrymore. If you can believe that Miss Davis's interest in her handsome young miner is quite platonic you can believe practically anything. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Sept. 7. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Mon., Sept. 10. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; and 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., Sept. 12. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 11-12.)

Rhapsody in Blue—The life of George Gershwin as it might have been if he hadn't wasted so much time playing the piano. The old songs, however, still sound fine. With Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

The Way Ahead—This account (not a documentary)

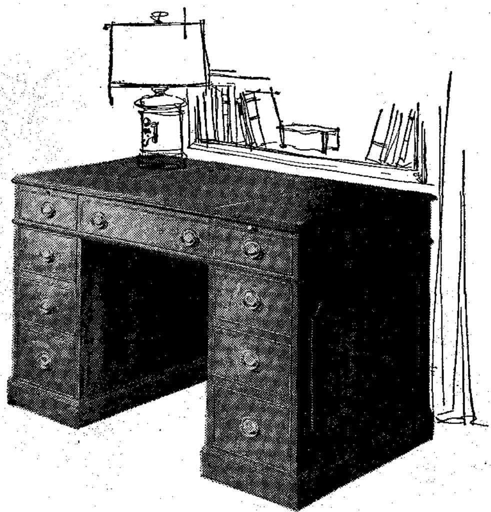




IT'S LASKIN MOUTON – flattering Fur of Youth

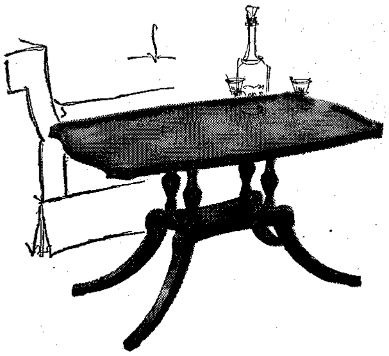
Luxurious Laskin Mouton—wonderfully light, stubbornly sturdy. Dyed and finished by a special process to resemble costly beaver, this natural fur lamb promises seasons of warmth and service. Do not accept imitations or synthetic furs, ask for this first and finest Mouton-dyed lamb, the label is your guarantee.

J. LASKIN & SONS, CORP., 130 WEST 30th ST., NEW YORK CITY • FACTORIES: MILWAUKEE, WIS.



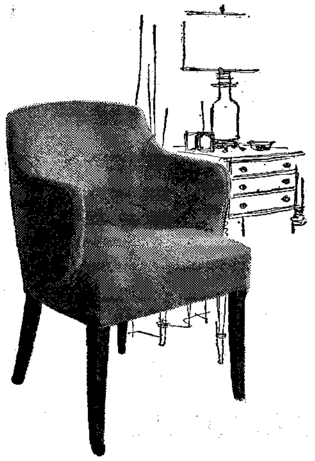
First Prize: Leather-topped mahogany desk, designed by Sloane with an eye to function —and city-size rooms, $127.50.

Consolation Prizes



Antidotes to any depression you feel at the "no-new-apartment-to-be-had" situation . . .

Second Prize: Generously proportioned coffee table of 18th Century design in mahogany and mahogany veneers, $39.50



Third Prize: Graceful oval end table with tapered legs and gallery top—in mahogany and mahogany veneers, $28.

And especially honorable mention to Sloane's blissfully comfortable tub chair—so "right" with the things you have, $49.50 (in muslin —including labor to cover).

W&J SLOANE

Fifth Avenue at 47th Street • New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of how young Englishmen were trained for war is a fine and exciting picture. With David Niven. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Thurs., Sept. 6. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., Sept. 7. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 11-13.)

WONDER MAN—Danny Kaye plays twins in this funny film about love, murder, and ghosts. With Virginia Mayo and Vera-Ellen. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

REVIVALS

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER (1938)—Tommy Kelly and May Robson as Tom and Aunt Polly. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Sept. 7.)

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 11-13.)

ARROWSMITH (1931)—Sinclair Lewis's story, adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard. With Helen Hayes and Ronald Colman. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Sept. 8. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 7-10.)

CHINA GIRL (1943)—International cops and robbers, with George Montgomery, Gene Tierney, and Victor McLaglen. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 11-12.)

EASY LIVING (1937)—Edward Arnold as a millionaire and Jean Arthur as Cinderella. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Sept. 7.)

GASLIGHT (1944)—Approximately the same scary story as the play "Angel Street." With Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 7-10.)

HERE COMES MR. JORDAN (1941)—About a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, and James Gleason. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 11-13.)

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER (1939)—Parodying crime thrillers. Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Wed., Sept. 12.)

JANE EYRE (1944)—Joan Fontaine as Jane and Orson Welles as Rochester. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., Sept. 6. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 11-12.)

LIFEBOAT (1944)—Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, and others torpedoed and set adrift by Alfred Hitchcock. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., Sept. 6. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 8-10.)

THE LITTLE FOXES (1941)—Lillian Hellman's play of greed and murder in the Deep South. Bette Davis, Patricia Collinge, and Herbert Marshall. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 7-10. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Mon. through Fri., Sept. 10-14.)

NAUGHTY MARIETTA (1935)—The Victor Herbert operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 12-13.)

OF MICE AND MEN (1940)—Burgess Meredith and Lon Chaney, Jr., are the Steinbeck ranch hands. Betty Field is the girl. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Fri., Sept. 7.)

PINOCCHIO (1940)—This Walt Disney full-length cartoon introduces Figaro the Cat and Cleo the Goldfish. (Republic, B'way at 51.)

PRIMROSE PATH (1940)—Victoria Lincoln's "February Hill." With Ginger Rogers, Marjorie Rambeau, and Joel McCrea. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Sept. 9-10.)

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a dressy version of the old number. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Sept. 7.)

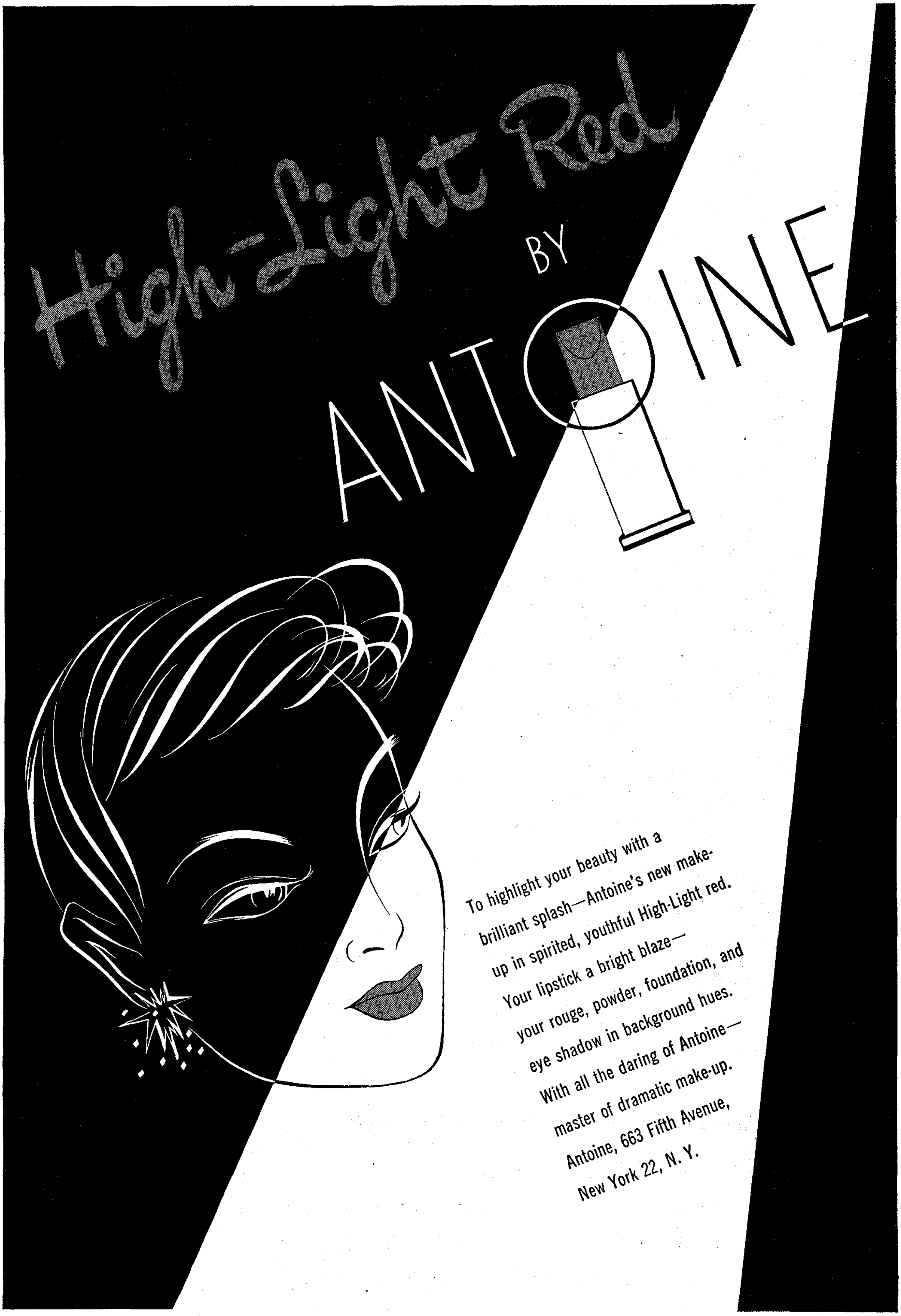
STAGE DOOR (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 11-13.)

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC (1939)—Now called "Ragged Angels." Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 7-10.)

TOP HAT (1935)—Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Irving Berlin music. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 8-10.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sun., Sept. 9.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**THURS., SEPT. 6**: "Duck Soup" (1933), with the Marx Brothers. . . . **FRI. THROUGH SUN., SEPT. 7-9**: "What! No Beer?" (1933), with Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton. . . . **MON. THROUGH THURS., SEPT. 10-13**: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933), with Mae West. . . . **FROM FRI., SEPT. 14**: nine short films showing the development of animated cartoons from 1879 to 1933.



High-Light Red

BY

ANTOINE

To highlight your beauty with a
brilliant splash—Antoine's new make-
up in spirited, youthful High-Light red.
Your lipstick a bright blaze—
your rouge, powder, foundation, and
eye shadow in background hues.
With all the daring of Antoine—
master of dramatic make-up.
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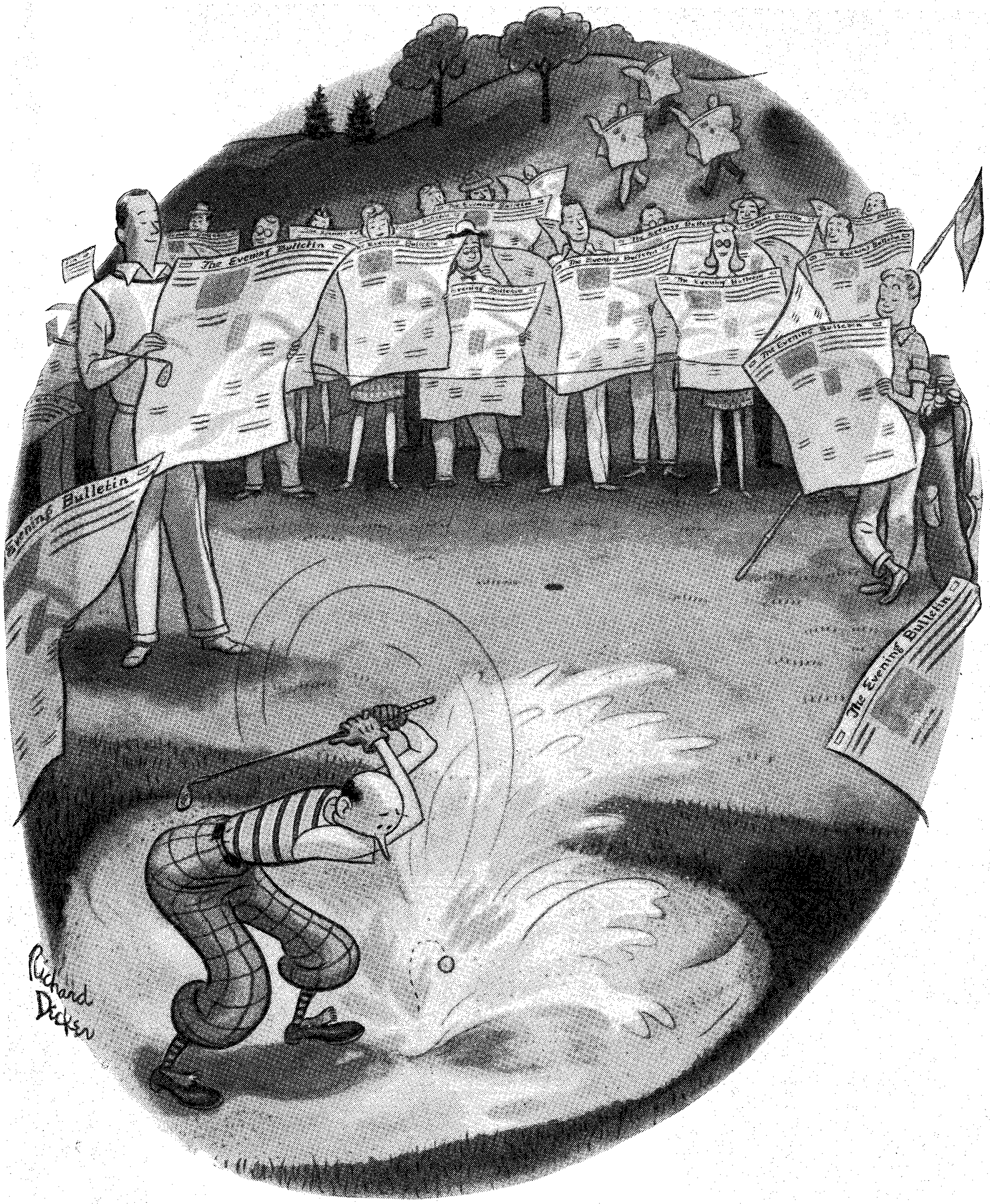
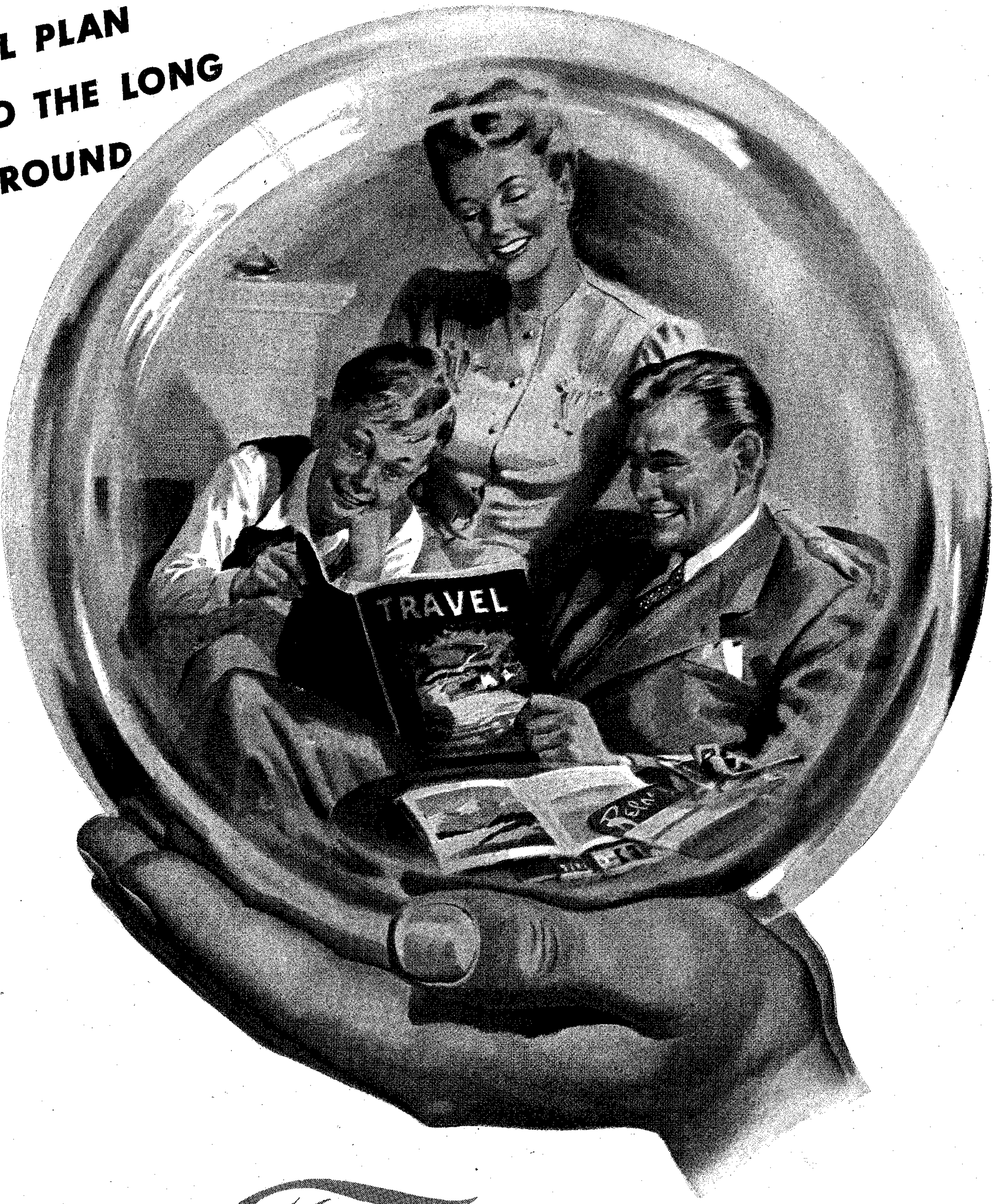

The Evening Bulletin
Evening Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia — nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

Forgive us for the rather long stretch of imagination pictured here — but believe us when we say that nearly 4 out of 5 Philadelphians do read The Bulletin daily. That's what keeps Bulletin circulation well over 600,000 — the largest evening circulation in America.

(Advertisement)

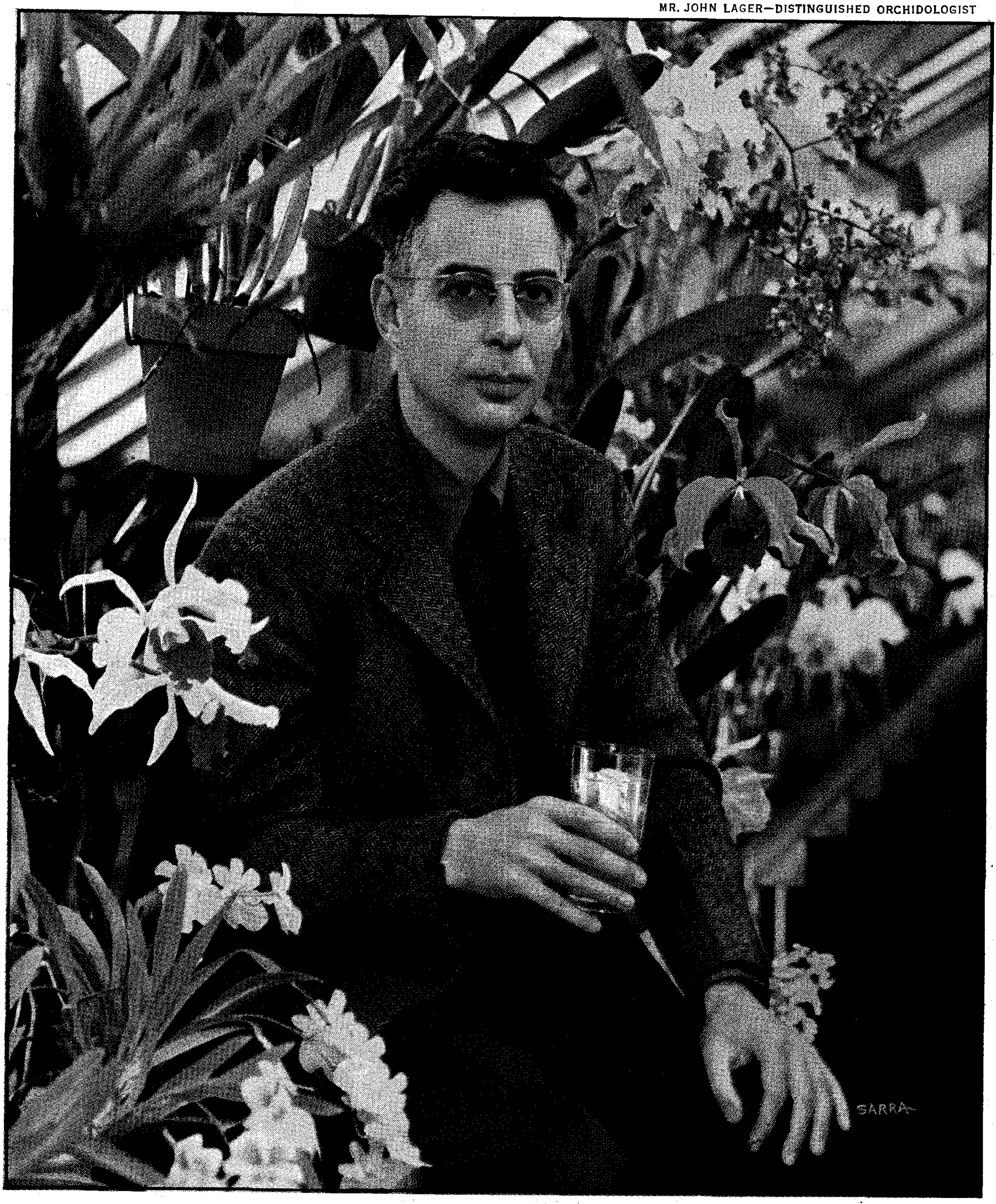

YOU'LL PLAN TO GO THE LONG WAY 'ROUND
TRAVEL

There's a Ford in your future!

KEEP planning. The important day is coming—when a smart new Ford will be available to serve you. . . . Then what will a few extra miles matter! This big new Ford will be an eager-powered beauty. From start to finish of jaunt or journey you'll ride in gentle comfort. And as mile after carefree mile unrolls, you'll discover this car is thrifty, too. All the skill and experience which Ford has gained through more than 40 years are your assurance of this. . . . Production has started but is very limited. More cars soon. Meanwhile, your present car is important to America's transportation needs. Take care of it. See your Ford dealer regularly. *FORD MOTOR COMPANY*

"THE FORD SHOW". Singing stars, orchestra and chorus. Every Sunday, complete NBC network. 2:00 P.M., E.W.T., 1:00 P.M., C.W.T., 12:00 M., M.W.T., 11:00 A.M., P.W.T.

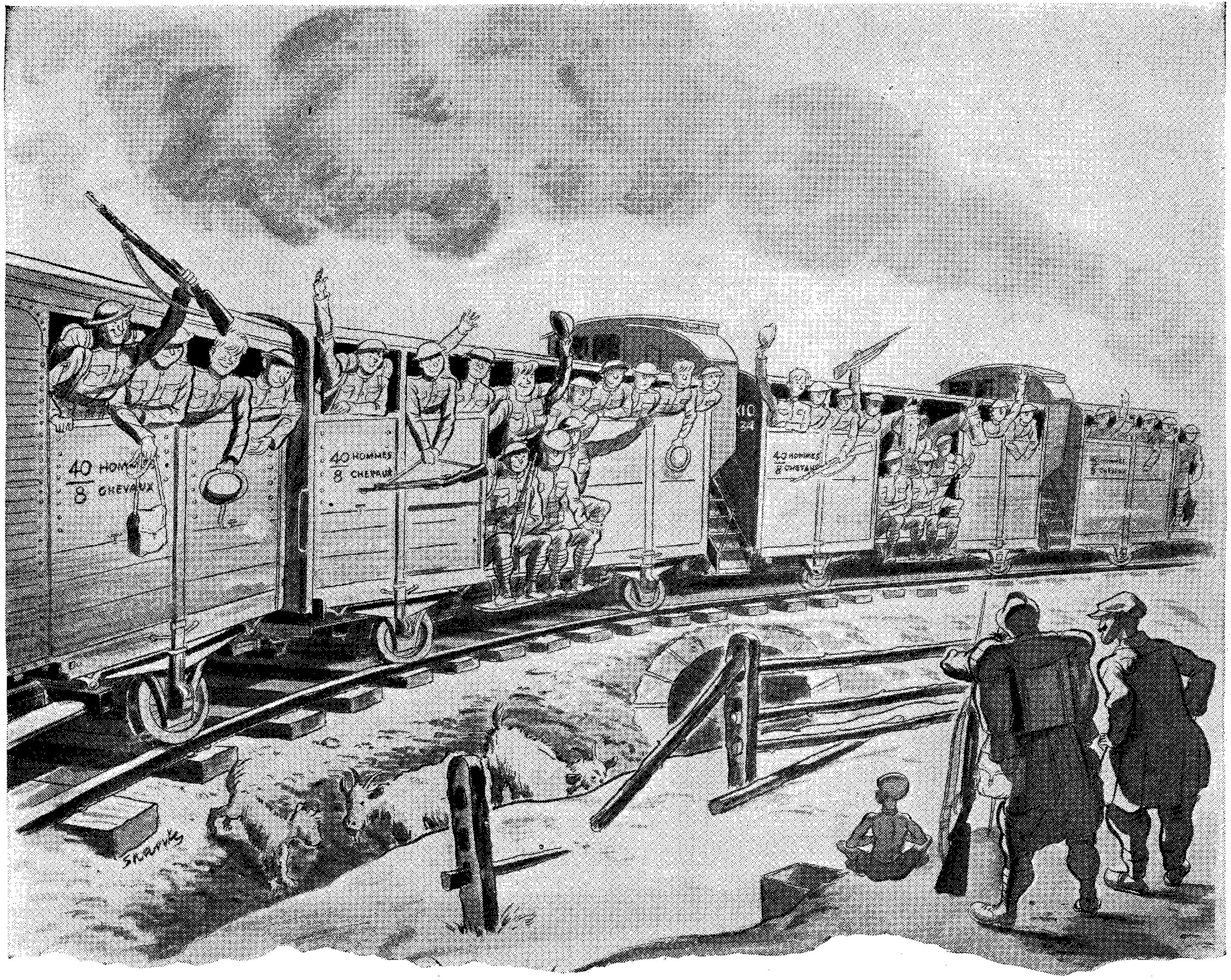
MR. JOHN LAGER—DISTINGUISHED ORCHIDOLOGIST



For Men of Distinction... LORD CALVERT

EACH bottle of Lord Calvert is numbered and registered at the distillery... for so *rare,* so *smooth,* so *mellow* is this "Custom" Blended whiskey that it has always been produced in limited quantities. For years the most expensive whiskey blended in America, Lord Calvert is intended for those who can afford the finest.

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY.



IT'S ALWAYS A STRAIN MOVING ARMIES

For nearly four years we were building up our forces in Europe — to do a job. The job was done — and how!

And now, in the short space of 10 months or less, the millions of men who did the job in Europe are coming home — and along with them, the other millions who did the Pacific job, too. The end of the war does not mean that train travel will be less.

The total train travel this year will be nearly five times what it was before the war.

All this must be done with virtually the same equipment available in 1940, for during the war years the railroad program of buying new cars was halted by the government because of other and more pressing war needs.

This means that now everything that rolls must be pressed into service. Sleeping cars have been taken off regular trains on all runs of less than 450 miles, so that approximately two-thirds of all sleeping cars are now available for troop train service. Coaches are being taken off regular trains. What's left in regular trains must serve not only civilians but a heavy military traffic as well. So travel is difficult for all — civilians as well as soldiers.

The railroads have two great needs — more cars and more men. Government agencies, military and civilian, are cooperating to recruit the men to help in moving the record load which is just ahead.

Since V-E Day, the government has authorized the building of passenger cars but not many can be completed in time to help meet the present peak travel load.

In the meanwhile, railroad equipment and railroad men are working harder than ever before — for the railroads must do the job with what they have.

AMERICAN RAILROADS

Richard Decker
TIME
WAR

You've got to make calls if you want to get **RESULTS!**

The more calls—the more sales—particularly when you call on the right people. Farm Journal makes 2½ million sales calls every month. Half a million more than any other farm magazine. 81.4 percent of Farm Journal's circulation is in the "top half" counties where farmers received 81.4 percent of the nation's total farm cash income last year. A coincidence? Yes, and one that pays off for advertisers.

Farm Journal WORLD'S LARGEST RURAL MAGAZINE

GRAHAM PATTERSON, *Publisher* • PHILADELPHIA 5

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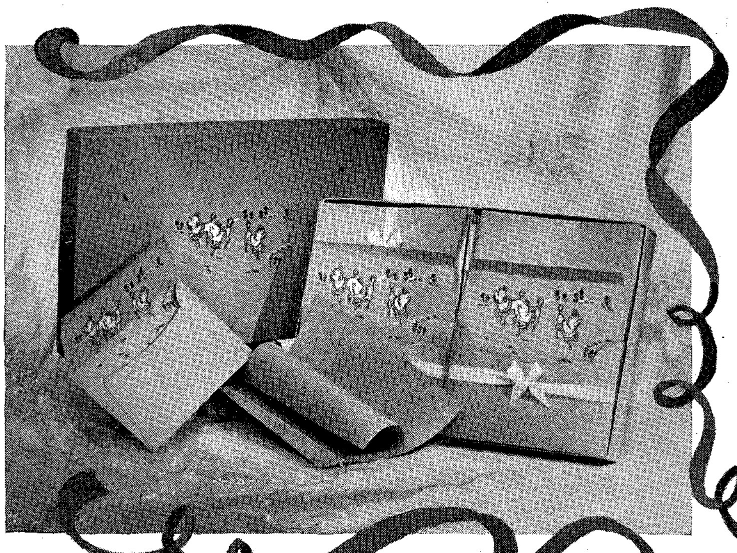
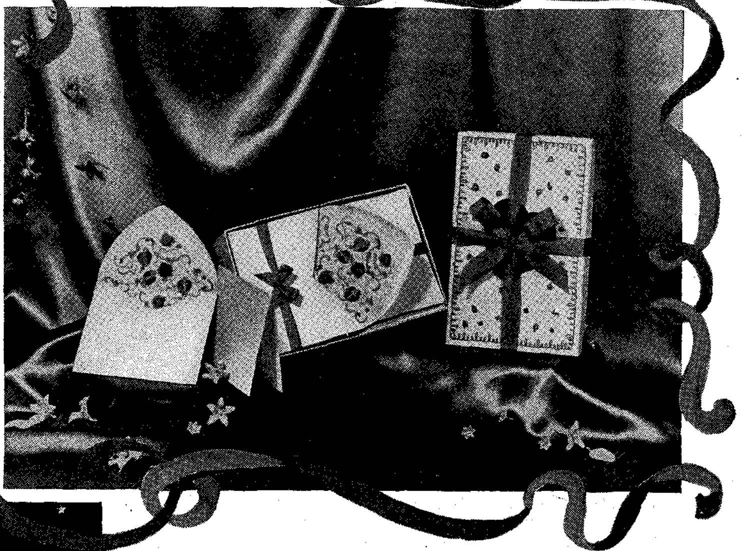
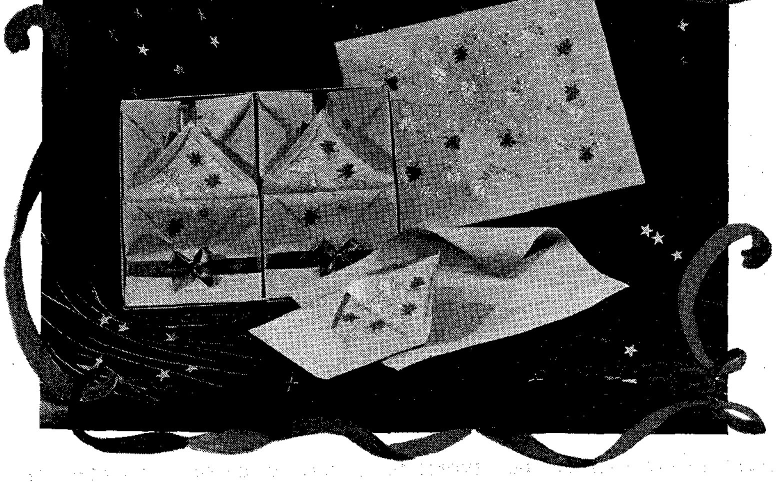


Independent, witty, chic . . . **CHIEN DU MODE** is a letter paper so engagingly individual, it will look designed to order for the *one woman* who uses it . . . Jade topknots accent the white of the poodles against Paris Rose paper of finest, most fastidious quality.



Warmhearted, tender, and gay . . . this perfect note paper will lend grace and feeling even to the briefest of simple words . . . **ROMANTIC ME**, with its folded sheets of pure Cameo White, has a permanent place among the correspondence elegancies on every feminine desk.



Sophisticated and original in motif and coloring . . . the **BURNISHED LEAVES** design is in brown and polished silver on a wonderful, sheer Copper Rose . . . The large writing sheet, with edges delicately deckled, further typifies variety and distinction in this Kellogg series.

Correspondence Elegancies

Brilliantly of today, timeless in beauty, these all-rag letter papers are classics of taste and style. Etiquette-approved yet so much more than just "correct", they lead the trend to elegant individuality. In quality as in design, this is the best in stationery.

Accept the invitation of leading department stores and stationers to see the entire line of Correspondence Elegancies

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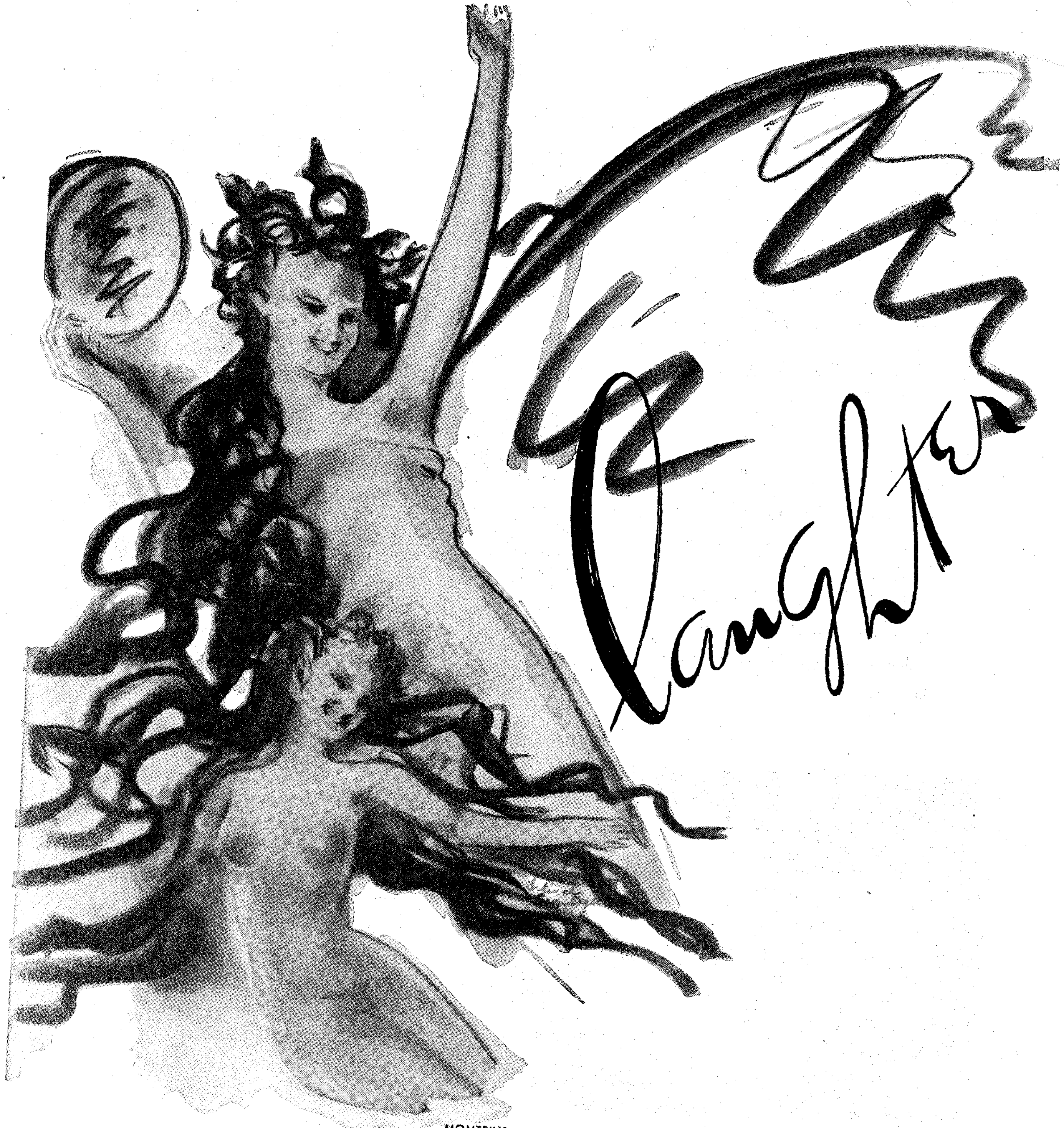


MONTEIL'S GREAT PERFUME THAT EVOKES THE DISTURBING JOY OF A NEW ROMANCE

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

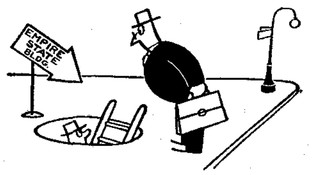
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOR YOUR INFORMATION: In the twentieth supplement to the American Ornithologists' Union Check-List of North American Birds, the name of the White-Bellied Petrel has been changed to Black-Bellied Storm Petrel.

WE have missed Arthur Brisbane during these past few weeks. He was the one writer who could have handled the atom as it deserved. It is a tragic thing to us that we have had to watch this strange new energy let loose in the world without Mr. Brisbane's short, clear paragraphs expressing the whole business in terms of the gorilla.

BRISBANE was a great believer in New York real estate. So far, his theory has not been disproved. It was challenged the other day, however, by Louis Bruchiss, an aerial-armaments expert, who predicted that New York was all done. In order to save our civilization, he said, we will have to go underground with it, out of reach of the new-type bomb. We mustn't wait but must go immediately, within the year. The tall cities will peter out and people will congregate deep down in vast, subterranean communities beneath mountain ranges. Men will no longer wonder whether they are men or mice; they will wonder whether they are men or moles.


EMPIRE STATE BLDG.

WE see that Lord & Taylor have accepted Bruchiss's challenge. Stringing along with Brisbane, they have invested six million dollars in a chunk of Fifth Avenue property between Fifty-second and Fifty-third and are planning to put up a new store, right in the atom's path. They are coming uptown to be near Best. Poor old Murray Hill—the stores are leaving it like rats from a burning ship. The hill is exposed not only to the devastating new forces of science but to the familiar old uptown drift of commerce. "In planning our new store," President Hoving said, "we must think along modern, adult lines. . . . The immature thinking that produced the cataclysm after the last war must not be duplicated." That's always the problem: to know what is immature, what mature. Whether to dive underground with the armament experts, or just drift up to Fifty-second Street and await the vaporization of steel, nestling alongside R.K.O., Saks, and St. Pat's.

WE have been studying Lord & Taylor's plans for the new building and we find that there will be a rooftop landing field and hangar for customers arriving by plane but no mooring mast for dirigibles. It all sounds woefully old-fashioned. Doors will open by old-fashioned photoelectric cells. Old-fashioned television sets will flash information on merchandise throughout the store. Glass walls are being discussed, and other functional things out of a past decade. And our guess is that three-dollar articles will sell for the old-fashioned price of $2.98 and that all the clerks will know how to read and write, will carry pencils, and will pause, in the middle of a transaction, to begin work on a trilogy.

VICTORY NOTE: The first postwar automobile to achieve widespread public notice was a British job that dashed wildly up in front of the House of Commons the other morning. It was hitting on all three cylinders. Some war, eh Pyrrhus?

THE first sentence of MacArthur's message announcing the details of our occupation of Japan was very surprising. "Weather permitting," wrote the General, "airborne forces will . . ." This had none of the old MacArthur zing in it. Weather permitting, indeed. It sounded like an old woman getting out her rubbers. If this sort of military prose is going to come into vogue, the Marines will have to revise their famous marching song. It'll have to go, "From the halls of Montezuma, subject to favorable conditions, to the shores of Tripoli."

THERE'S a quiz program on the air from a Louisville station, and every day the master of ceremonies calls some local telephone numbers at random and asks a question of whoever answers. If the question is answered correctly, the winner gets five bucks. If not, the question is held over till next day, this time for ten dollars. And so on. The last we heard, the question was "Who said, 'Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes'?" and the pot was seventy-five dollars. To us the amazing thing about this is not that nobody in Louisville knows who made the remark (Israel Putnam) but that nobody in Louisville seems to know how to go about finding out. No wonder the people of China and Russia and India feel that Americans are probably too illiterate to make a representative world government either feasible or advisable.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The red neon sign on the Hotel Woodward says "HOTEL WOO," or anyhow it did last Saturday night.

In the Poe Cottage there is a glass-enclosed bookcase full of books that are identified, by means of a hand-written sign stuck to the glass, as "Biographys and Creticisms of Poes life and works."

The Havana cable address of the William R. Warner Company, a pharmaceutical house, is "Quickpill."

A young lady who has been doing publicity for the Stork Club is now hard at work for the Episcopal City Mission 115th Anniversary Appeal Fund.

Recongestion

SINCE gas rationing ended, automobile traffic in town has increased some thirty per cent weekdays and about twice that weekends, and one result is that the average midtown taxi trip now costs ten or twenty per cent more than it used to. Taxi meters go right on ticking during traffic halts (five cents every two minutes), and three or four minutes' waiting is the current postwar par for, say, a haul from the Empire State to Broadway and Fifty-second. The good old days are well on their way back, and it will soon be possible to sit in a traffic-bound taxi for indefinite periods, moving at the rate of five or ten cents an inch.

There are about ninety-four hundred cabs to experience this frustration in at present, and between now and the end of the year there will be two thousand more, new or patched up, according to Lieutenant John King of the Police Department's Traffic Division and Bus Bureau, to whom we owe most of the information in this report. The bus companies, which were enjoined by the O.D.T. to cut their schedules fifteen per cent during the war, have been disenjoined, and will soon change from their wartime system of stopping every four blocks back to the peacetime two-block pauses, thus increasing congestion in a city (New York) which before the war had a million locally owned vehicles and a daily average of a half million transient vehicles. The general horror will be enhanced by the fact that many ex-war workers around town, flush with idle savings, will presently buy their first cars, while *ancien régime* car owners will still retain theirs. Furthermore, peace will not bring about a reduction in the number of trucks in the metropolis. Bigger and bigger trucks, evolved during the war to transport military supplies, will be put on the market for civilians. Some of these will be fifty feet long, or two-thirds the length of a sulphur-bottom whale. "Just let two of those babies try to back in at each end of a crosstown block and it's as good as closed," Lieutenant King told us. The Police Department has restrictions to keep such trucks away from key points in the city. King would hazard no estimate of how many million dollars' worth of gasoline will be burned up annually by automobile engines idling in traffic jams, or of the value of the time that will be lost by the people sitting behind the engines.

To help handle the ugly situation, the Department's Traffic Division has shifted four hundred cops assigned to guarding the Navy Yard, war plants, and other important spots and to providing motorcycle escorts for Army trucks carrying explosives. "We never knew what kind of explosives we were escorting," King said. "We may have escorted the atom they put in the bomb. We also used to handle non-explosive Army convoys. Sometimes I'd look out of one of the windows here at Headquarters and there'd be nothing but those convoys running on Canal Street for maybe forty minutes." Most of the four hundred returnees have been assigned to bridges, tunnels, Fifth Avenue, the garment center, and the theatre district, where the increasing traffic is mainly in need of supervision.

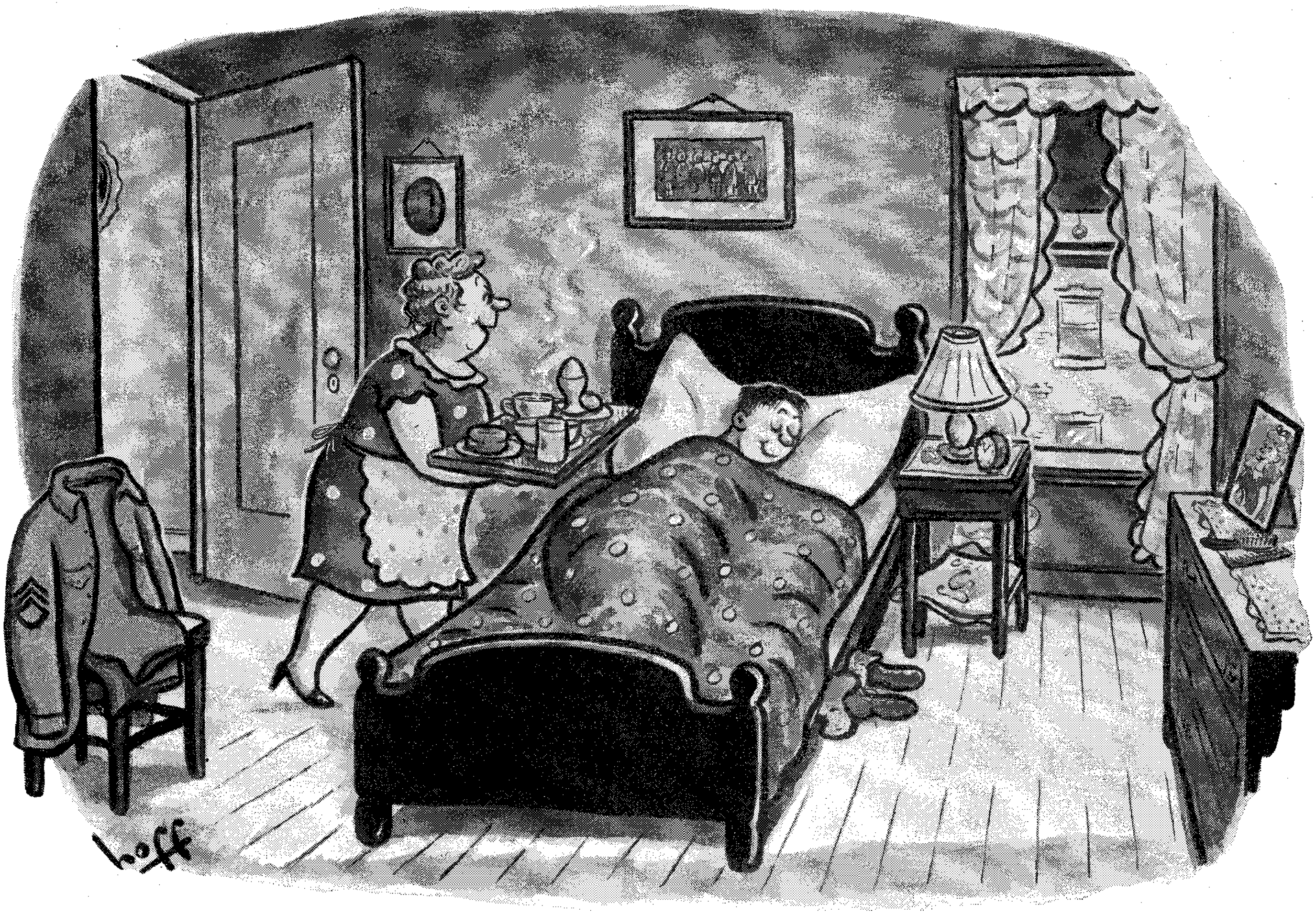
Our readers will be glad to know that the Police Department has instructed its people to be helpful to drivers afflicted with mechanical or nervous breakdowns and flat tires. For example, if you get a flat on a bridge, you are allowed to stop, which was not the case before. A policeman may even help you fix it. That also applies to a nervous disorder. According to King, many motorists are so out of practice that they stall when a red light turns green, ask directions more frequently than they used to, and often turn too sharp or too wide. The returning veteran drives as badly as anyone else, either because he's rusty or because he's used to a tank or jeep and is put off when his civilian car doesn't buck. Motorists are in exceptionally good humor, however, King told us, because they're so happy to be driving again. "They've always been in good humor," he said, with Departmental tact, "but now they're *exceptionally* so." We asked him how the traffic cops were feeling and he said they were in exceptionally good humor, too.

Sense

THERE'S a guest book in the service men's lounge in the National Gallery, in Washington, with columns headed "Name," "Address," and "Suggestions." Most of the men who visit the Gallery seem too overcome to suggest anything, and simply say, "Beautiful" or "Thank you" or "Thank you, Mr. Mellon." One wrote, "This is what we are fighting for," another "Mankind is 'nice people,' after all," and a number have had kind things to say about the checkroom girls. Only one soldier has been really constructive of recent weeks, a sergeant from North Dakota who wrote, "Place Donatello's 'David' in a strong light, against a much darker background."

Unmuffled Basses

ONE of the earliest and least appalling triumphs of the postwar world is a nonbreakable and otherwise improved phonograph record that has been developed by alchemists at Victor. With no more than the usual misgivings, we journeyed up to a Victor office in the R.C.A. Building one afternoon last week, whence we had been summoned, along with hundreds of other journalists, to attend a demonstration of the product. A Mr. Lansdale took us hospitably in hand and provided us with a dry Martini, hors-d'œuvres, and a restrained press release. "J. W. Murray, our general manager, and H. I. Reiskind, our chief engineer, are both here," he then informed us. "Ask them any questions you like. But maybe you'd like to look over the release first, away



"Good morning, Mr. Civilian."

• •

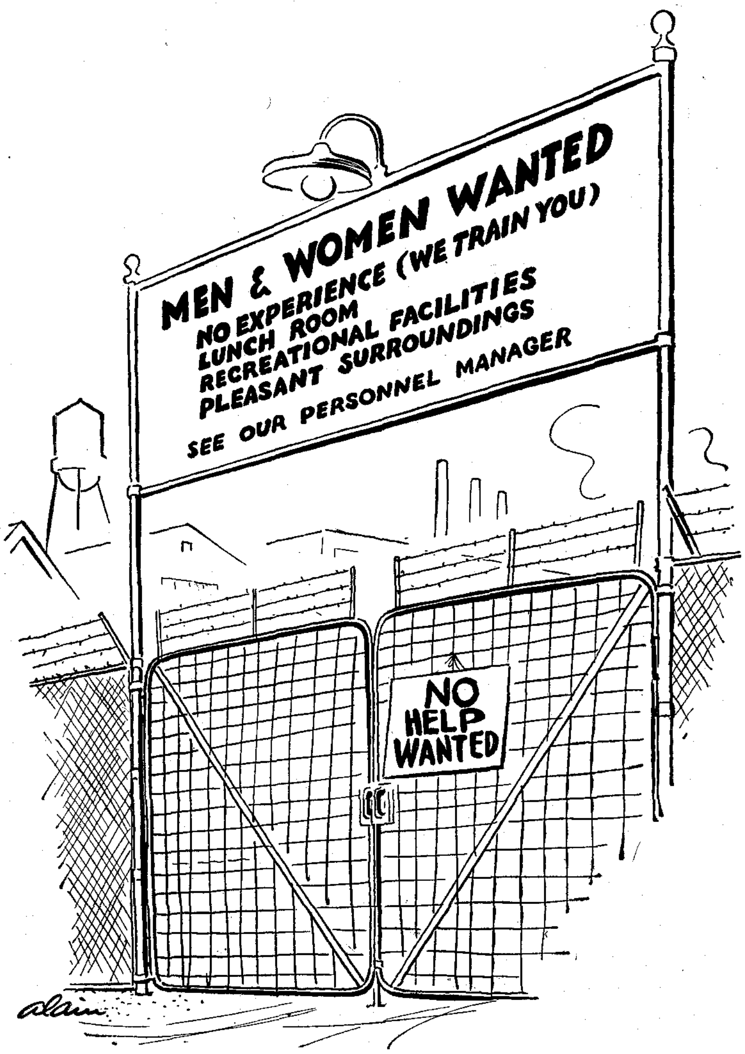
from this din." He led us swiftly down a hall, flung open an office door, smiled us in, and departed, instructing us to rejoin him at our pleasure. This we did, after learning, among other things, that "the new plastic formula results in a record that can be dropped or bent without breaking or cracking, has less surface sound, and enhances the fidelity of reproduction."

We found Mr. Lansdale hard at work easing a group of cheerful guests away from a bar for the next demonstration. "Mr. Murray and Mr. Reiskind are playing the record—we've only made one recording so far, incidentally—for just a few people at a time," he said. "Our idea is to approximate living-room conditions. The phonograph we're using is just an ordinary machine, too, the kind you'd find in thousands of homes." Mr. Lansdale led the group, which by now included us, to a large office containing several rows of chairs, a phonograph, and a desk, behind which Mr. Murray and Mr. Reiskind stood smiling smiles suitable to a historic occasion. Mr. Murray opened the demonstration by holding up a dark-red translucent record of conventional shape and size. He then bent it into a half circle and let it snap back into shape, slapped it on the desk, and threw it against a wall. It fell undamaged, and as quietly as a piece of cardboard, to the carpeted floor. Mr. Reiskind retrieved it nimbly and moved over to the phonograph. The recording, Mr. Murray announced, was of Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," played by the Boston Symphony, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky. At his words, a small, intense man seated next to us began to hum the theme of the work under his breath. First, Mr. Murray added, Mr. Reiskind would play a recording of the same performance on an ordinary shellac, lampblack, clay, and resin Victor disc. Our neighbor cocked an ear and listened as the music filled the room. We asked him how it sounded, and he shrugged and shook his head. "Well, I think that's enough of that," Mr. Reiskind said suddenly, turning off the record. "Now for the Red Seal De Luxe." Nobody moved until that record had played through. We glanced inquiringly at our neighbor. "So clear," he murmured. "The basses were no longer muffled."

While Mr. Murray was explaining that the new record is red because Victor likes red, we sidled up to Mr. Reiskind and asked him whether the new magnetic recording, which records sound on wire or metal tape, might not soon make this Victor record, and all other records, obsolete. He said no. "In our opinion," he added, "the disc will always be the most convenient and economical thing for recorded music in the home. The magnetic recordings, you know, have the advantage of providing you with an entire thirty-minute symphony or a couple of hours of opera without changing records. That's fine for that, but what about a three-minute popular tune? It looks to me as though they'd have to put out a thirty-minute recording of various selections—like Muzak." As we were leaving, we met Mr. Lansdale once more and he pressed still another gift on us—the Red Seal De Luxe recording of "Till," attractively done up in a box plainly labelled "May Be Dropped."

Caveat Emptor

A MAN we know went into the Alfred Dunhill shop the other day to have his cigarette lighter repaired. He was taken in hand by an Edwardian who fiddled briefly with the lighter and then informed our friend that it was a serious case. But his prognosis was not too discouraging. "It will take a bit of time, that's all," the Dunhill spokesman said. "I suggest that you stop by in about six weeks." On the way out, our friend glanced at the receipt given him for the lighter and noticed a bold-face warning: "Not responsible for goods left over thirty days."



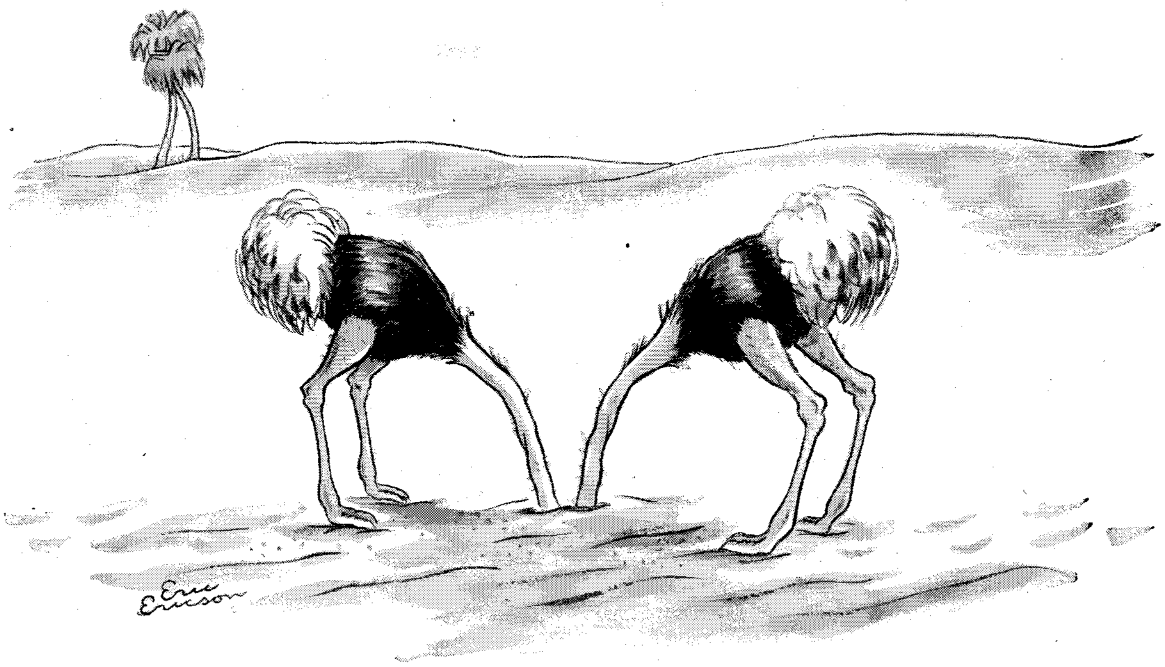
Samurai Swords

WE have done a little homework on the subject of samurai swords and are in a position to report that they come in two sizes, that the cutting edge of the blades is hard steel and the body of the blades is soft, and that the best blades have a white edge and blue body, the medium-good blades a blue edge and black body, and the poorest blades a black edge and white body. The short swords, around ten inches long and known as *wakizashi*, are dedicated to suicide. The long swords, three to seven feet and known as *tachi*, are for two-handed fencing, combat, and removing the head of a downed opponent. Both sizes have a flat blade, the upper end of which, called the *nakago*, slips into an ornamental hilt called a *tsuka*. This is made in the shape of a tombstone, so that, according to a translation from the Japanese we came upon, "he who dies while grasping it may be spared evil reincarnations." In the old days—and when we say the old days, we mean before Perry—samurai swords always came in pairs and were kept by day in a conspicuous place in the home and by night near the owner's pillow, like our alarm clocks, and, like our alarm clocks during the war, they were regarded as objects of adoration. Unlike our alarm clocks, except those in the more peculiar American homes, they were given endearing names; just what, we have no idea.

The feudal lords who ran Japan until shortly after Perry's visit, in 1853, each had a bunch of professional warriors, or samurai. The samurai all had the status of the modern officer, and they formed a powerful social class. When a samurai boy was five, he was given a blunt metal sword. For everyday wear, this was replaced by a gilded wooden dirk, but after a few years he never went out without the metal weapon. When he got to be fifteen, he was given a whole set of real samurai swords with which he fenced with his fellows; before a duel, each boy would announce his name, his father's name, and facts about his family that might make his opponent uneasy, such as "My father is bigger than your father." All this stopped in the eighteen-seventies, when military conscription ended the samurai as a class. Samurai swords were forgotten, or at any rate not used, until the China "incident" in 1937, when Japanese officers took to wearing them on their excursions overseas. During the late war, they were used in combat by officers who had acquired them as heirlooms or from dealers; long ones were favored, and only one was carried at a time. They were also used, on occasion, for decapitation or suicide. The officers who flew to MacArthur's headquarters to receive the surrender instructions took along their swords just for show.

In Japanese eyes, samurai swords used to be regarded as the work of gods. Actually, they were made by great families of smiths, of which the Munechika family was one. The Munechikas were in business five hundred years, or longer than Brooks Brothers. During the Middle Ages, forges became temples in which the finished product was handed to the customer with a prayer mumbled by a Munechika partner, and sword making grew to be so highly regarded that emperors became honorary smiths. The judging of swords also got to be a profession with vast prestige. A champion family in this line was the Honamis, who didn't waste their *expertise* on any blade less than a hundred years old. If they O.K.d it, the name of the swordmaker's family was worked on the *tsuka* in gold or lacquer. Prosperous samurai used to cover their *tsukas* with sharkskin and fine silk and make a hand guard of silver and gold, and tourists have often been fooled into paying fancy prices for weapons thus embellished. We say "fooled" knowingly, because a paradox is involved here: a well-to-to samurai, fallen on evil days, would sell the trimmings before parting with the sword, so a good samurai sword, when finally sold, might be in an unimpressive plain wooden holder, whereas an inferior sword, or even an out-and-out fake, might have a silk cover on it. Of course, a samurai *might* sell the whole business all at once, during a stock-market crash, but we are told that this was psychologically unlikely.

In closing, here are a few Japanese sword



"But darling, we just can't go on meeting like this."

proverbs: "Possession of a dangerous instrument imparts a feeling of self-respect and dignity." "Woe to him who steps over the sword on the floor." "Men are ruled by the sword." This last was cooked up before the advent of the atomic bomb, the B-29, and probably the American penknife, the history of which will be taken up in a later issue.

Toper

A NUMBER of drugstores are rationing ice-cream sodas. We've heard from the mother of an embittered nine-year-old who, on returning home from his favorite fountain, said, "What a gyp! I had a couple of ice-cream sodas, and when I asked for another the man behind the counter leaned over and said, 'Listen, old boy, don't you think you've had enough?' "

Brother Rat

WHATEVER Frank McCarthy, the thirty-three-year-old colonel just appointed Assistant Secretary of State in charge of administration, may know about organizing a government department or about the intricacies of diplomacy, he is hep to many of the angles of publicity. The fact is, he still holds a card in the Association of Theatrical Agents & Managers, which he joined a few years ago when he was an assistant press agent for George Abbott. Curious to know about the new Assistant Secretary's career on Broadway, last Friday we looked up a pal of his who used to work alongside him in the publicity vineyard. Adjuring us to keep his name a secret ("I wouldn't want Frank to think I was cutting in on his fame"), this man told us that McCarthy's advent into the theatre was accidental. When Abbott was getting ready to put on "Brother Rat," which concerned life at the Virginia Military Institute, one of the authors, who was a V.M.I. man, suggested that a young graduate of the Institute be engaged to promote the show among the alumni. By then McCarthy had a job teaching at the school, but he grabbed the opportunity to come North. He later went out of town with a road company of the show and then was brought back to New York by Abbott to work as a press agent on all the Abbott productions. "Frank was just as soft-spoken as he is now," his friend told us, "and just as easy to get along with. He learned the rumba to please Abbott, who used to insist that everybody in the office know how to rumba, and he didn't object to participating in the games Abbott was always introducing around the place. We used to laugh at him for drilling with the reserves twice a week at the Seventy-first Infantry Armory, but, by God, he wound up with a colonel's eagles while the rest of us were lucky to get one gold bar. You know, he worked as liaison man between General Marshall and the White House. Along with that, he had a lot to do with smoothing the way for Katharine Cornell's tour of the battlefronts with 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street,' and he was a big help in putting 'This Is the Army' across."

We also talked with Phyllis Perlman, now head of Abbott's publicity department, and an old friend of McCarthy's. She said enthusiastically, "Frank is a lovely boy, full of Southern charm. He likes tweed suits and noisy ties, and he has beautiful blue eyes. He always had a nice diplomatic touch in everything he did." Miss Perlman told us that one time McCarthy dined with a group of people that included a staff sergeant he had known before the war. "Frank was a colonel then," she said. "He came to the table in an old uniform, without any decorations, and talked as simply as a private. When he stood up to go, the sergeant stood up, too. Frank sat down again. Then the sergeant sat down." We asked how long this seesawing had gone on. "Not long," said Miss Perlman. "After about three hints, the sergeant sat tight." Miss Perlman told us that McCarthy was always very liberal politically, and an admirer of President Roosevelt, whom he saw frequently on his trips to the White House. She said that Roosevelt irritated McCarthy at first by calling him McCarty. He worried about this, and finally decided to set the President straight the next time he called him by the wrong name. The matter never came up, though, because on McCarthy's next visit to the White House the President began calling him Frank.

Traveller

THERE was a brisk argument in a Third Avenue saloon the other evening, and in the end a soldier had to be asked to leave. Though undeniably in his cups, he did nothing to disgrace the overseas ribbons he wore. He merely paused at the door and muttered, "And another thing—that sign 'Cafe' on your window ought to have a little mark over the 'e.' "

BLACK SECRET

THE shutters were drawn in the parlor against the afternoon sun. June lay heavy on the street outside, but the room was dark and cool. Hummingbirds droned in the honeysuckle over the window. The fragrance filtered through the shutters. Dickie flattened his face against the rose-patterned Brussels carpet. It was pleasantly harsh and faintly dusty. He moved his cheek to the smoothness of his picture book. The page was smooth and slippery. He lay comfortably, imagining that the painted lion under him was alive and his friend. He shook his loose, tucked blouse and pretended that the lion was breathing against him. He wished that it was night, when the new gas lights would flare from their brass pipes on the wall, for their yellow flickering made the lion's eyes move and shine. He lifted his head. The double doors of the parlor were sliding open. He heard his mother speak.

"The garden party was lovely, Mrs. Tipton. But aren't you exhausted?"

Dickie thinned himself to a shadow. If he were quiet, they might let him stay while they talked. There was an excitement in his mother's talk in this room with Mrs. Tipton that he heard no other place and with no other person. The women came into the parlor and Mammy Dee closed the folding doors after them. His mother saw him. She had on her flowered organdie with the ruffled flounces. They touched his ankle as she rustled past him.

She said, "Speak to Mrs. Tipton, Dickie."

He scrambled to his feet and jerked his head and put out his hand.

Mrs. Tipton said, "Precious. And how is Master Merrill today?"

"I'm reading my book," he said.

She said, "Precious."

He flopped down hurriedly on the rug and began turning the pages of the book. He sank himself in it, hopefully.

His mother said, "Straight chairs are more comfortable when it's warm, aren't they? Take this one. . . . Oh, the party was beautiful!"

The room was an empty box waiting to be filled.

"Thank you."

His mother said, "I see you had Lulu Wilson again to help."

His heart beat rapidly. They were beginning. They would forget him.

Mrs. Tipton said, "She's marvellous help for that sort of thing. Of course, no one could have her around steadily. You know—"

"I know."

His mother's voice held the vibration of the secret.

Mrs. Tipton said, "You couldn't have Judge Wimberley knocking at your back door."

His mother said, breathlessly, "Judge Wimberley?"

"He's the latest."

Turning his head casually, Dickie saw Mrs. Tipton lean forward in the cool, straight chair.

She said, "Oh, Mrs. Merrill, it's incredible, isn't it?"

"Mrs. Tipton, not Judge Wimberley!"

"Yes."

The parlor hummed, as though the birds in the honeysuckle had flown inside. He heard the soft sound of the women's bosoms rising and falling.

His mother said, "It seems as though something could be done."

Mrs. Tipton said, "If we sent them away, there'd only be others."

He knew exactly whom she meant. She meant Creecy and Long Tom and Lulu Wilson. They were nigger women, and something about them was different, even from other nigger women. Creecy was a Geechee, short and fat and blacker than the soot in the fireplace. Long Tom was as black, but tall and thin and bony. Lulu Wilson was the color of his mother's coffee when the cream and sugar were in it. She was young and slim and pretty. They were the secret. Not quite all of it, for Judy Lane was a part of it. But Judy had moved away.

Mrs. Tipton said, "I learned enough from Lulu this time to run half the men out of town."

His mother rose from her chair and walked up and down the rug. She said, "Oh, Mrs. Tipton, somehow it doesn't seem right, knowing these things."

Her voice had the sick sound that he hated and that made him weak all over. Yet he wanted to hear.

Mrs. Tipton rose too. The two women stood in the center of the dark coolness, like birds fresh caught in a cage.

Mrs. Tipton said, "Well, I want to know. That's why I have her. Women are blind. Women are stupid. I want to know."

His mother said, "Perhaps she's lying."

Her voice sounded the way it sounded when she had a headache.

"She's not lying. I tell you, Mrs. Merrill, men are beasts."

His mother sat down again, and Mrs. Tipton sat too.

Mrs. Tipton said in a low voice, "Dickie?"

His mother said, "Oh, my dear, he's only seven."

"But little pitchers have big ears."

His mother said, "Dickie, dear, wouldn't you like to go out and play?"

He pretended not to hear her.

"Dickie, dear."

He looked up from the picture book. "Mummy, do lions have long tails?"

His mother smiled at Mrs. Tipton. "You see."

They settled back.

Mrs. Tipton said, "I don't tell all this to everyone."

"I know."

"Some women—I just couldn't. Poor things. And never knowing. Oh, men, Mrs. Merrill! Men . . ."

His mother said, "The rest of us must just thank God for ours."

"If anyone could be sure, Mrs. Merrill."

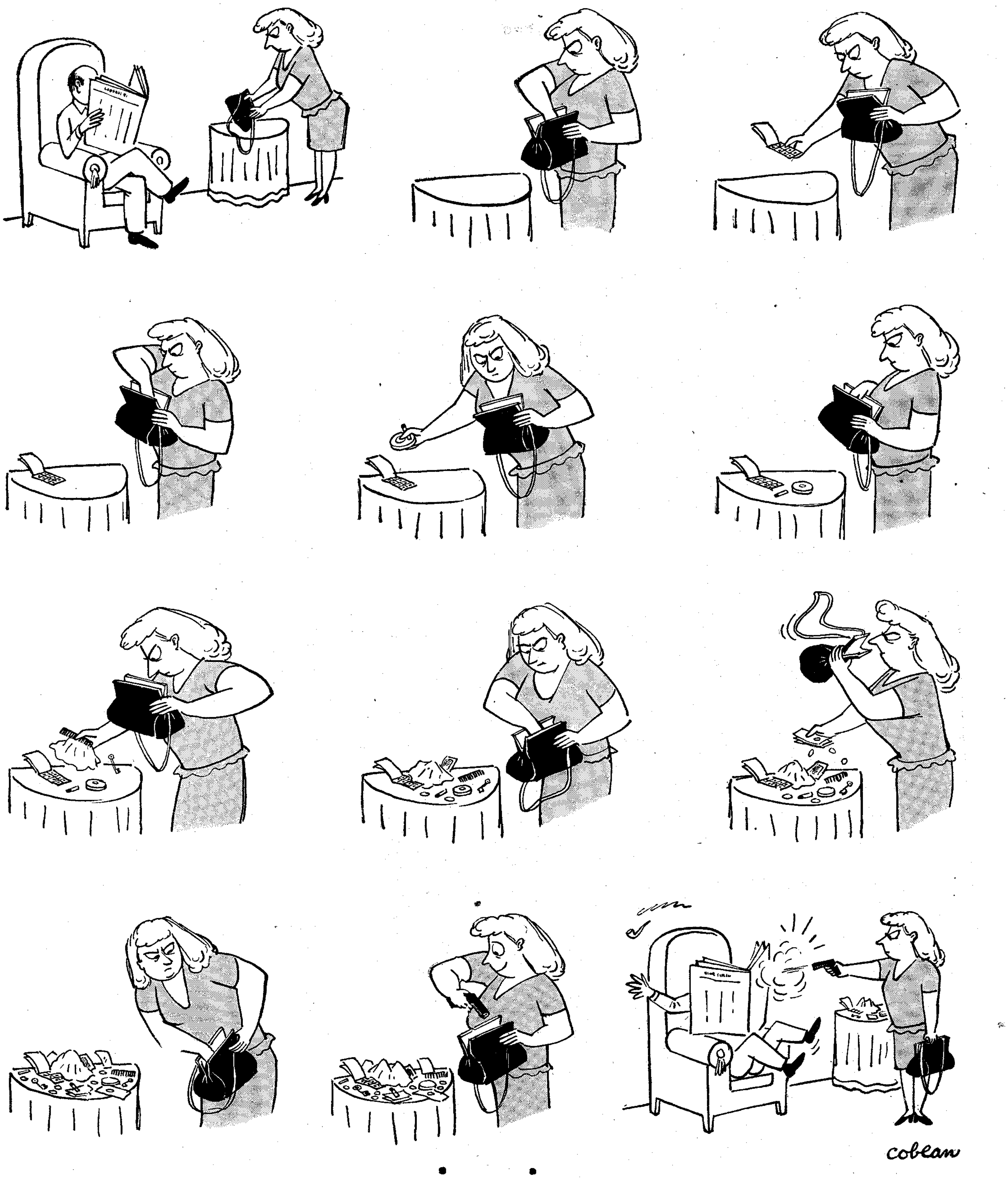
His mother's voice fluttered like a butterfly.

"You mustn't say such things, Mrs. Tipton. My Richard . . . I thank God every night. I don't know what I've done to deserve such—such devotion. I suppose any woman is fortunate to be truly loved."

Dickie wanted to run and bury his head in the lace and ribbons over her soft breast. He wanted to cry out, "I love you, too." Her breast smelled of the sweet lavender that Mammy Dee raised in the herb garden and dried and laid away in all the dresser drawers.

She said, "Mrs. Tipton—it's no excuse, I know—but do you suppose the wives could be in any way to blame?"

Mrs. Tipton said coldly, "I'm sure



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Judge Wimberley's wife has always done her duty."

"Oh, not duty!"

His mother's voice was a cry.

Mrs. Tipton said, "I tell you, Mrs. Merrill, men are beasts."

The sun found an opening in the shutters. Dickie turned on his side and watched the dust motes dancing across the bright bar.

His mother said, "Only God can judge. . . . Tell me, do they say the cotton has had enough rain?"

Mrs. Tipton said, "I think so. At the bank, they're making more loans."

"I feel guilty sometimes, Richard being in timber and lumber—things already there, so stable—and the people dependent on their annual crops have so much anxiety."

Mrs. Tipton said, "Your husband's uncle, Mr. Baxter Merrill—I believe he has a fine stand of cotton."

"Oh, dear Uncle Baxter. He always

prospers. We were at the plantation last Sunday. Everything was beautiful. We have such a gay time when we go there. We depend on Uncle Baxter to be gay. Dickie adores him."

A chime sounded in the depths of the house.

Mrs. Merrill said, "You'll have cake and sherry with me, won't you, Mrs. Tipton?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Merrill."

"Dickie, dear."

He rose in seeming abstraction and went to her. Now he might sink into her laces and her fragrance. She stroked his hair.

"Dickie, darling, I was to take you to Robert to have your hair cut. Dearest, you're such a big boy, couldn't you go alone?"

His heart was pounding.

"Yes, Mummy."

He longed for the hot sunlight outside the parlor.

"Then have Mammy Dee give you a quarter and go to Robert. Cross the streets very carefully, won't you, lamb?"

"Yes, Mummy. Goodbye."

Mrs. Tipton murmured, "Precious."

He ran from the parlor. Mammy Dee was singing in the kitchen.

"I'm old enough to have my hair cut by myself," he said. "Mummy says you're to give me a quarter."

The vast black woman fumbled in a sugar sack on the wall. "You mind how you cross the railroad tracks."

"I'll be careful."

DICKIE tightened his fingers over the coin and ran from the house. He was faint from the secret. It had something to do with black women and white men. It was remote and fascinating and more sickening than too much syrup candy. The lawn grass was green, for it was watered every evening, but beyond it the grass that bordered the town sidewalks was parched and brown. He ran west for three blocks and at the corner by Mrs. Tipton's big house he turned and ran south. He had never crossed the tracks alone before.

He was afraid for a moment that he would not find the barbershop, but the striped pole lifted ahead of him like a lighted lamp. He darted inside the open door and stood an instant, catching his breath. Black Robert rose lazily from a stool, and he was at home again.

Robert said, "I declare, Mastuh Dickie. All by yo'self."

Dickie looked about him. The barbershop lay in its summer stupor. The two chairs stood a little separated, one empty, the far one filled with the shapeless form of a man buried under a white apron. Black Perchy scraped at the face of the chair's occupant. Two other white men sat nearby. They were talking together. Now and then the man in the chair joined in with them, his voice muffled by the lather and the apron. They glanced at Dickie and went on talking.

Black Robert said, "Missy know you come alone?"

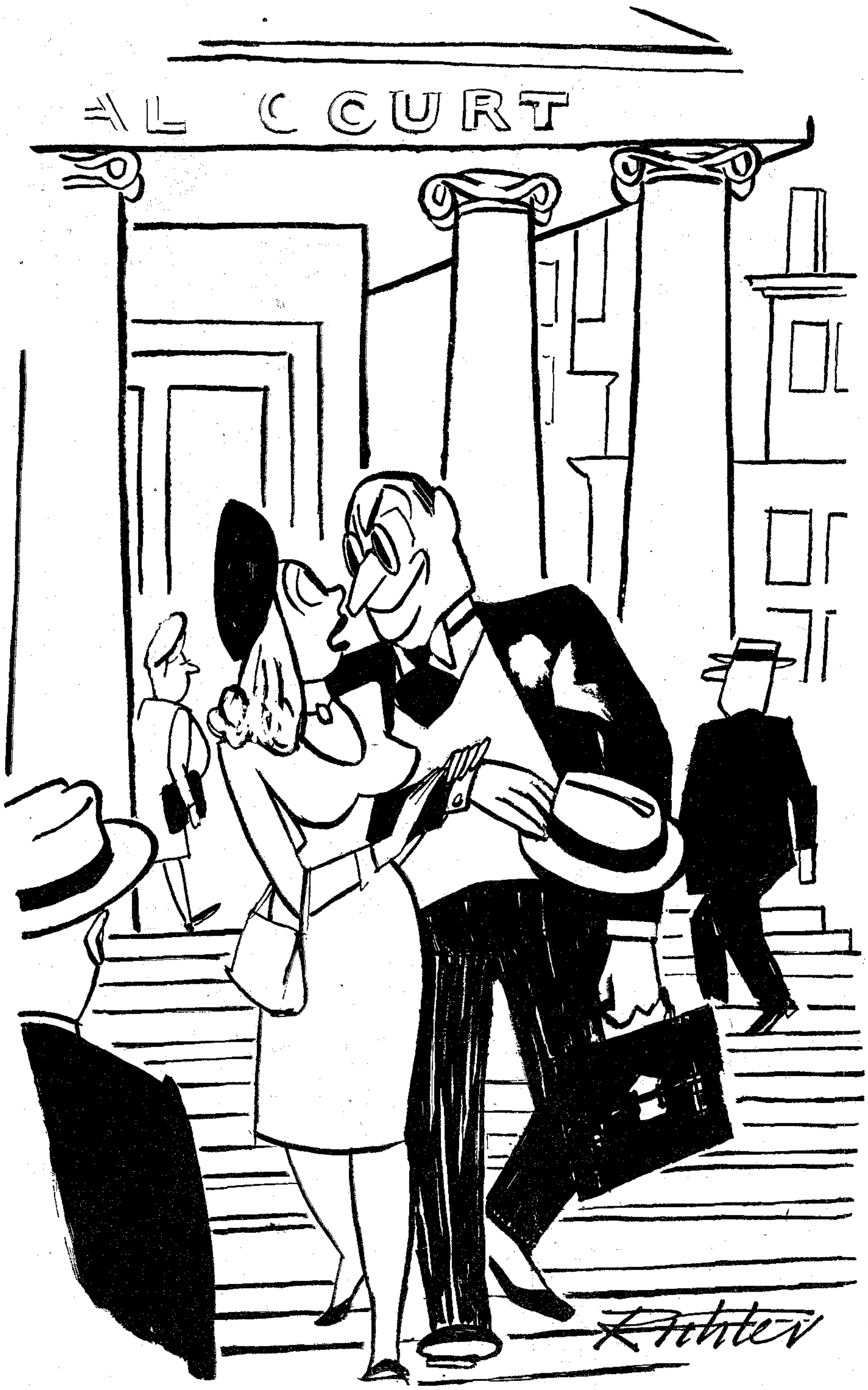
Dickie nodded and held out the quarter and Robert laid it on the shelf under the glass case where lotions and tonics glittered in the sunlight.

Robert whispered, "Yo' ma ain't changed yo' haircut, is she?"

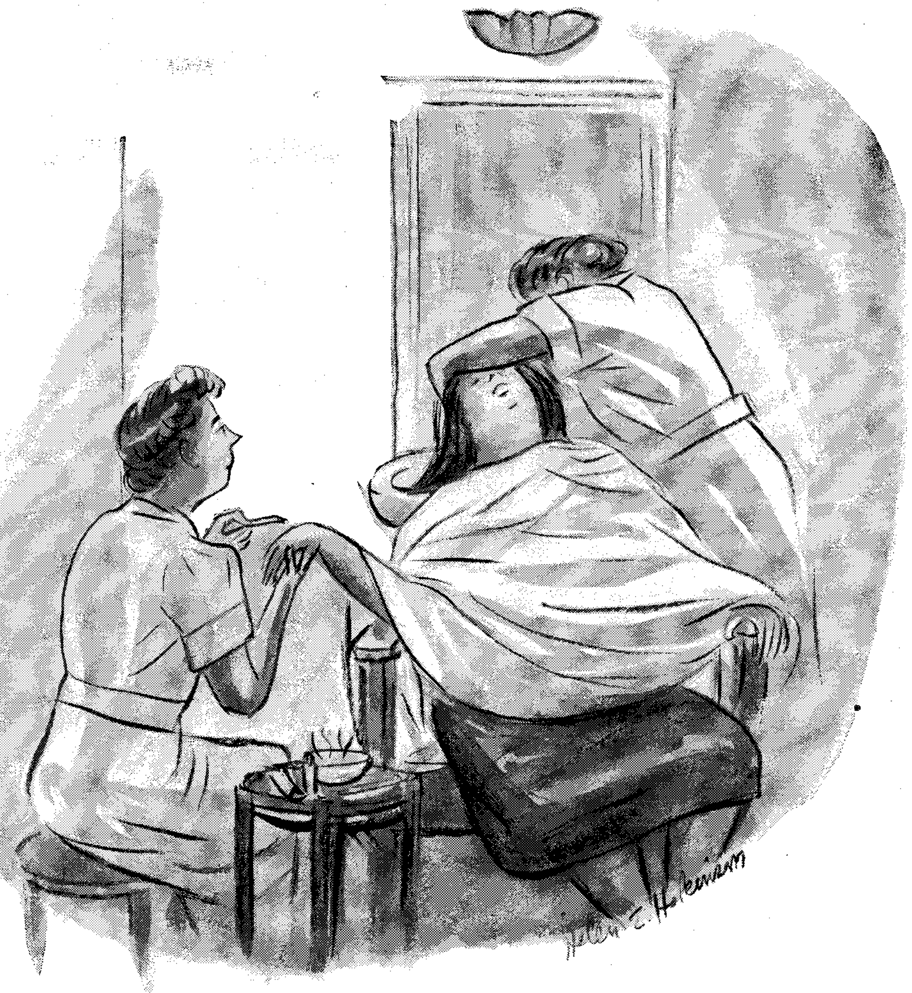
Dickie understood that he was to be quiet, so the men talking would not be interrupted.

"She's got company," he whispered in return.

Robert nodded. Dickie climbed into the great chair. The headrest was too high and Robert lowered it for him. He leaned back, feeling mature and impor-



"Just what did the judge mean, Mr. Bowen, when he said he was releasing me in your custody?"



"If you give me a rinse, it will have to be a very light one. Montclair notices everything."

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tant. Robert drew a clean white apron around him and tied it behind his neck. He turned to the case and took out a thin comb and a pair of shining scissors. The comb ran through Dickie's hair, lifting it away from his scalp with the feeling of strong wind. The scissors snipped through his upper hair, then lay suddenly, cool and ticklish, against the back of his neck.

The man in the other chair said, "What's new since I've been here?"

One man said, "What do you think? Nothing."

The other said, "We've got a new bridge over the mill creek. Progress!"

All three laughed together.

One man said, "By God, Beck, you didn't tell him Judy Lane was back in town."

The man in the chair said under his soapsuds, "That good-looking high yellow that married the white man in Chicago?"

"That's the one. Breezed into town in one of those electric broughams, dressed in ostrich feathers long enough to cover her yellow shanks."

"I'll swear. Do you suppose the Chicago guy knows?"

"Probably not."

Robert leaned close to run the scissors around Dickie's right ear.

The man in the chair said, "Strikes me she's right bold, coming back here. Was she raised here?"

"Right here. Her mammy was blacker 'n coal'll ever be. One of our leading lights is her daddy."

"Who's that?"

"Baxter Merrill."

"The cotton man?"

"Baxter Merrill, the cotton man. Cotton's the only white crop he's ever raised."

For a moment Dickie saw the secret lie shadowy, as always, in the distance. Then it rose and swelled. It rushed at him with a great roaring, shouting "Uncle Baxter!" He could not breathe. He clawed at the apron around his neck.

Robert murmured, "I'll fix it, Mastuh Dickie."

The glass case of lotions glittered. The barber's chair heaved up and down. He felt something wet on his mouth and splashing on his hands. He was a big boy and he never cried. He was crying.

Robert moved in front of him and planted his bulk between him and the rest of the barbershop. The round ebony face was furrowed and strained.

He said in a low voice, "Hol' still, Mastuh Dickie."

Dickie lifted his fists and beat them on Robert's chest. He twisted his mouth and blinked his eyelids rapidly. It was no use. A sob tore from him. It ripped flesh with it, somewhere in his chest. Two drops of sweat rolled down Robert's face and sank into the white apron.

Dickie said, "I'm sick."

Suddenly Robert gathered him from the chair and wrapped the white apron around him. The black man carried him in the apron to the door and set him on his feet on the sidewalk.

Robert said, "You go down the street a while, Mastuh Dickie." He untied the apron from around his neck. "You come back about traintime. The gemmuns'll be gone then, at traintime."

Dickie drew a deep breath against the coming cyclone.

Robert said, "You come back, now, to get finished." The sweat ran down the black face like rain. "You come back. You cain't go home to yo' ma part done. A li'l man got to go home to his ma all done."

Dickie wavered on his feet. Robert reached into a pocket under his barber's smock and pulled out a penny. He put it in Dickie's palm and closed his fingers over it.

"You go down the next block and get you a ice ball. They got ras'br'y an' cherry today. Then you come back at traintime."

Dickie began to run down the street. The cyclone was on him. He sobbed so deeply that his side ached before he had gone half a block. The tears washed down his face and over his blue dimity blouse. He clutched the penny tightly. It was wet and sticky with sweat from the black hand and from his own.

—Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Daily Racing Form*]

East Boston, Mass.—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Frend will entertain friends and associates at an unusual housewarming at the Casa De Los Amigos tomorrow night. The party will be staged near the six furlongs pole on the back-stretch following the running of the eighth race.

FAIRY TALES

"THERE'S such heaps to tell you, I hardly know where to begin," said the man. "It seems like millions of years. Countless."

"Well, it's not to be sneezed at," said his companion. "Five years, after all, at our age." She propped her chin on her hands and smiled. "Five years, Geoffrey," she repeated, lightly malicious. "We grow no younger, dear."

"Brrrrr." He shuddered and made his plump cheeks quiver. He was so used to mocking himself and the world that he had reached the point where his manner was constantly, irretrievably droll. No catastrophe, no heavy disaster could hold him down.

The woman, thin and prettyish, all of a sudden pitied him, nevertheless. She patted his hand on the plush banquette between them. She was nervous. Her movements were all jerks; her hands trembled chronically. "But you don't get older, either," she assured him. "You're really amazing. You haven't changed a bit."

He said fretfully, "That's all *you* know. I've changed tremendously, my dear. We all have, of course; it's the war. But I've gone further than that, Lollie, I've made tremendous progress."

"So?" Lollie picked up the big menu card and studied it, her eyelids dropped over any revealing gleam that might offend her host. Her tone, however, betrayed her.

"You're saying, 'He's off again,'" he accused her swiftly. "'There goes that awful Geoffrey, careening away on his hobbyhorse.' Oh, I know you, Lollie; don't pretend."

"Geoffrey!" she cried, sincerely startled. "What a thing to say to me! I hadn't any such thought in my head. If you must know, it's a kind of general reaction I seem to feel, here in New York, when people start talking about themselves. I've been so long in England, where—"

"Oh, I know, darling, I know. You've lived, you've suffered, and we haven't."

"Don't be nasty," she said mildly. "As a matter of fact, I didn't suffer, and I certainly haven't lived, as you call it, for months on end. It was a damn dull existence, and now I'm back seeing all of you, and hearing your plans and your reminiscences—well, naturally I'm a little bit jealous of everybody, the whole lot of you. I feel I've missed a whole lot. Wouldn't you?"

"Oh, definitely." Geoffrey was appeased. He looked like a bantam cock who has decided not to fight for the time being, after all; his feathers smoothed themselves down.

"Well, then, stop being that way and tell me all about yourself," Lollie said. "The last time I saw you was at Fred's that weekend."

Geoffrey was uncertain. "Was it? I thought it was some first night we went to together, something musical. I seem to remember you wore evening dress and looked frightfully grand."

"Oh, no, it was Fred's. I remember his house distinctly."

He shrugged. "I don't see how you can remember. It isn't as if we had anything to remember Fred for, but I guess you're right. That first night was early spring, and it was really hot that time at Fred's. I guess you're right, my dear, it was later. Let's see, who was there?"

"Kitty was there," Lollie said promptly. "She'd just married Peter."

"Had she? They were divorced last month," Geoffrey said.

"Oh, dear, really?"

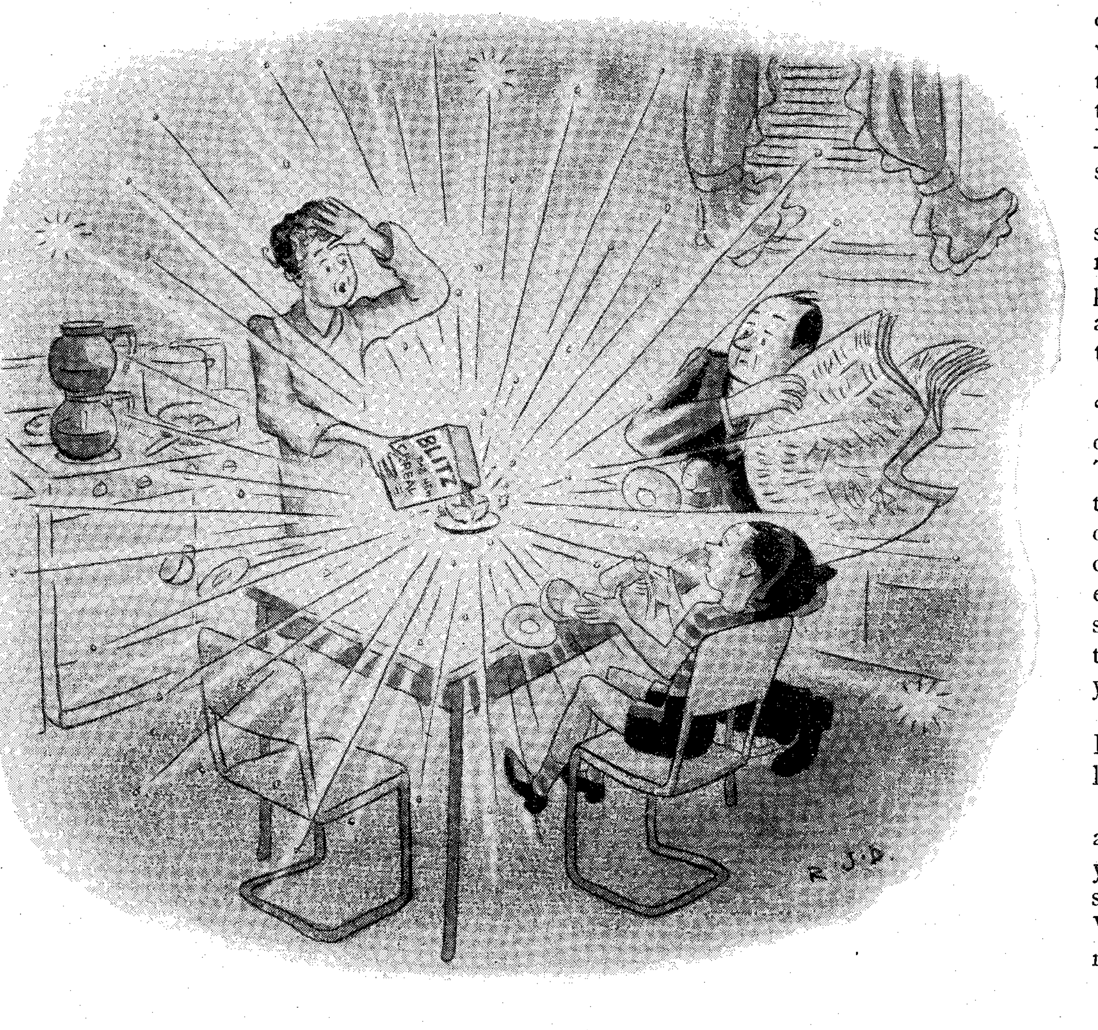
"Really. How amusing. I'd forgotten there was ever a time when those two used to be polite to each other, until you mentioned that weekend binge. Really, what time does to people! Wasn't there somebody else there? An Englishman named Ridley or something? Madly attractive?"

Lollie's eyes hooded themselves again. She studied the menu with an absorption truly passionate. "Riddle," she said after a measured pause, "Martin Riddle."

"Waiter!" Geoffrey cried. "Are you ever going to look our way? . . . Oh, all right. Two dinners, please, with the melon and ravioli. We'll order dessert later. . . . Riddle, did you say? Now, how on earth can you remember strange people's names like that? You're amazing, Lollie, you really are."

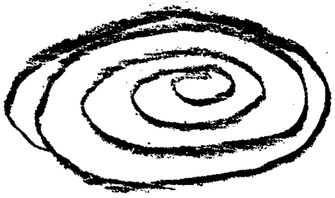
"Not so amazing; I saw Riddle again," she said carelessly. "He *was* attractive."

Geoffrey clasped his hands and said, "You lucky girl, you. See here, what about a spot of wine? . . . Yes? Good. Well, as I was saying, I've made tremendous progress."

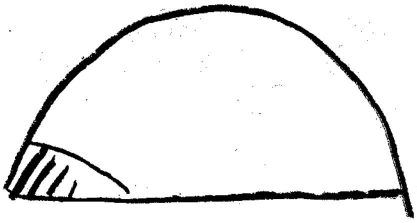


OUR NEW NATURAL HISTORY

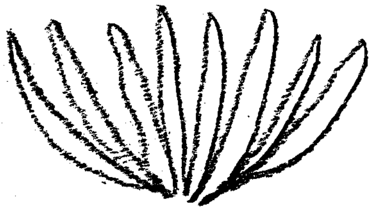
A GROUP OF SEA CREATURES



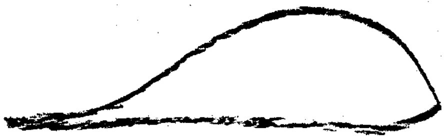
The Limpid



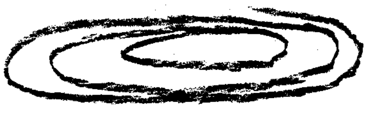
The Mordant



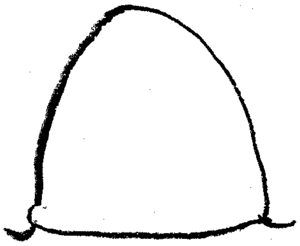
The Vivid



The Livid



The Lambent



The Torpid

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"And, as I was *not* saying, 'There goes Geoffrey on his hobbyhorse.' Have you really gone further with all that spiritualist thing?"

"Yes I have," he said definitely. "It means everything in the world to me, Lollie. It really does."

"Why, I'm awfully glad to hear it," she said. "Are you doing things—I mean, do you keep after it all the time? Every day, and all that? Tell me."

"You mean you'll really listen?" he asked dubiously. "You really want to know?"

"I really do, Geoffrey."

He called the sommelier, settled on the wine, and sat back with a long, happy sigh. "I'd done an awful lot of reading about it even before the war," he said. "Remember? Everybody used to tease me for it, except the ones who really belonged to the inner circle. I still read a good deal, of course—I keep up with everything that comes out—but the old writers seem to be the most satisfying."

"Like what?" Lollie asked, playing with the table silver. "You mean Madame Blavatsky?"

Geoffrey seemed surprised. "Fancy your knowing that name. Yes, I do mean her, of course, and then there are some writers who are really off the beaten track. I mean, we all know Sir Oliver Lodge, and Conan Doyle—there's been a revival of interest in them, what with the war and the fresh crop of young souls."

"Young souls," Lollie repeated thoughtfully. "Yes. Well?"

"Personally, my favorite experts are the scientists," said Geoffrey. "They sound more convincing, somehow. Dunne, now—he's written a marvellous book—"

" 'Experiment with Time'?"

"My dear Lollie, this is delightful! I can't tell you what a surprise you're being. When did you start dabbling in all this?"

"Oh, I had time on my hands over there," she said. "I had time to read, back in the old days, before everything got so hectic. Fred was over, remember. We saw each other in London and had a wonderful time."

"He told me. We heard all about you the first couple of years, but you're such a bad correspondent, darling. You stayed away too long, really you did."

"I suppose so," Lollie said. "Martin always said any American was a fool who didn't appreciate his own country. He loved the States."

"Martin?"

"Martin Riddle," she said. "You remember, we were just talking about him. That nice Englishman."

"Oh, yes. Where is he now?"

"He was missing when I left England, and he's still missing or I would have heard."

"Just what does that *mean*, darling?"

"Missing." She spoke the two syllables with extraordinary clarity. "That's the way they put it, you know, at the War Office. Martin was an R.A.F. pilot. 'Missing' means they've never found the body, and he hasn't been located in any of the prison camps. Until something more can be found out, he'll be just that. Miss-sing. Like so many others." Her lips tightened and grew white. She was silent for a minute, then said, "Well, Geoffrey, tell me more. What are *you* reading just now?"

"Oh, I'm playing around," Geoffrey said. "To be absolutely frank with you, I do very little reading. There is much more to be done in the practical line. You see, so many people died suddenly, what with those bombings and battles and whatever, and naturally that makes for the most tremendous pressure in the outer, the other, world. A lot of these souls don't know what has happened to them. It takes a very long time for some of them to realize and to be released. They wander about, trying to come back, or rather, they do come back, but under those new conditions it doesn't satisfy them. They're all about us, right here. The ether is full of them. There must be hundreds here in this restaurant, superimposed upon each other, as it were. Yes. Just think. You are sharing your seat on this banquette, my dear Lollie, with twelve puzzled souls right now."

Lollie moved uneasily and glanced about her. "Why twelve?"

"Oh, it popped into my head. That figure popped in, and I don't know why, so I assume it's a matter of telepathy. I can't swear to it, of course, but I'm morally certain that somebody knows there are twelve other-world people here and that somebody, being one of them, has just told me so. You don't argue about telepathy, do you?"

"Argue? Oh, no. No, I accept telepathy." Lollie stirred her coffee slowly, thinking. "Did you ever read a book called 'A Journey'?" she asked. "Something about two schoolteachers at Versailles."

"Oh, yes, of course. Charming book."

"Do you think it happened?"

"Of course it happened," Geoffrey said. "As a matter of fact, I have further evidence on that very case. I know a Frenchman who used to live at Versailles when he was a child, and he swears that it often happens there in the park; one often sees people in eighteenth-century costume wandering about. But all that's neither here nor there, Lollie. We're in the middle of a simply fascinating period for spiritualists. I don't like that word, by the way, but I can't find another I like any better. There's a wide cleavage among us just now. Half of us hold by the ancient theory of shells—cast-off images, as it were, which are supposed to be the ghosts our forefathers saw. Every corporeal body is alleged to be leaving impressions in space, some complicated arrangement of real light and shadow, I believe. In other words, the molecules in space may arrange themselves so that there is a semblance of the body which remains forever, though the original body may long since have been destroyed. Is that clear?"

"Clear enough," Lollie said. "It doesn't make much sense, though, do you think?"

"No, I agree with you. According to them, you and I, as we sit here, are casting off illusions of ourselves every single second, to wander about the world, appearing like ghosts to whoever may happen to be receptive some evening. Think of it—you in your fashionable black sheer, left to walk and walk for centuries. And hollow, too. It's a horrid idea."

"Especially when I think of going on through the ages looking a perfect fright," Lollie said. "This dress is really awful."

"Seriously," Geoffrey continued, "I reject these shells. I much prefer the other school, the one that says we live on in spirit or soul—call it what you like—and I'm willing to go ahead with all the old methods. You know—the ouija board, or mechanical writing, or, best of all, with a medium. Have you ever visited a good medium, Lollie, a *good* one?"

"I haven't. I've never seen any at all, but I'd like to."

"Did you read that Huxley book?" Geoffrey asked.

"Yes, I did. Marvellous."

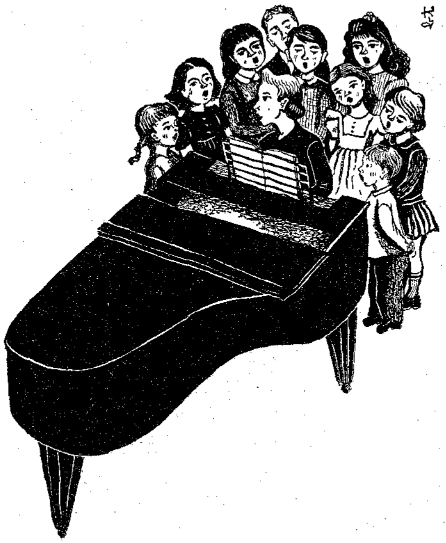
"Good. I thought so, too. Oh, we'll have a wonderful time, Lollie. I'll tell you what I've been working on lately. You know my brother was killed on Saipan."

"Geoffrey!" She turned to him in horror. "No, I didn't. Nobody told me. Oh, my dear, I'm so sorry."

"Thanks, dear, but it's really quite all right. Of course it was a shock to my mother—he was her darling child—but I thank fate that I was forearmed. It didn't hurt me at all. I was so sure I'd be able to get in touch with him, after. I mean, after everything had been cleared up for him in the other world. You know, Ronald and I were never very close. He wasn't my sort of person at all, and he thought I was the most dreadful little tick and I thought he was a great insensitive hulk of handsome man. We were both right about it, too. I can say it now without the slightest bitterness, because Ronald and I, I'm glad to say, are now the best of friends."

"You are?" Lollie's eyes, bright with interest, were fixed on Geoffrey's face.

"Yes, we really are, my dear. By the way, how very well you look! Forgive me for not saying so when you first came in, but I didn't really notice properly until now. You're a very pretty woman, in spite of the years. About Ronald, that is absolutely true. That is the gospel truth. We have long talks nowadays and we understand so many things that we didn't know before. It's too wonderful. *He* knows everything now, of course, and he's very patient about teaching me, far more patient than he ever was as a living person. Our relationship is a living, growing thing. It's amazing. It's wonderful. It's a perfect example of what could be done for everyone if only the scales would fall from their eyes."



"You mean Ronald can remember your old quarrels?" Lollie said.

Geoffrey nodded impressively. "All of them, especially the important ones. He brings them up himself; he reminds me of things. And then we talk it over and the trouble fades away, the soreness is gone."

"It fades away," she repeated softly. "All the soreness is gone."

"That's it," said Geoffrey. "Just think, one need have no regrets. It's never too late."

They sipped burgundy in silence. Lollie's eyes were like stars.

"Tell me," she said suddenly, "how do you speak to him? Medium? Or mechanical writing?"

"Both. It used to be awfully difficult, as you can imagine, to get him with the writing. I found a medium, though, who's very good and willing, and the easier it became to reach him through her, the more smoothly my own experiments and trials went when I tried for myself, afterward. Nowadays I don't have to use her very often—just once in a while, when the lines of communication get a bit jammed. You see, the mediums are overworked now, and so are the other methods of getting through. There's such a terrible lot of work, so many people clamoring to be put in touch with our world again. After every battle, every great loss of life, it has always been the same. You can almost, when you feel closer to that other dimension, you can almost hear the noise, the thousands of voices trying to get at the ears of their friends. It's a deep, rushing sound, like the wind or the surf, and yet it's not so simple as that. You can hear the voices, you can hear separate words sometimes, and laughing and crying."

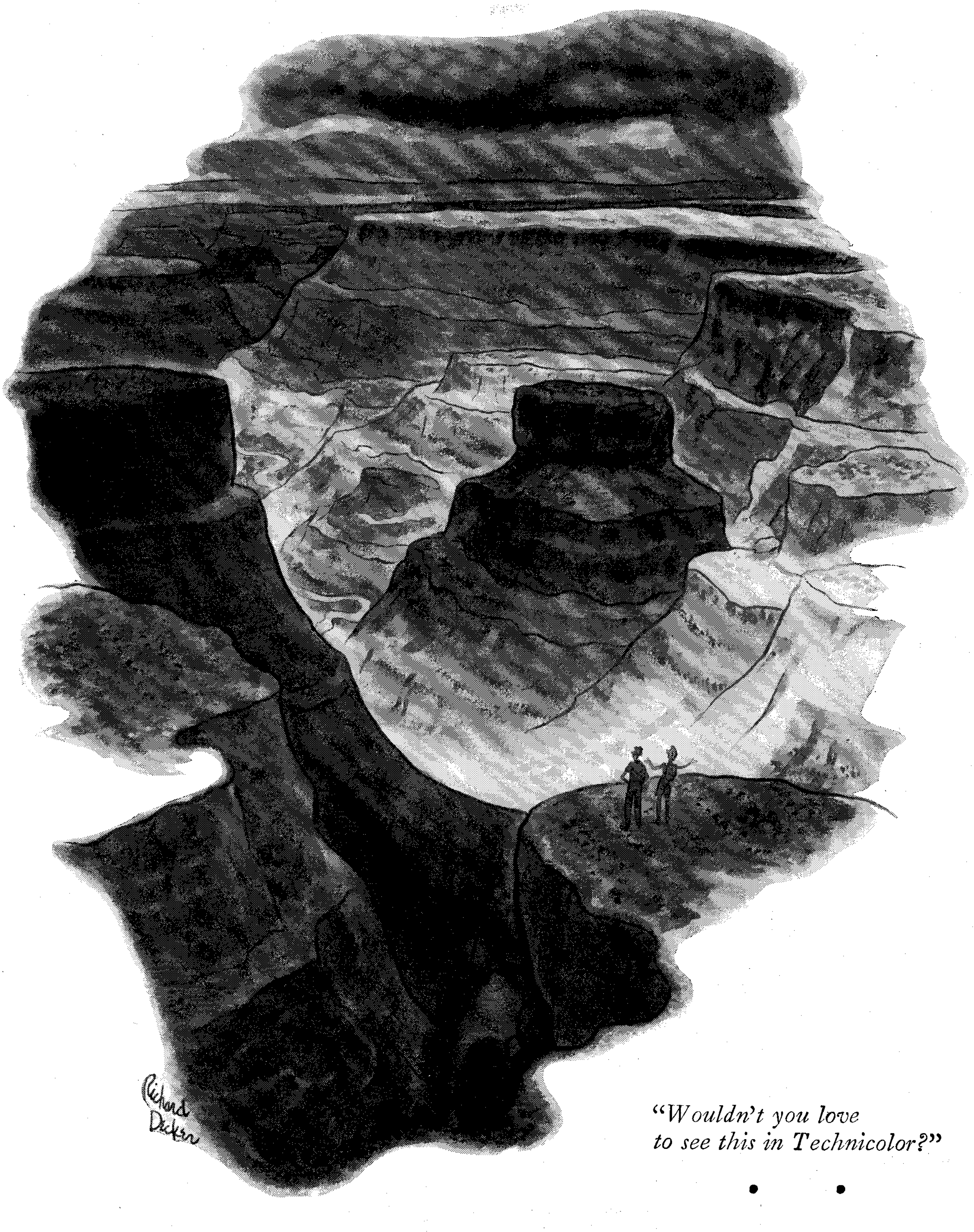
Geoffrey took her hand. "Darling, I'm so happy about you," he said. "Forgive me, but you *were* self-willed once upon a time, in the bad old days. You put up a tremendous resistance to all this. You simply *would not* listen to me."

"I? I wouldn't?"

"You said," he continued happily, "that an interest in these psychic phenomena was deliberate self-deception. You called it nonsense, all of it. Yes, my dear, *you* did. Spooks, you called it."

Lollie stared at him incredulously.

"And parlor games," he said. "My dear, you actually called it parlor games. I remember very well. You've no idea



"Wouldn't you love to see this in Technicolor?"

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how you've been transformed. It's marvellous. Why, I can remember every word you said one day—as a matter of fact, it was that weekend at Fred's. You were sitting on the riverbank with that nice young Ridley, I mean Riddle. You said, 'Some people'—meaning me, I suppose—'some people won't face facts. They don't like the idea of death, they just can't take it, and they make up fairy tales to tell themselves. Wishful thinking, that's all it is.' That was you, Lollie, honestly. Fairy tales!" He chuckled fondly.

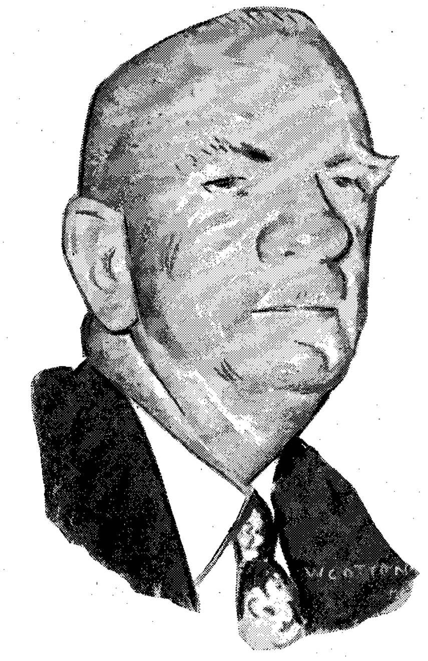
Lollie's hand, doubled into a fist, rose slowly to her mouth. Her frightened, shocked eyes were still fixed on Geoffrey's face. "Yes," she said, "I do remember *now.* Wishful *thinking,* that's what I said. That's what I said."

She leaned back against the wall. Her hand dropped loosely to her lap. She leaned back, staring into empty space.

—EMILY HAHN

PROFILES

NOTHING MUCH TO IT



EDWARD JOSEPH FLYNN, an imperious and tight-lipped Bronx lawyer who has never given more than a fraction of his time to politics, is one of the most versatile politicians in the country. Versatility in politics is rare. Local, national, and international politics are set apart by deep chasms. Mark Hanna and James A. Farley are the only Americans who ever fully succeeded in applying the methods of the local machine to a national party, and few party leaders have ever cut much of a figure in diplomacy. Flynn has functioned capably in all three divisions. As Democratic leader of the Bronx, a position he has held since 1922, he is one of the most powerful of American city bosses. In 1940, when Farley resigned the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee, Flynn took over and managed Roosevelt's third-term campaign with great efficiency. Last winter, Flynn was given his first diplomatic assignment. After accompanying President Roosevelt to Yalta, he went to Moscow for some talks with Marshal Stalin and then to Rome to interview Pope Pius XII. The results of these conferences, in which, as a representative of our government, he made an effort to improve relations between the two influential men he visited, have never been revealed, but President Truman evidently considers Flynn the man for the job, since he has asked him to resume negotiations in the near future. Flynn, whom the Senate once rejected as Minister to Australia and Ambassador-at-Large to the rest of Oceania, ostensibly on the ground that it would damage American prestige to have a Bronx wardheeler in such a position, continues to be in charge of one of the most delicate and important undertakings in current American diplomacy.

Flynn's versatility extends far beyond politics. All during his long and varied public life, he has managed to lead an equally varied private life and to accumulate a very creditable fortune. A few years ago, he achieved considerable notoriety as the unwitting though illegal recipient of eighty-eight dollars' worth of city paving blocks, but most of his affluence is the result of prudent investments in Bronx real estate and a large practice in general law as a member of the Manhattan firm of Goldwater & Flynn. The leisure that Flynn's wealth, which is estimated to be well up in the six-figure class, allows him to enjoy is devoted to horsemanship, the study of history, amateur horticulture, and an art collection that contains one of the country's finest collections of Joseph Pennell etchings and several valuable paintings. Another hobby, recently dropped, was cattle raising on a fifty-thousand-acre ranch in Nevada, which he sold last year to Bing Crosby.

Of all Flynn's interests, diplomacy is best suited to his appearance and temperament. He is, at fifty-three, a tall, well-built, expensively tailored man with gray eyes, sparse gray hair, a ruddy complexion, handsome Irish features, a jaunty comportment, and an appreciation of domestic whiskey, all of which might reasonably commend him to Lord Calvert. Furthermore, his personality is so neatly split that he is admirably qualified for a job that requires an acquaintance with the social graces and an unfailing knowledge of when to keep the mouth shut, the eyes open, and the mind tough. Despite his suave and at times cocky manner, Flynn is an introspective, almost melancholy man who loathes crowds and conducts as much of his political business as possible from a distance. Like most introverts, however, he becomes an extrovert when he is with a small group of people he enjoys. In his unmelancholy and nonpolitical moments, when he surrounds himself with friends at his house in the west Bronx, his luncheon table at the Uptown Club, or his country place at Lake Mahopac, he can be a gay host and a felicitous talker, a fact President Roosevelt recognized when he chose Flynn, as United States Commissioner General to the World's Fair, to entertain important foreign visitors, including a large assortment of royalty, who came here to see the World of Tomorrow.

In his public personality, if he can be said to have one at all, Flynn is invincibly taciturn. His only comment, made to a few friends, on his mission abroad last winter is indicative of both his taciturnity and the background for it. He said that Marshal Stalin reminded him of the late Charles F. Murphy, the last great boss of Tammany Hall and the man who taught Flynn local politics twenty-five years ago. Taciturnity was the first lesson. Murphy, who, it was said, would not even join in singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" on the Fourth of July for fear of committing himself to something he might later regret, hammered into young Flynn's head the principle that what he didn't say couldn't hurt him. Flynn learned the lesson so well that his fifteen-year-old son complained a few months ago that all he had ever been able to find out about his father from the newspapers was that he had no comment to make at this time. Flynn has avoided publicity as painstakingly as most politicians invite it. It was not, for example, until the 1942 edition of *Who's Who in America* was going to press that the publishers were able to persuade him to amplify his entry in previous volumes, which read, "FLYNN, Edward J., mem. Democratic Nat. Com. *Address:* New York, N.Y." Flynn rarely talks to newspapermen. "There's no sense interviewing me," he once told a reporter. "I don't have any opinions on anything—politics or anything. That's why you never see me quoted. That's why I'm the lousiest guy in the world to interview." The reporter quoted this in his story, claiming that he had been given one of the longest Flynn statements on record.

Flynn, who is a highly literate man as well as a frequently convivial one, naturally has opinions about a good many things, and when he is beyond the reach of reporters and voters he gets considerable pleasure and relief from making them known. He has a quick, informed, and occasionally droll mind, and he believes that intellectual curiosity is the main reason he stays in politics. "I don't know what else keeps me at it," he said not long ago. "It's not money; I've got more than I need. And I'm not looking for a job with a fancy title; I've turned down a dozen of them. I just like to see what makes the damned thing go and to tinker with it a little myself." When talking can do him no harm, Flynn enjoys it. Once, when he felt that his mind might be getting fuzzy, he asked a friend who teaches government at Columbia to let him take over one of his graduate-school classes for a few sessions. The professor agreed and Flynn prepared four long lectures, which he delivered to the assembled students, who then subjected Flynn and his ideas to some fairly stiff criticism. Flynn enjoys this sort of exchange immensely and often goes in for it informally with his friends.

FLYNN's success as boss of the Bronx is essentially a triumph of mind over the mystique of politics. "Flynn," one writer observed, a few years ago, "is something new in county bosses. He is an educated, intelligent chap, and a fellow with at least the instincts of a gentleman. These peculiarities, and even his ability to wear a dress suit with grace and ease, apparently have been no handicaps to his political progress." This description completely misses the point, not only about Flynn but about many other political bosses. It has become a journalistic commonplace in recent years to proclaim as a freak any political boss who has been to college and who uses a table knife only to cut his meat. Actually, the woods are full of them. For twenty-five years, ever since the universities began supplying more lawyers than there was room for, college graduates have been going into district politics and giving the ex-bartenders and street brawlers heavier competition than most of them can meet. The rarity today is not a literate man to whom studs are what you put in a shirt rather than one of the boys down at the clubhouse but a man who hasn't at least one college degree and can't read without moving his lips. Flynn could be classed as somewhat exceptional even among modern politicians because he is not only a college graduate but has an honorary doctorate from Fordham and because he prefers the novels of Arthur Koestler to the columns of *Time*. His most exceptional attribute, however, is a fundamental disregard for the entire theory and practice of bossism. The personnel and some of the mores of machine politics have undergone interesting changes in recent years; the essential rules and fetishes, as codified long ago by Senator George Washington Plunkitt and Lincoln Steffens, have not. The common touch is still considered essential even in an educated boss. The common touch is not too easy to define, but in politics it is generally taken to mean that quality which enables a man, either by insight into the minds of others or by searching his own mind, to determine what the mass of the citizenry thinks and wants and will put up with. It also implies a sort of averageness in the manner of the man himself. A boss may rule as an autocrat, but he can rule only so long as he lives like a democrat. This means, among other things, that he must not let his standard of living rise visibly above that of the people around him unless he is willing to spend a good deal of his time passing out candy bars to working-class children and fifty-cent cigars to their fathers. Accessibility is another undisputed requirement. A boss must always be easily available to his subordinates in the machine from whose ranks he has presumably risen, and the most successful bosses are, like Machiavelli's good prince, as attentive to the plaza as they are to the palace. In most large cities, it is often a simpler matter for the citizen to take his grievances before the leader of the dominant party than it is to arrange an interview with a minor official in the assessor's office. Perhaps the most widely held notion about a boss's work is that it is hard. Most bosses make it so, putting in long days at their jobs, presumably taking the public pulse with the common touch, conferring with district and precinct captains, finding jobs for the faithful, instructing legislators, and stamping out rebellions against party authority. All these things go to make up the folklore of bossism. Flynn will have none of it.

Other bosses are apt to observe the rules in deference to what is called the human element in politics, but Flynn believes that most political questions are at bottom intellectual problems of a rather simple order, and, without for a moment belittling the human element in politics, he holds that it is no more of a problem than the human element in the department-store business. A man can run a successful department store without going on boat rides with the clerks or personally listening to the complaints of customers, and Flynn runs his Bronx machine in a similarly aloof manner. As it happens, Flynn, whom Al Smith and Roosevelt both consid-

ered one of the few practical politicians who understood their social ideas and sympathized with them, probably has a healthier respect for democracy than most city bosses, but he sees no need to be a leveller in his own affairs. His standard of living is in keeping with his income. One of the cherished principles of the common-touch philosophy is that a political leader should settle in the midst of his people. There are dozens of politicians in New York who could afford the best living quarters in town but who continue to live in run-down houses in run-down neighborhoods, with their wives conspicuously doing the wash, in order to avoid the stigma of snobbishness. When Flynn, a man about the world, is in the Bronx at all, he lives in one of the most expensive apartments in the borough's most expensive neighborhood. His flat, which some of his learned friends call "Ed's Gothic aerie," is a penthouse of thirteen rooms and several porches and solariums on top of the Hudson Gardens, an apartment building in Riverdale, just north of the Henry Hudson Bridge. It is an elaborately fitted-up place and it has its own street entrance and its own private elevator. Few Bronx politicians ever ride in this. Flynn keeps his home as a preserve for Mrs. Flynn, their three children, and his close friends. There are few local statesmen among his close friends.

Flynn sees very little of his ward and precinct leaders and nothing at all of petitioners. He would never think of attending a clambake or passing out Christmas baskets to poor though registered citizens, and the party workers and voters on whom his power rests all know that he is one of the most difficult men in the city to find, let alone to see. A fair part of the time, he is not even in the city. When he is, he divides his working time between his three offices—one at Goldwater & Flynn, in the Lincoln Building, on East Forty-second Street; one at the Democratic National Headquarters, in the Biltmore; and one in the Bronx County Democratic Headquarters, on Courtlandt Avenue—at all of which he is protected by resourceful receptionists and secretaries. Only persons of unusual persistence can even get him on the telephone. This way of doing business happens to suit his temperament, and he thinks that it is good politics, too. He considers that good machine politics is largely a negative matter, which consists not so much in doing the right things as in not doing the wrong things. On the theory that sins of commission are more serious in politics than sins of omission, Flynn not only says as little as possible but does as little as possible. The Bronx, in which for twenty years no one has held office without Flynn's approval, is one of the most thoroughly bossed urban communities in the country, but the machine impinges so little on the lives and consciousness of the citizens that most people who live in the Bronx are only vaguely aware that it exists.

HAVE YOU TRIED STAYING AWAKE?

OR

THEY'LL FIND A WAY TO STOP THAT, TOO

Most people's downy couches have a footboard and a headboard,
And some people's downy couches also have a bedboard.
I must tell you before I forgets
That a bedboard is different from a bed *and* board, which is what when your wife leaves it you are no longer responsible for her debts,
But if you can't get to sleep because your couch is so downy that you wallow and roll like a tugboat off Cape Hatteras,
Why, you make it undowny by slipping a bedboard under your matteras,
Thereby earning, whether you wear pajamas or a gown,
The unusual privilege of getting to sleep by walking the plank lying down.
O civilization, O progress, O human ingenuity!
O fatuity in perpetuity!
One genius chooses downy couches to set his mind upon,
And he spends a lifetime tinkering with Angeldust and Fogfoam and Bubblemist until he has invented the downiest couch ever reclined upon,
Whereupon another genius immediately invents a slab of wood that you can put under it to harden it,
And up-and-coming dealers may now feature the most irresistible of downy couches and the most immovable of bedboards simultaneously, like the poison bottle with the antidote on the label, so if I giggle in my hammock I hope you will pardon it.

—OGDEN NASH

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To a large extent, this is because the Bronx machine rarely puts on the kind of powerhouse campaigns that most others do. Under the two-party system, the object of the average machine leader is to ingratiate himself and his organization with enough voters to give its candidates a simple majority on Election Day. Flynn has found it possible to get along without majorities; he is not a line-smasher but a broken-field runner. The Bronx Democrats are the only Democrats in the city who have not once been out of power during the long Fusion regime in City Hall, and on several occasions Flynn has kept his county ticket in office even when the Democratic voters have been a minority. The most notable instance of this was in 1933, when, after soundly reasoning that the Fusion LaGuardia could carry the Bronx against the Democratic John P. O'Brien, Flynn bolted his party's city ticket and improvised one of his own, with Joseph V. McKee as its candidate for Mayor. When McKee lost, it seemed likely that Flynn, being not only a renegade but a beaten renegade, was through in New York politics. Actually, he proved to be the only Democrat to hold on to his power that year, for, by getting both the regular and the insurgent Democratic votes for his Bronx County candidates, he kept control of the Borough Presidency and all the other county offices in a year when Fusion swept every other borough in the city.

For this fall's scrambled election, Flynn has again arranged things so that he cannot lose, even if Judge Jonah Goldstein, the Republican candidate, or Newbold Morris, the No Deal candidate, should carry the Bronx for Mayor. Flynn can win even if only a little more than a quarter of the Bronx votes go to his candidates. It is quite possible that Judge Goldstein, a popular man in the Bronx, will carry the county, but whether he does or not, Flynn is bound to win. He has arranged this, paradoxically, by throwing away the fifty thousand or so Bronx votes of the American Labor Party. Leaving out of account Mayor LaGuardia's No Deal ticket, which is an unknown quantity, the contest in November will be between the Democratic and American Labor Parties on the one hand and the Republican and Liberal Parties on the other; that is, everywhere but in the Bronx. Two months ago, Flynn had all his county candidates announce that they would not accept the endorsement of the Labor Party, which was to be had for the acceptance. On the surface this appeared to be a foolhardy move, but a few days later the Bronx Republicans, whose leader, John J. Knewitz, has, as it happens, for many years been Commissioner of Records in the Bronx, a $9,000 a year political job at Flynn's disposal, obligingly announced that they, too, would go it alone. There will be separate Labor Party and Liberal Party tickets in the Bronx, and in a four-way race, the Bronx Democrats are bound to get a plurality. Thus Flynn will still be in power this fall no matter what else happens.

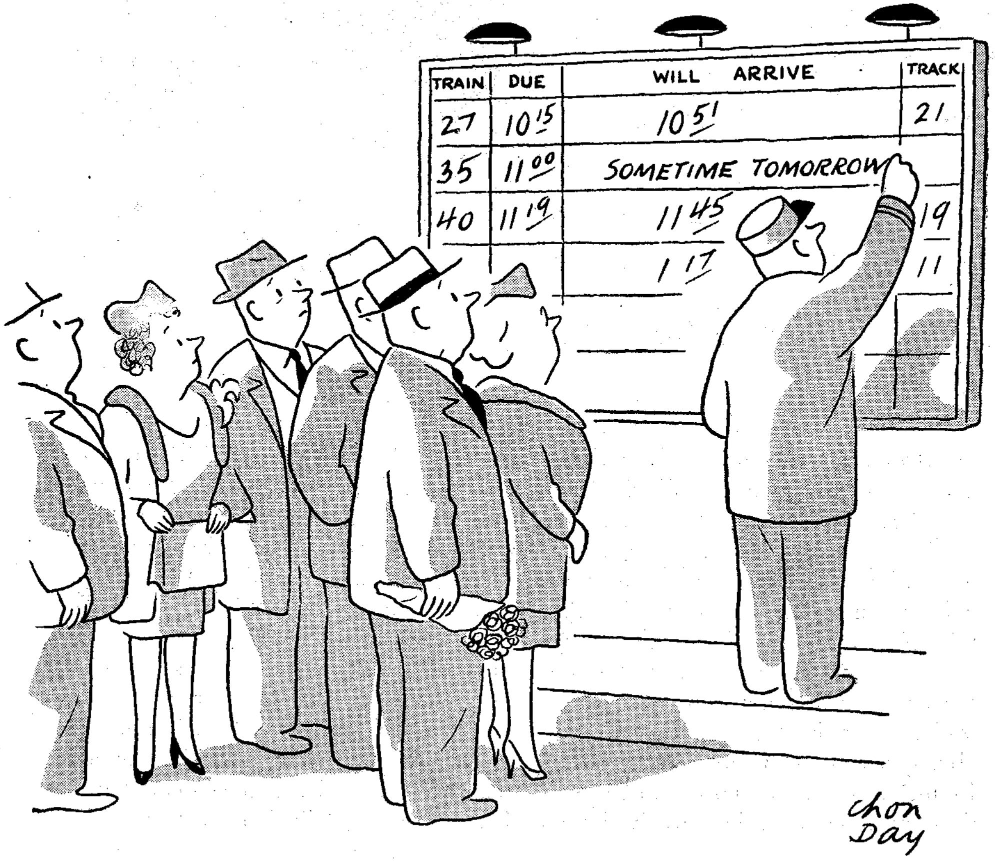
Whitney Darrow, jr

"She's just at that cute age, too."

• •

Strategies of this sort are worked out in the mind, and since Flynn's mind functions quickly and without great effort, bossing the Bronx takes little of his time. It is unlikely that he spends, on the average, more than two or three hours a week on it. All traffic between the Bronx constituency and the Flynn machine has to go through district leaders. Any business that the leaders, after a suitable filtering has been done, have with Flynn is settled at his meetings with them—brief, brisk affairs that take place not in a clubhouse (Flynn has no clubhouse and is the only boss in the city who has never been a district leader) but in his office in County Headquarters, on Courtlandt Avenue. Flynn feels that the business of a political machine is far less involved than most people, including politicians, like to believe. The meetings of Flynn and his district leaders are separated by never less than two weeks, frequently as much as six weeks, and occasionally—as, for example, when he was abroad from February to April of this year—months. Their one concession to tradition is that each of the district leaders, of whom there are thirteen, is allowed to turn in reports on conditions in his territory. "You always have to do that," Flynn says. "Politicians love to talk about conditions. But we wind it up in a hurry. Conditions don't change very much." At these meetings, congressmen, state legislators, judges, and borough presidents are made and all questions of patronage are settled. "There's nothing much to it," Flynn says. "We do it the way any business does. We find out what we can about people and then get behind those who seem best to us. After that we just hope that it works out well." As a rule, the meetings are over in two or three hours. "Good God," Flynn says, "I don't know what you could do to make them last any longer. I can't see how these other people spend their time. If you ask me, they spend it gossiping. Politics is half gossip, anyhow. I suppose you can gossip all day and every day if you want." To delegate authority in a political machine supposedly makes it easier for a deputy to work up a rebellion and run his boss out of office. Flynn has not found that so. He seldom interferes with his leaders, for he feels that one who makes too many mistakes will automatically eliminate himself and be replaced by one who doesn't. Moreover, he is not, like most bosses, a sentimentalist who stands by his men when they get themselves in trouble. If any office-holder appointed by Flynn gets in trouble, he has to shift for himself. "Whenever we appoint anyone," Flynn says, "we tell him that we can give him a job but that we can't hold it for him and won't try to."

FLYNN has divided his life about equally between politics, the pursuit of leisure, and the pursuit of money. These interests can be traced to the influence of the three people who he thinks did the most to shape his life. Two of them were his parents, Henry Timothy and Sarah Flynn, to whom he was born, in the Bronx, on September 2, 1892. Flynn's father was a dignified and bookish Irishman, a Dubliner and a Trinity College man, who came to this country and got a minor executive job with the New York Central. Since he devoted more of his time to the cultivation of learning and the tutoring of his five children, of whom Edward Joseph was the youngest, than to the affairs of the railroad, he was less than spectacular as a breadwinner. Mrs. Flynn was of a different temperament. She found that running an expanding family on a more or less stationary income was a difficult proposition, so she decided that she would help out. She started to put small amounts of money aside and invest in Bronx real estate, which soon boomed almost as miraculously as Oklahoma oil. There was no dissension in the Flynn household over these divergent attitudes toward material things. Mr. Flynn, Senior, plodded along at the Central, enjoyed the fruits of his wife's financial acumen, and plied the children with knowledge. Under his father's guidance, Flynn became something of a prodigy. By the time he was twenty, he had absorbed a good Jesuit education at Fordham and had finished law school with honors. While the elder Flynn was imbuing the children with an interest in the arts and a comprehensive knowledge of history, Mrs. Flynn attended to another side of their education. She aroused in them an acquisitive instinct and she started Edward off on some real-estate speculations of his own, which turned out very well.



Flynn did not get to know Charlie Murphy, the third important influence in his life, until 1922, the year Flynn became, at the age of thirty, Democratic boss of the Bronx. By that time, he had been a prosperous lawyer for nearly ten years and had been active in politics for nearly five. His legal ability, which has always been held in considerable respect by other lawyers, and his talent for making profitable alliances had been a great help to him in both these careers. Upon leaving Fordham Law School, he and William McKeown, a classmate and a Bronx neighbor, opened a law office. One of the main assets of the firm was the fact that McKeown was a sensational baseball player. He was one of the best intercollegiate pitchers of the period, and he had pitched Fordham to a 2–1 victory over McGraw's Giants. Flynn handled the business that McKeown brought in. Flynn, however, could be a satisfactory piece of window dressing himself. Taciturnity had not yet set in, and he was a dramatically handsome young man who was regarded throughout his neighborhood as a wit and a charmer. Probably on this account, he was persuaded in 1917 to run for the Assembly on the Democratic ticket. He won, was elected to two more terms in Albany, and then was elected sheriff of Bronx County. He was willing to accept these offices because they took almost none of his time. An assemblyman works two months a year, and the shrievalty required even less labor. The office was abolished a few years ago on the ground that the sheriff had nothing to do. After he became sheriff, Flynn went into partnership, in Manhattan, with another Bronx neighbor, Monroe Goldwater, who has always been more interested in Jewish philanthropies than in Democratic politics. The two lawyers, who are still together, have built up one of the best general law practices in town. Their firm, which employs eleven other lawyers, has represented such clients as R.K.O. Theatres, Bendix

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When Flynn was elected to the Assembly in 1917, the Bronx had been a county for only three years, and it was still under the domination of Tammany Hall, which was in turn under the domination of Charlie Murphy. Murphy ran the Bronx through a boss named Arthur H. Murphy, to whom he was not related except as the puppeteer is related to the puppet. In 1922, Arthur Murphy died. There was a split in the Bronx Democracy that year. Charlie Murphy decided to solve the problem by appointing a triumvirate—one man from each of the two factions and Flynn, who belonged to neither. Once a week the triumvirate rode down to Tammany headquarters in Union Square in a limousine rented from a funeral parlor and reported to Murphy. Murphy would open these conferences by saying, "Well, boys, how are conditions in the Bronx?," to which the visitors would reply, "Conditions are fine, Commissioner." (Murphy was commissioner of nothing, but he liked the title.) Then, unless Murphy had some orders to give, he would shake hands all around and the triumvirate would withdraw to its limousine and drive back to the Bronx. One day, in answer to Murphy's standard question, Flynn said, "Lousy." Murphy asked him to elaborate, and Flynn said that a triumvirate worked no better in the Bronx than it had in ancient Rome; the members had a hard time finding one another, and when they did they generally disagreed, three ways. Later, Murphy saw Flynn alone and asked him what he thought should be done. Flynn planted the idea that one obvious solution would be to make him boss. Murphy said nothing, but a few weeks later the Bronx County Democratic Committee, which not long before had refused even to admit Flynn to its meetings, elected him its leader. Murphy, for once in his life appreciative of a show of independence, had taken a liking to Flynn. Having favored him with his power, he decided to favor him with the benefit of his wisdom and experience. Murphy, who was married to a widow with a daughter by a previous husband, had had no children of his own, and he came to look upon Flynn almost as a son. Flynn did not altogether enjoy being cast in the rôle. He had been flattered by Murphy's political favor, but he had not realized that it was going to mean long evenings and weekends in the company of the aging leader, whom he regarded as a superannuated and dull companion. Just as Flynn would be preparing to go off on a lively weekend with friends of his own age, he would get a request from the Commissioner to show up at Good Ground, the Murphy country place at Hampton Bays. "God, how I hated it!" Flynn recalls. "Sometimes we'd drive out there alone and he wouldn't say a word the whole way." Excellent liquor was served at Good Ground, but Murphy never offered Flynn any. Whenever drinks were being served, Murphy would nod in Flynn's direction and thoughtfully say to the butler, "And see that the young man gets another cup of coffee." This went on right up to Murphy's death, in 1924. However, after a few months of drought, Flynn, despite himself, began to fall under the old man's spell, as so many other people had.

Murphy effected a remarkable change in Flynn. Before they met, Flynn had always been casual about politics. His idea of political criticism was to call his opponent "a Connemara mick." He was nearly beaten in his first campaign for the Assembly because of a prankish attitude. Again and again during the campaign, he sent word to his oldest brother that defeat was certain unless he immediately got a hundred dollars. Hundred-dollar checks came in almost every week. Flynn came close to losing the election, not for lack of money but because of an overabundance of it. He spent the money his brother donated on a series of parties, and he missed many of the rallies and meetings at which he was supposed to speak. Under Murphy's influence, he became more conscientious and circumspect. Nowadays people who have known both men see a reflection of Murphy in almost everything Flynn does, even in the way he shakes hands. Murphy had a way with a visitor who was inclined to linger over a parting handshake and even after it. While still clasping the other man's hand, he would, in the middle of the gesture, stiffen his arm, pushing the caller away from him, but without giving the impression of pushing. "It was quite a trick," one friend recalls. "You didn't feel offended by it, yet some way or other it had the effect of setting you in motion." Flynn also learned from Murphy the value of not allowing politics to interfere with the courts and law-enforcement agencies. It was Murphy's conviction that Tammany Hall would have little to fear from investigation as long as it kept its hands off the courts

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and district attorney. Murphy's regime was not notably less corrupt than those of his predecessors, but during his time the New York courts, which today are as clean as any in the country, became substantially non-political. Flynn's regime in the Bronx, though it has not been touched by serious scandals, is much like that of any other spoilsman, but the Bronx courts and the Bronx District Attorney's Office have been distinguished for their probity. Samuel Foley, the present prosecutor, and the several men who preceded him have been notably vigilant and efficient, and the office compares favorably with the Manhattan D.A.'s office under William Travers Jerome and Dewey.

THROUGH Murphy, Flynn became associated with Al Smith, who was another of Murphy's protégés, and he was active in the unsuccessful campaign to get the Democratic Presidential nomination for Smith in 1924. Even then, however, he was closer to Roosevelt than to Smith. Flynn and Roosevelt met in 1918, when Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Flynn, ten years his junior, was a young assemblyman. Their friendship matured in the early twenties, while Roosevelt, who had had to retire from politics, was going through his long convalescence. In those days Flynn was one of Roosevelt's most frequent companions and their families became so friendly that even since the President's death there is a steady motoring back and forth between Hyde Park and Lake Mahopac. Flynn was largely responsible for Roosevelt's first election as Governor, in 1928. When negotiations were going on over the telephone between Warm Springs, where Roosevelt was still convalescent, and Rochester, where the Democratic State Convention was being held, Flynn was on the Rochester end of the wire most of the time in the talks that finally succeeded in breaking down the President's determination not to reënter politics until the following year. It was Flynn—and not, as is generally supposed, Roosevelt—who saved the election for the Party late on Election night by announcing on behalf of Roosevelt, who was already home in bed, that a hundred Democratic lawyers were entraining for upstate to guard against election frauds in a thousand rural districts that were holding back their returns, presumably in order to make up any Republican downstate deficit. There was no band of crusading lawyers; even if there had been, they probably could have done nothing. But the announcement brought in the returns from most of the laggard districts in a few hours. When Roosevelt took office, he appointed Flynn Secretary of State. Their friendship grew alongside their political association. "Ed was like no one else with him," one of Roosevelt's closest friends said recently. "Why, you know, I've seen the two of them there in the White House, and I've heard Ed say to the boss, 'Come off it, you old son of a bitch. I know when you're faking. Stop lying and tell me the truth.' The President would laugh and laugh, and he'd always tell Ed whatever it was he wanted to know."

Most people who saw the inner workings of the Roosevelt administration feel that Flynn was always Roosevelt's closest adviser on political matters, even when Farley was boss of the Party. It was Flynn who was largely responsible for Farley's elevation. It had been the plan of Roosevelt and of the late Louis McHenry Howe, the frail and dedicated little man who devoted his life to advancing Roosevelt's political fortunes, to have Flynn become the manager of their political operations. Roosevelt knew Flynn better than he knew any other political leader, and Howe, whose irascibility was almost as great as his devotion to Roosevelt, felt that Flynn was the only politician with whom he could get along. Flynn refused the job. He was as eager as anyone else to see Roosevelt in the White House, but he was also eager to attend to his law practice and his investments, which were providing him with far more money than he could make in the most remunerative political post. He did not mind serving as Secretary of State in the Albany cabinet, a position he continued to hold throughout Governor Lehman's administration, because he could handle the work in a few hours a week, but he did not want to keep his earning powers in check indefinitely. Moreover, he didn't especially like the work; being an advance agent for a Presidential candidate entails a great deal of speechmaking, attendance at political ceremonies, elbow rubbing, and buttering up; these are all phases of politics that Flynn despises. In 1940, he finally did take the job on, but he did so reluctantly and at a time when it was a challenge to his skill as a strategist rather than an occasion for speeches explaining who Franklin D. Roosevelt was. When Flynn was Secretary of State, Farley, who was Boxing Commissioner, was working under him, and Flynn decided that Farley was just the man to undertake the missionary work

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CBS has given the Library of Congress some 24 million words of foreign shortwave broadcasts, "trapped" by Columbia's secretly located listening stations. Historians now have a unique and permanent source for the study of propaganda.

Since the outbreak of war in 1939 CBS has tuned in shortwave broadcasts from some 60 foreign stations scattered throughout the world: the corruption of the Haw-Haws, the "directives" issued by Allied clandestine stations, the genuine news "breaks" broadcast by Allied, neutral and enemy shortwave stations.

The record comes to nearly 96,000 pages. The Library of Congress will transfer them to microfilm and thus concentrate 100 cubic feet of record into a bulk of ¾ of 1 cubic foot.

Accepting the gift from Columbia, Dr. Luther Evans, Librarian of Congress, said: "The nation is grateful enough to broadcasting in general and the particular part Columbia has played in it on the air during the war. The nation's greatest Library is doubly grateful that this scrupulous record of the critical 'war of information' has been maintained by Columbia... It speaks history in its livest form ...As a national document and historical source it is invaluable."

★

Americans once again strikingly demonstrated their faith in radio on August 14, the day Japan accepted the Potsdam terms. Between 8 a.m. and 10 p.m. the radio receivers in most American homes were tuned in.

When President Truman spoke the word at 7 p.m. EWT, it came through the loudspeakers of more than 63% of all the radios in the nation. Record also shows that the CBS share of the total audience on August 14 held throughout the day to a higher level than that of any other network.

★

And while the ears of the nation eagerly took in the sound and substance of victory on August 14, CBS transmitted a memorable television program on its station WCBW-N. Y. Plans started back on August 2. Rehearsals were held; people were advised to stand by for a call. When the big news broke they responded swiftly: Monsignor Scully, representing Archbishop Spellman; Wellington Koo, Jr., Dr. Lin Mousheng, Ned Calmer, Lyman Bryson, Quincy Howe, Dr. Ralph Long, Rabbi Nathan A. Perilman. Each spoke his personal word for victory and the program documented a shining hour in history. The story of war radar had come out that day too, and James Peck, one of the editors of *Popular Science*, put the war's sixth sense into layman's language. This day also offered the first visual projection of the prayer from Norman Corwin's stirring drama, *On a Note of Triumph*. All in all, quite a feast for eye and ear.

★

Here are some of the CBS programs you'll want to mark with a star, now that radio's new season is underway. The first four are brand new to CBS. The rest are familiar favorites:

Ginny Simms, Friday 7:30 p.m. EWT. (Starts September 28.)

The Joan Davis Show, with Andy Russell. Monday 8:30 P.M. EWT.

Request Performance, Sunday 9 p.m. EWT. (Starts October 7.)

The Textron Theatre, starring Helen Hayes. Saturday 7 p.m. EWT.

New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, Sunday 3 p.m. EWT. (Returns October 7.)

Lux Radio Theatre, Monday 9 p.m. EWT.

Kate Smith Sings, Friday 8:30 p.m. EWT.

Durante and Moore, Friday 10 p.m. EWT.

The Frank Sinatra Show, Wednesday 9 p.m. EWT.

Mayor of the Town, with Lionel Barrymore. Saturday 8:30 p.m. EWT.

Andre Kostelanetz, Thursday 9:00 p.m. EWT.

This is
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BROADCASTING SYSTEM

that converted so many Garner and Ritchie delegates into Roosevelt enthusiasts before and during the Chicago convention of 1932. Farley was not particularly well known at the time, but Flynn was convinced that even so he was the best man for the job. For one thing, he was a small-town politician; for another, he was an Elk. "Jim is a great Elk," Flynn says. "I'm an Elk too, a life member, but I've never gotten anywhere in it. Jim was the head New York Elk. For a job like that, you couldn't go wrong with an Elk." Roosevelt and Howe agreed that they could use a small-town man and an Elk in their business, and in 1930 Farley became chairman of the state committee, the job that started him on his way in national politics. Farley turned out to be one of the great political operators in American history, but while he handled the details of New Deal strategy from 1930 to 1940, it was Flynn upon whom the President relied most for advice on the formulation of strategy.

The inner political history of the New Deal is yet to be written, and it will therefore be years before all of Flynn's services to Roosevelt are known. His part in one of the last pieces of Administration strategy is fairly clear, however, and because of it his future is probably brighter than many persons suppose. His influence in the Roosevelt Administration was based largely on his friendship with the President, and it has been widely assumed that he no longer has any power in national politics. The end of Flynn's power is a consummation that several local Democrats, and more than a few national leaders of the Party, devoutly wish. The local ones, naturally enough, want the federal patronage that has enabled him, through his control of appointments to such desirable jobs as Postmaster of New York City and Collector of the Port, both of which are filled by members of his machine, to hold a definite advantage over other local bosses. Besides, Flynn made some formidable and unforgiving enemies throughout the country when he encouraged the President, against the advice of other Party leaders, to go ahead with the purges of 1938, in which, incidentally, the only success was the removal of Representative John J. O'Connor of Manhattan, whose elimination Flynn supervised in person. The chances are small, however, that there will be any diminution of his power during the new Administration, for Flynn, more than anyone except Roosevelt himself, was responsible for Truman's nomination for the Vice-Presidency last year. Flynn has never publicly discussed the matter, but other people who had a hand in the proceedings trace his part in Truman's nomination back to early 1944. The President was concerned over the growing hostility to Henry Wallace evidenced in the reports sent him from all over the country. He wanted Wallace renominated if he could persuade the Party to accept him and the country to elect him, so he asked Flynn to tour the country to determine the seriousness and extent of the feeling against Wallace. Flynn, who admires Wallace greatly and is ready to go along with most of his social ideas but feels that no candidate is better than his chances of winning, cased the situation in key spots, and reported back to the President that it would be almost impossible to renominate Wallace and that, even if the Party did accept him, the electorate probably would not. Later in the campaign, Flynn has told friends, he was certain that the President could have won with Fala on the ticket, but at the time of his canvass he felt that the President's reelection was by no means assured. The opposition to Wallace, he reported, was strongest in the South and Middle West; it would therefore be necessary to get a man who would be acceptable to both regions and who yet would not alienate the disappointed backers of Wallace. To Flynn, the man who came nearest to meeting these qualifications was Senator Truman, who was from a border state and who was committed to neither the right nor the left wing of the Party. According to those who were in Roosevelt's confidence then, Flynn's report, more than anything else, clinched the President's attitude. Flynn was leader of the Truman movement at the convention last year. Two days before the President's endorsement of Truman was released, Flynn arrived in Chicago and began to organize support for him. A buried paragraph in the New York *Times* of July 19, 1944, reveals one of the important steps toward Truman's nomination on the second ballot three days later: "Earlier in the day, it was stated, Edward J. Flynn, New York national committeeman, in a conference with leaders, informed them that the decision was to back Senator Truman and that the New York delegation would be voting for him, at least after the first ballot. . . . The group agreed to accede to this decision."

THIS fall Flynn will lead his Bronx machine through his twenty-fourth general election and his sixth municipal

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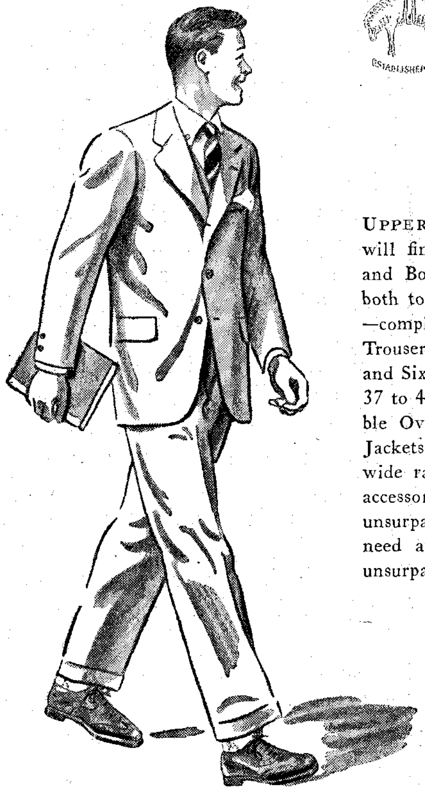

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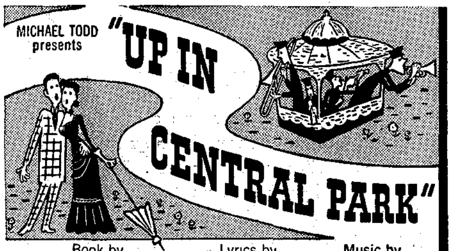

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campaign. He has stayed in power longer than any of his local contemporaries and perhaps longer than any man in the city's history. Boss Tweed lasted only fourteen years, Richard Croker sixteen, and Charlie Murphy twenty-two. Flynn became boss of the Bronx two years before Murphy died, and he has stayed on long enough to see six heads roll in Tammany Hall and changes in the leadership of every other county. Some of Flynn's close friends feel that he may be satisfied with his record and that soon he will surrender part of his power in the Bronx. He has, they say, spoken from time to time of accepting a permanent assignment in the foreign service once he has completed the negotiations with Rome and Moscow that he began last winter. It is improbable that the Senate, which, in rejecting his appointment as Minister to Australia, was really aiming at President Roosevelt, would refuse to confirm him now that he has had some experience abroad. There is no precedent for a city boss's representing his country abroad, but if one did he would theoretically have to stop being a city boss, the requirements of both jobs being what they are. Conceivably, Flynn's present diplomatic assignments may make him give up some of his local political holdings, but there are no signs yet that he intends to. Furthermore, there is no reason to suppose that if Flynn went to the Court of St. James, the Kremlin, or anywhere else, he could not continue to run the Bronx by remote control. The current Mayoralty campaign is looked upon as a difficult and unpredictable one by most local bosses, who are spending the summer months at or near their clubhouse desks, but Flynn has been carrying on from a ranch in northern Mexico.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

Haroun al Raschid used to wander unrecognized through the streets of Bagdad to see for himself what made with the people. Col. Darryl Zanuck was curious to know how the public felt the night peace was declared. Spent some time mingling with the crowds at Hollywood and Vine—the hot spot of the celebration.—*Hedda Hopper in the Los Angeles Times.*

Say, those caliphs are all right.

•

BRAVE NEW WORLD DEPARTMENT

[From "The Travelers Protection," a publication of the Travelers Insurance Company]

A man is pretty fortunate just to live in America, but to live in America and be an insurance man too, is almost too good to be true.

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
ELLIOTT NUGENT • MARTHA SCOTT • VICKI CUMMINGS
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by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • VIVIAN VANCE
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LELAND HAYWARD presents
FREDRIC MARCH
in
A Bell for Adano
by PAUL OSBORN
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Pulitzer Prize Winning Novel
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Directed by H. C. POTTER
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"No. 1 on the Hit Parade." Walter Winchell
EDWIN LESTER presents
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Based on life & music of EDVARD GRIEG
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GERTRUDE NIESEN in FOLLOW THE GIRLS
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Joan ROBERTS • Harry STOCKWELL • Romo VINCENT
Luba MALINA
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Take a Deep Breath

IN considering "Love Letters," perhaps the most densely plotted picture of the year, I think it might be best if we just sat down quietly together and tried to figure the whole thing out. In the beginning, then, there are two young English officers, Alan Quinton, a poetic type, vaguely open at the throat, and Roger Morland, a handsome rotter. They are stationed in Italy, and it seems that Alan has been writing Roger's love letters for him. They are terrible, as a matter of fact, but the girl, whose name at the time is Victoria Remington (she picks up three others in the course of the film), fortunately has a rather vulgar mind herself and she thinks they're beautiful. Roger returns to England and they are married and go to live at a place that sounded to me like "Belfosh." The spelling is not given.

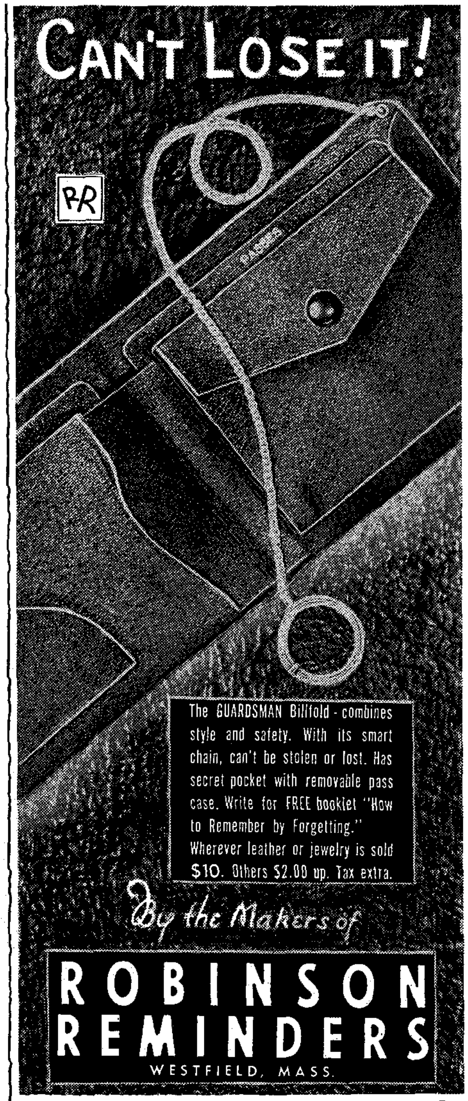
NEWSREEL
Theatre
NEWS AND SHORTS

In the meantime, Alan has been wounded and he, too, is sent home. There is some passing confusion here because he has a fiancée, a big, tailored blonde called Helen Wentworth, whom he doesn't love any more. "I feel as if I were skating on the thin ice of happiness with a ghost," she says, also being of a somewhat literary nature. Anyway, that's all for her, and Alan goes off alone to an old farmhouse he has inherited down around Belfosh. There, for a little while, he finds peace with a lovable old horror known as Mack, a sort of family retainer, but at length—I may be a little foggy through here—he learns, partly from a couple of transplanted Tennessee mountaineers called Jupp and Dodd and partly from a negligible mouse named Dilly, that Roger is dead and Victoria has just finished a year's stretch for killing him. She also has amnesia and is under the impression that her name is Singleton. Her Aunt Beatrice—or, to be precise, her *guardian* Beatrice—who was present the night of the murder, has had a stroke and so, obviously, is in no position to clear anything up. It is a hell of a mess all around.

By this time, Roger (no, Roger is dead), *Alan* is really in love with Singleton (Victoria Remington, or Morland)—"just call her the pin-up girl of my spirit!" the poet in him cries—and, granted a special dispensation from the Bishop, *they* get married and settle down with Mack at Belfosh. Singleton's memory has been coming back (she is, in fact, almost Victoria again, though by now, naturally, Quinton, rather than Remington or Morland) and everybody is afraid that if she ever learns that Alan actually wrote the letters that made her fall in love with Roger, she'll really go crazy and somebody is liable to get hurt. Meanwhile, the guardian, Aunt Beatrice, has recovered from her stroke and turned up in Belfosh with Dupp and Jodd, and, one day, Victoria, in a rather overwrought state because she has spilled some jam on herself and mistaken it for blood, drops in to call on her. The room is familiar, for it was here that Roger died, and suddenly the whole dreadful night comes flooding back. It was, of course, Aunt Beatrice, her guardian, who had stabbed Roger. He was drunk at the time and the way his wife kept mooning over those damn letters got on his nerves, so he just took a little poke at her. At this point, Aunt Beatrice came up from nowhere with the carving knife, and when the police got there, all they found was a stiff and these two crazy dames.

It is naturally quite a relief to Victoria to get all *that* straightened out, and when Alan, who has been hiding outside in the rhododendrons while the ladies talked, enters the room, it is a very happy little girl who comes bouncing into his arms. I'm afraid I've omitted quite a few things about "Love Letters"—among the notes on an envelope in my pocket there is one that reads, "There is nothing quite so assertive as a green golden pippin," and I have no clue to that—but my alibi comes ready-made from Dilly. "I'm afraid my mind is in no condition to tackle anything really subtle," she says, referring to some particularly nasty tangle in the plot. Joseph Cotten, as Alan, and Jennifer Jones, as the girl whom it is probably easier to think of simply as Whatsthis, stumble forward through the gathering gloom without a trace of fear. Ah, youth!

THE following is transcribed: "'Pride of the Marines' is the story of a young man (John Garfield) who enlists shortly after Pearl Harbor



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LAURETTE TAYLOR and EDDIE DOWLING in
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A new play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
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By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
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with Jackie "BUTCH" Jenkins
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
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SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

because he has an idea that shooting Japs ought to be more fun than shooting bear. He learns his mistake one terrible night on Guadalcanal when the Japs close in on him in the moonlight, chattering like drunken monkeys. He shoots down an incredible number of them, but at last he is blinded by a grenade and sent home to be rehabilitated. In the hospital at San Diego, he refuses at first to face the fact that he is blind, throwing away his Braille card and wanting no help or pity from anyone. When the convalescents talk about the future —their conversation, I'm afraid, follows the standard inspirational patterns —he remains sardonic. However, his fiancée (Eleanor Parker) is a lovely, sensible girl, and finally she persuades him that he still has a place in the world. He gets the Navy Cross and there is an implication that his sight is coming back, so we end on a note of hope, as the saying goes. In spite of the fact that most of this has a somewhat familiar and mechanical air, the picture has its effective moments, mostly owing to Mr. Garfield's honest and very intelligent performance." —W. G.

•

SIR: As a result of editorial cutting, or a printer's lapse, one of the sentences in my review of Ernst Cassirer's "Rousseau —Kant—Goethe" may well have puzzled anyone who came on it. As printed, it read: "The first credits Jean-Jacques with having awakened the son of Konigsberg 'from dogmatic slumber,' with having presented new questions to his mind and 'stimulated him to new solutions;' while the second underlines the similarities in the world-views of the great critical philosopher, to whom 'a priori knowledge disclosed no distinctive and independent realm beyond experience,' who admitted no ultimate difference between 'poetry' and 'truth.'" The sentence should have concluded: "... the great critical philosopher, to whom 'a priori knowledge disclosed no distinctive and independent realm beyond experience,' and the great poet of experience, who admitted no ultimate difference between 'poetry' and 'truth.'"

BEN RAY REDMAN.
—Letter to the Saturday Review.

Well, that's *better*.

•

WHICH JOKE COLLECTOR D'YA READ?

Robert Benchley was caught in a thunderstorm one afternoon and came home soaked to the skin. "George," he called to his servant, "get me out of this wet suit and into a dry martini."—*From "Try and Stop Me," by Bennett Cerf.*

Woollcott speaking: "I must get out of these wet clothes and into a dry martini."
—Reader's Digest.

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And here's **"Raggedy Ann"** with "the gingham dog and the calico cat." **A child would love this**—*their very own bath set—of* specially sturdy terry with applique. Such fun to be washed and dried with "Raggedy Ann" . . . 2 bath towels, 2 wash cloths, $8.50.

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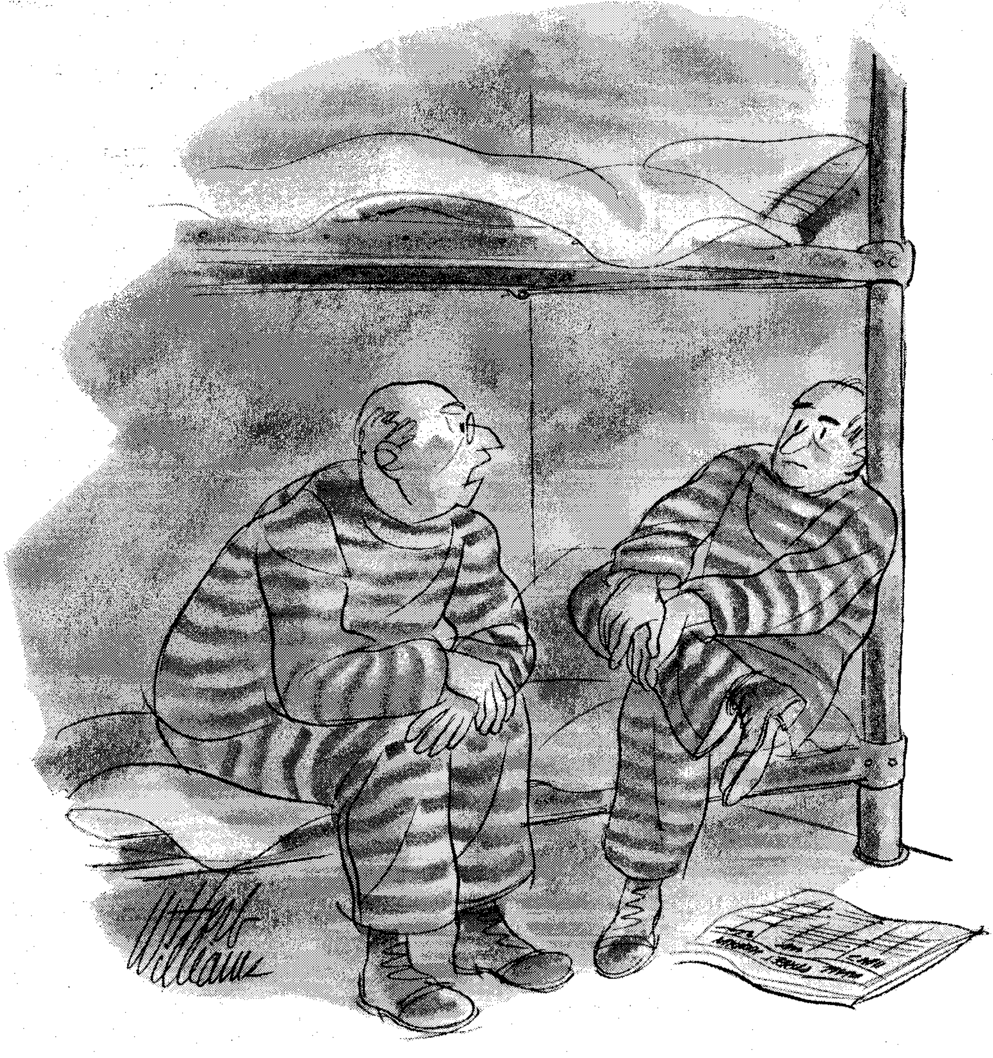
A REPORTER AT LARGE

LONG HAUL, WITH VARIABLES

RETURNING the 4,100,000 American soldiers stationed overseas to their dooryards is an extremely trying business. It is handled by the Army Transportation Corps and by an island of civilians lodged in the Pentagon Building along with the Transportation Corps and known as the Military Transportation Section of the Association of American Railroads. If the only thing that determined the speed of the soldiers' homecoming were the extravagance with which the personnel of the Transportation Corps and the A.A.R. spend their energy on the job of moving men, the troops would all be back in a twinkle. According to Mr. Joseph Porter, a tall, alarmingly florid man who represents the Trunk Line-Central Passenger Association in the A.A.R., the work is literally killing. "Frankly, it's been hell in here," he told me the other day. "We put in more eighteen, twenty hours a day around here than you can possibly imagine. My predecessor dropped dead at his desk three weeks after Pearl Harbor. If the pace was already too much for him then—what you might call moving troops when we didn't have any—well, look at it now. Mr. F. H. Jones, right here at the next desk, he's lost two predecessors. Dead. Before this war I went into Walter Reed Hospital, had a kidney cut out of me due to a bullet in the last war; I lay in Walter Reed thirteen months. Oh, it's been hell in here—not exactly a rest cure from losing a man's kidney."

Since V-E Day, the Transportation Corps has moved 900,000 men back to the United States from Europe and 85,000 back from the Pacific. These have been men sent home on rotation leaves or for discharge, troops intended for redeployment, and wounded. About 500,000 will stay in Europe as occupation troops and at least 800,000 troops will be sent to Japan for the same job. Since the energy and industriousness of the Corps and the A.A.R. are not the only things that matter, it will take at least ten months to get everyone home who is supposed to come home and move everyone to the Pacific who is supposed to go there. The principal difficulty is the limited number of ships and railroad cars available to carry troops. But any way you look at it, the job of moving large military units is a very intricate one. A colonel in the Transportation Corps, who was a Westinghouse engineer before the war, told me, "It's as complex as all get-out. You've got a hundred different variables and you've got to be able to rationalize all your variables." The best way to see what the colonel meant is to follow the homeward travels of a single division, and as good an example as any is the Black Hawk Division, the Eighty-sixth, which was the first to return from Europe. The Eighty-sixth came home for redeployment. Its men, having scattered for a month's rest, reassembled at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma, where they were to pick up a few pointers before leaving for Japan. The end of the war didn't affect their movements at all, because the Eighty-sixth had been designated as one of the divisions to occupy Japan.

THE first the Transportation Corps knew about the return of the Eighty-sixth was a copy of an order that arrived on May 29th. This order requested General Eisenhower to "take the necessary action and prepare the necessary movement orders" to get the Eighty-sixth home. This was to be thrilling news for the men of the division, but the Army, showing no excitement, simply titled the document "WD 370.5 (27 May 45) OB-S-E-SPMOT dtd 29 May 45." The division at once moved into the Reims Assembly Area. One of the variables in this case was that the men were to go to the Pacific by way of the United States, while their combat equipment, which would have to be crated and would travel on freighters, was to be taken by way of the Indian Ocean. The two were supposed to arrive at their Pacific destination at roughly the same time. The men were therefore told to turn in everything but their "minimum essential" equipment—clothes, mess kits, canteens, blankets, personal gear—and their helmets, rifles, web equipment, leggings, and the other goods of battle were taken away and started on the other way around the world. Just to make the matter more complicated, the war has now



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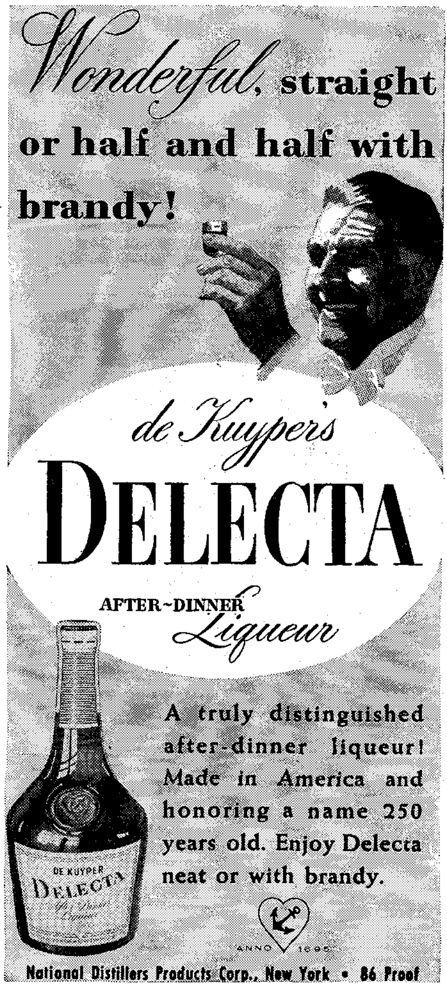

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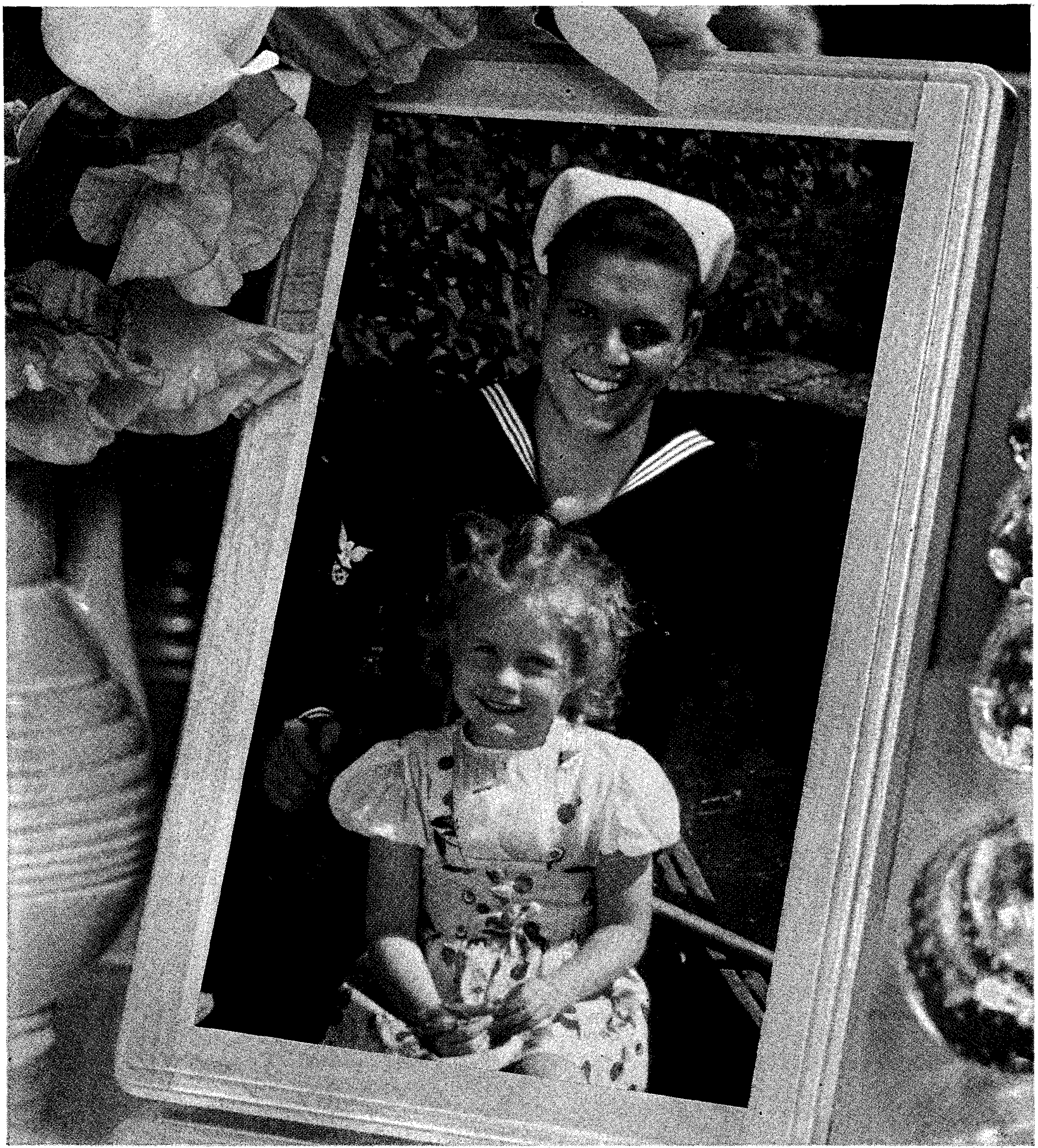
been called off, and some of these impedimenta will have to be turned around, wherever they are, and shipped back to America. There was, incidentally, a shortage of cotton uniforms in France when the division left, so the men had to make their midsummer voyage in woollens. The men were moved in due time to a staging area, where medical people checked them over and brought their inoculations up to date. A code number, 10110, was assigned to the division, and three days before it embarked, a cable was sent to the Transportation Corps reporting that No. 10110 would leave on four ships, the General Bliss, the General Brooke, the Marine Fox, and the James Parker, and that there would be 820 officers and 13,497 enlisted men. This information was sent on to the Transportation Corps' Railway Traffic Control Division and to the representatives of the A.A.R. in the Pentagon Building.

The four ships sailed on June 7th. Colonel Donald Farr, chief of the Transportation Corps' Movements Division, whose job it is to ship soldiers across the seas, says, "We had to follow each ship very, very closely, due to wind, weather, and the temperament of the master. We always do." This more or less naval responsibility sits heavily on Colonel Farr's shoulders. One nervous day shortly before the Eighty-sixth headed home, he shouted, "I want better control of my troopships. I want to see my ships better. Get me something!" A young lieutenant named William W. Randall, who came straight to the control of troopships from the Kurz Kasch Company, manufacturers of bakelite goods in Dayton, Ohio, went to work getting something. Among all the harmless contraptions dreamed up by the richest army in the world, the one Lieutenant Randall has devised will unquestionably be the damnedest. He calls it an Electrical Voyage Ship Control Board, and it certainly will be all of that. It will have over a thousand toggle switches representing ships, scores of big black panels representing all the ports of the world that an American Army transport would consider worth calling at, three hundred thousand feet of wire, and a hundred and fifty thousand red, green, blue, yellow, and white signal lights which, Lieutenant Randall has promised Colonel Farr, will show in an instant where any ship is, where it is going next, all the ports at which it will call in the next three months, and when it will go into dry dock for overhaul. The Lieutenant has been stumped, he says, by the problem of how to show a master's displays of temperament.

The Eighty-sixth's four ships pulled into New York harbor, under a blimp that sprayed dance music down on them through a loudspeaker, on June 17th. Within a few hours the division had been moved by bus, truck, and train to its staging area, Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. There the men received cotton uniforms and then sat down to a meal of steak, fresh vegetables, ice cream, and milk. The steak did not impress them, but the milk did.

TWO days before the Eighty-sixth arrived, the Transportation Corps offices in the Pentagon were hustling about getting ready to handle it. Bringing troops home from their port of arrival is not simply a matter of giving them tickets and letting them get on trains to go home. The railroads' regular trains could not possibly handle the loads, which some days are exceedingly heavy—after the Queen Mary or Queen Elizabeth reaches New York, for instance. On August 3rd, the busiest day the Army has had in moving returning men, 60,053 soldiers were put aboard trains. Regular passenger trains, packed to the couplings anyway, would of course be unable to take on that kind of bulge. Therefore the Army has to assign as much traffic as it can to troop trains. The Army has solved the problem of scheduling troop trains to carry men from a single port to their homes all over the lot by using a number of Army installations around the country as reception centers. On the way across the Atlantic, each soldier in the Eighty-sixth was assigned to the reception station nearest his home. A man who lived in Hartford, Connecticut, was to be sent to Fort Devens, Massachusetts; a soldier from San Francisco was to be sent to Camp Beale, California. At that time there were twenty reception stations; since then, two others have been added, and more will soon be arranged for. The number of men for each reception station was figured, and two days before the ships made their landfall the statistics were radioed to the commander of the New York Port of Embarkation, who forwarded them to the Pentagon Building. (Nowadays the system is better: the breakdown of a unit's roster by reception stations is cabled five days before a ship leaves the other side.)

At five o'clock on the afternoon of June 15th, this breakdown reached Miss Bernice Rose, a civilian employee of the Transportation Corps' Traffic Control Division. Miss Rose knew nothing



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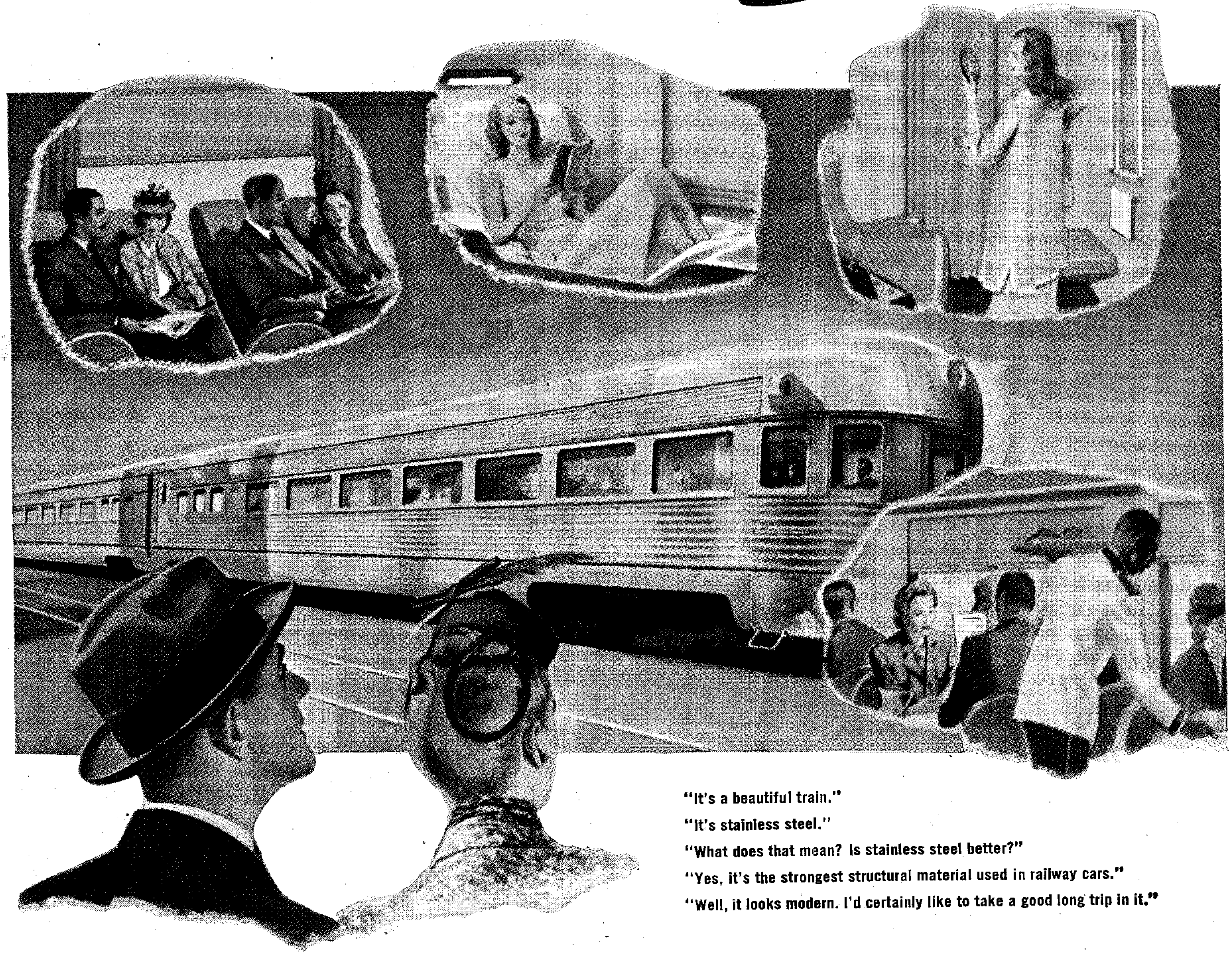

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about railroading before the war; she was a stenographer in a theatrical agency. But after nearly five years of working for the Corps, she is getting to be an expert routing and rate clerk. For two years she studied two hours a day in a War Department school under Mr. Gus M. Kuhlman, who knows as much about routing and rates as a man can learn in a quarter of a century with the New York Central and Pennsylvania Railroads. Mr. Kuhlman's school offers courses in "I.C.C.," "Tariffs," "Fares," "Special Passenger Cars," "Pullman," "Itineraries and Routes," "Mileages," "The Military Agreement," and "Military Equalization," and his examinations cover such interesting questions as "What is the charge for transportation of a corpse in baggage service?" (The answer is two first-class fares, and if a pupil protests the apparent injustice of having to pay twice as much to travel dead as alive, Mr. Kuhlman answers, a little testily, "Well, you're twice as much trouble when you're dead, aren't you? You can't walk, can you? Somebody has to move you around, don't they?") Miss Rose took the Eighty-sixth Division's breakdown and worked out the trains that would be needed. There were 903 men going to the reception center at Fort Devens: that would take one train of day coaches. There were 4,321 for Fort Dix: four coach trains. There were 823 for Fort Sam Houston, Texas: a train of sleepers, first class for officers, troop sleepers for men, and military-kitchen cars for food, since that is a much longer run. Three fairly small batches—those headed for Fort Logan, Colorado; Fort Douglas, Utah; and Camp Beale, California—were going in the same general direction, so the sleepers that would carry them would travel in one "consolidated" train as far as possible. And so on. Miss Rose worked fast that evening, for she has a nice feminine sentiment about returning soldiers. "We worked hard shipping them out," she says. "I figured I ought to work harder shipping them home." Some of the people in the Corps are harder-headed, though no less industrious, than Miss Rose. Mr. Stephen J. Fremdak, who sits just across the way from her, is moved not so much by a feeling for the soldiers as by a combination of pride in his workmanship and common sense about his old age. "With a government job," he says, "you have security if you have experience, but you got to have the experience to get the security. This isn't a common garden-type clerk's job. You got to know and abide by Army regulations. If anybody, any officer, wants to pick up my ledger, he can make ready reference to it." Some consider the job a kind of sporting contest, and find bringing troops home less fun than getting them overseas was. Mr. Joseph J. Kelley, manager of the Military Transportation Section of the A.A.R., says, "Moving 'em out was exciting. Moving 'em back is not. We had port deadlines going out, transports sitting and waiting and getting sore if you didn't deliver. Coming back, there's none of that."

By eight o'clock that same night, Miss Rose had calculated the number of cars needed for the men going to each one of the twenty reception stations. She immediately sent her figures to the A.A.R.'s Military Transportation Section, which represents the four big railway passenger associations: the New England Passenger Association, the Trunk Line-Central Passenger Association, the Southern Passenger Association, and the Western Military Bureau. The Military Transportation Section is pure railroad. Its staff is made up of old-time yardmen and routing and rate clerks, all with fifteen, twenty-five, forty years of railroading behind them. They use expressions like "hog" for locomotive, "gate" for switch, "hot shot" for fast train. They always know the date of the month, for the walls of their offices are crowded with railroad calendars. One room has eighteen calendars on its walls. The A.A.R. offices are also adorned with pictures of streamliners like the Rock Island's Rockets, the Seaboard's Silver Meteor, the Atlantic Coast Line's Champion, the Southern's Southerner, as well as antique hogs such as "The Famous War Engine General of the Western & Atlantic R.R." The figures on equipment went from Miss Rose to the A.A.R.'s Movements Desk, which looks a lot like a station agent's desk at a rather run-down middle-size stop. There the telephone is none of your streamlined Pentagon affairs: it is an

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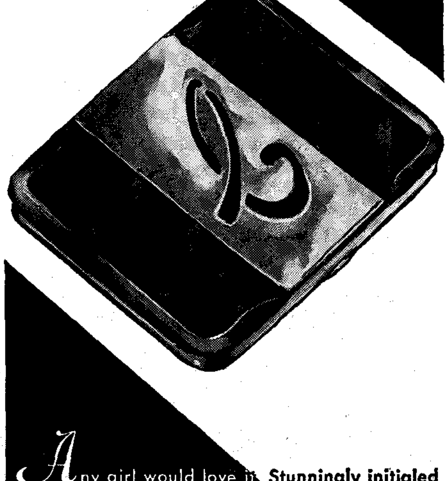

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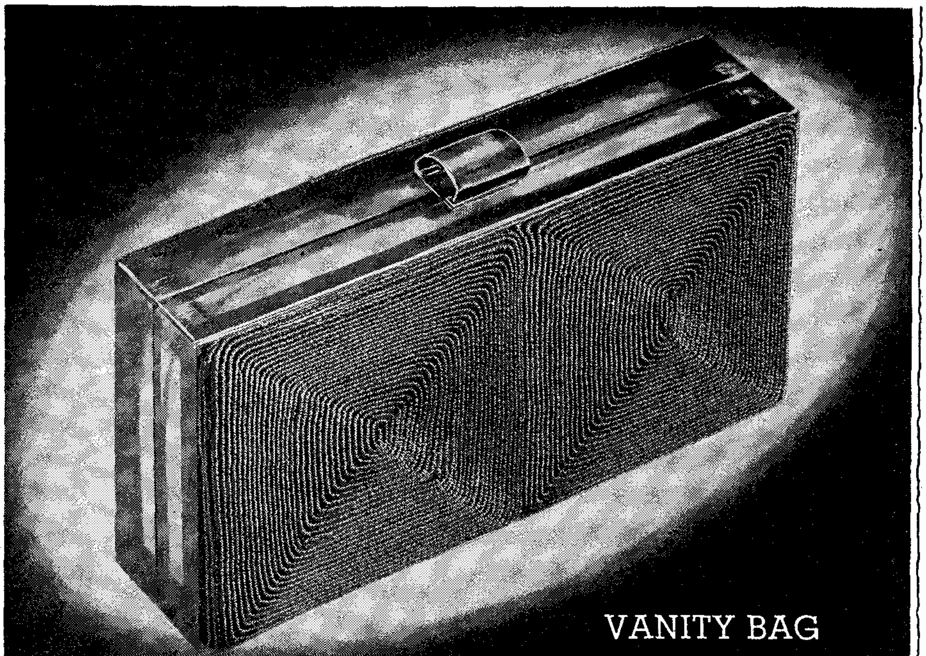

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old-fashioned phone, and the ear piece is rigged on a head strap bound in dirty adhesive tape. For communication with the next room, the Movements Desk uses a handmade megaphone of red cardboard. The Desk assigned each of Miss Rose's trains a "main" number. A "main" is any group of forty or more military passengers travelling to the same destination. Groups of less than forty usually travel on regular passenger trains. A main may be a whole train or it may be just one car to be tacked onto a train. Miss Rose's train for Devens was given main number 18,616; the four for Dix became 18,617-20; the train for Logan, Douglas, and Beale became 18,600.

At eight fifty-seven the Movements Desk sent the list of mains to the Association in whose territory the movement was to originate, in this case to Mr. Porter of the Trunk Line-Central Passenger Association. He, though mindful of his missing kidney and the mortality rate among Association representatives, rapidly got the list off by teletype to the Pennsylvania and the Reading railroads, the lines over which the trains would leave Camp Kilmer for the reception centers. By nine-twenty the railroads had teletyped back the routes, which were complete except for the mains that were to go west of the Mississippi. Mr. Porter handed the incomplete routings to Mr. G. C. Roney of the Western Military Bureau for completion through *his* territory, and he put them on the wire for Chicago at nine forty-five. The complete routings were back by eleven-forty. Now all the routings were hurried in to the Army for approval. They were given to Mr. Fremdak. Mr. Fremdak, a hefty fellow, is an expert on routings. "I got a map of the geography of the United States from my eighteen years of railroad experience up in here," he says, tapping his forehead with a forefinger. "If you're a good geography student, you're generally a good railroader. If you know your United States, up and down and crosswise, you are pretty good. Well, you have to work Canada, too; then you are pretty good." Since Mr. Fremdak also has a railway map of North America in the top center drawer of his desk, along with half a dozen Hershey almond bars and one or two Baby Ruths, he never makes a mistake. Unless the routings suggested by the Associations have what he calls "too much circuity in them," he simply O.K.s them; if they are too roundabout, he straightens them out. To show how much he had to know to check even a single main, No. 18,600, the "consolidated" main for the three western camps, Logan, Douglas, and Beale, was routed on the Reading as far as Shippensburg, Pennsylvania; then on the Western Maryland to Cherry Run, West Virginia; on the B. & O. to Chicago; on the Illinois Central to Council Bluffs, Iowa; on the Rock Island to Denver (where it was to drop the cars for Fort Logan); on the Denver & Rio Grande to Salt Lake City, Utah (where it would drop the cars for Fort Douglas); and finally on the Southern Pacific to Camp Beale, California. All these lines had to schedule this main so that it would keep moving and yet fit in with their other passenger and freight traffic, and Mr. Fremdak had to make sure that this was as direct a route as possible, partly to get the troops moved expeditiously and partly to see that the cost of the movement would be as low as possible. He finished checking the whole movement of the Eighty-sixth—altogether twenty-nine trains—in fifty-two minutes, at 12:32 A.M. on the sixteenth. He gave the amended routings back to Mr. Porter, who had the proper number of copies made. Main No. 18,600, for instance, had to go to ten offices for notification or filing. Early in the morning the A.A.R. sent instructions on its teletype machines to all the railways that would be involved in moving the Eighty-sixth. The information was also given to Mr. D. Reed Culver, the Pullman Company's representative in the Pentagon Building, who took steps at once to "protect the movement;" that is, to get the necessary number of sleepers at Camp Kilmer in time for the move.

The Pullman Company has for a long time maintained a pool of sleeping cars for the Army, and this pool was augmented in July when all remaining sleepers on passenger-train runs of under four hundred and fifty miles were taken off. Now 3,705 Pullman sleepers out of a total of 6,797 are in the Army pool. The Army also has 1,237 troop sleepers—cars with three tiers of bunks—and four hundred kitchen cars. Coaches are provided, as far as possible, by the railroad over which a movement starts, or, if necessary, from a pool made up by the other railways. This seems a fair amount of equipment for the Army to draw on, but there have been times when there were not nearly enough sleepers for overnight journeys. One reason was that the troops came back from Europe much faster than had been expected, primarily because the troopships, with the consent of the soldiers

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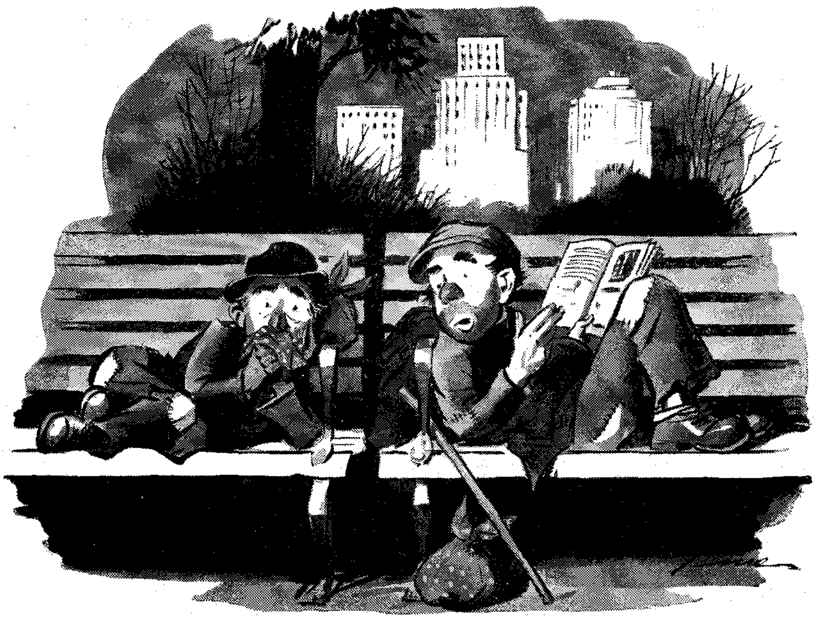

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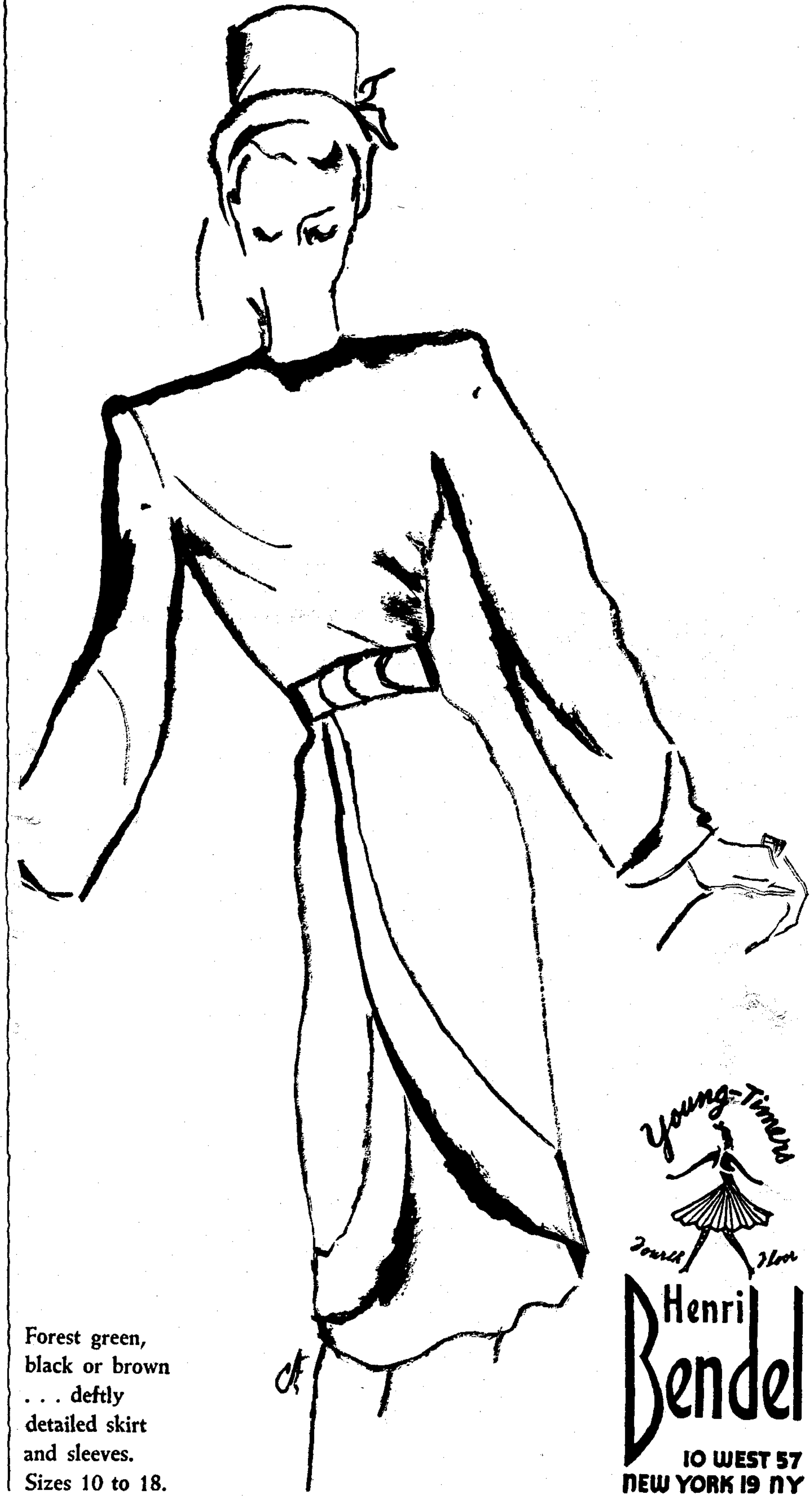
themselves, were between thirty and fifty per cent overcrowded. There was a certain amount of fuss between the Army and Colonel J. Monroe Johnson, director of the Office of Defense Transportation, which is another public agency involved in the problem of moving troops, over the responsibility for the trouble, but peace has been restored. The O.D.T. ordered the railways to take off the short-run sleepers, which added 895 cars to the military pool; the Navy, a heavy user of railway transportation, agreed to assign two men to a lower berth instead of one, which brings the capacity of a standard sleeper from thirty-two up to forty-eight, the number the Army has assigned all along; and other expedients have been worked out. Increasing efficiency on the part of the Transportation Corps and the A.A.R. has improved things so much that since mid-July very few troops have had to make a long run without some sort of sleeping accommodations. (In the last war, American troops rode almost entirely in day coaches, regardless of the distance they had to travel.) As for the Eighty-sixth Division, the Pullman Company and the Corps were able to "protect" it one hundred per cent.

BY the morning of the seventeenth, about the time the division had begun to disembark at New York, the necessary trains were beginning to roll into Kilmer. Some had come east loaded with troops on other errands; others had arrived empty, or, as railroaders say, "deadhead." All that day there was a steady exchange of telephone calls and teletype messages, informing, checking up, making changes. To add to the paperwork—by the time the movement was over, enough paper had been filed to rebuild a city like Tokio—each correction in routing had to be entered in the record on pink forms, if made by the Army, and blue forms, if made by the A.A.R. The moving of the Eighty-sixth was exceptionally efficient. There were only two "pinkies" and one "bluey," as the railroaders, not without embarrassment, call them.

There are fourteen sidings at Camp Kilmer, and by the time the men of the Eighty-sixth, after a wonderful evening of milk drinking and dancing with girls who had come over from New Brunswick, had tucked themselves into their bunks in the barracks, the trains they would need were tucked into the sidings, all made up and ready to go. The Transportation Corps prides itself on moving men out of staging areas within twenty-four hours of their arrival, and the Eighty-sixth began to entrain and leave on the morning of the eighteenth. A train left every half hour. The Corps keeps a close watch on the progress of every main, and as the trains carrying the Eighty-sixth moved across the country, the railroads sent in what they call "passing reports." Some of them also sent in mimeographed copies of the schedule of mains over their lines. Of these, Mr. Gardner Gordon, who presides over the Movements Desk on the day trick, says, "We just hang 'em on the file because it's more courteous to the railways than throwing 'em in the wastebasket." Main No. 18,600, the "consolidated" train for the three western camps, left Kilmer at 6:45 P.M., with three troop sleepers for officers, ten tourist sleepers for enlisted men, and two kitchen cars. It moved along on schedule. A typical passing report on its movement was received early on the morning of the twentieth: "MAIN 18600 ARRIVED CHICAGO ILL 1130 PM JUNE 19TH DELIVERED TO IC 1230 AM DATE WR GALLOWAY B & O." The main dropped the Logan cars at Denver on the morning of the twenty-first and the Douglas cars at Salt Lake City during the night of the twenty-second. The rest of the main reached Camp Beale at 12:15 A.M. on the twenty-fourth. There, and at the nineteen other reception stations, the soldiers received their orders for travel home, back pay, cash allowances for rail fares, and all other necessary processing. This took only a few hours. (It takes longer to process troops for discharge.) From the reception stations the troops made the relatively short trips to their homes by themselves on regular passenger trains.

THE moment a discharged enlisted man steps off one of those trains, the Army's responsibility for him, and his to the Army, ceases; he has become, at last, a civilian. But that was only the beginning of a month's rest for the Eighty-sixth. It was now up to the Traffic Control Division to schedule trains to gather the men, after their rest, and take them to Camp Gruber, Oklahoma, where they were to get ready to go to the Pacific. After the pressure of moving the Eighty-sixth out of Kilmer, the job of reassembling it, with a month to play around in, was a cinch. There was, however, one tricky thing about getting the Eighty-sixth assembled at Gruber. The trains would have to start at different times because of the varying distances between Camp Gruber and the twenty reception centers, to which the



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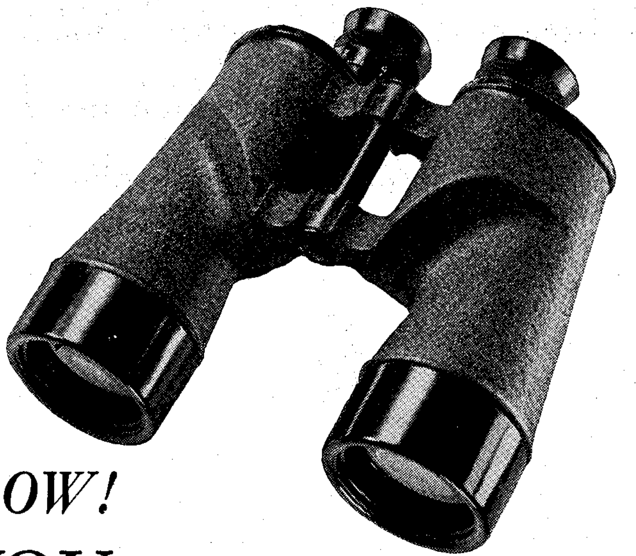

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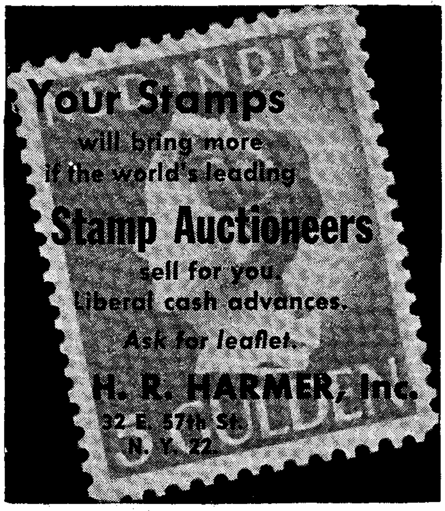

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men had returned after their furloughs. Men would be arriving from Fort Devens, far away, and from Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, quite close by. But Gruber is out in the country, all by itself, on a single-track branch of the Missouri Pacific, which serves the camp, and traffic on the spur is heavy anyway, so the schedules had to be staggered so that the thirty-two trains needed to haul the division in would arrive over a period of several days. The first to arrive was Main No. 22,278, from Fort Meade, Maryland, at ten-forty one morning; the last was No. 22,851, from Camp Beale, California, at 2 P.M. six days later. A Transportation Corps officer at Gruber got worried about the whereabouts of one of the trains and asked a Missouri Pacific man if it was lost. "I have your train," the Missouri Pacific man answered. "It's in among fourteen other trains up the line. We've got a train every four miles up there, so keep your shirt on." The officer kept his shirt on and the train arrived. And so, some weeks ago, the Eighty-sixth reached Gruber, its assembly station. The whole move from France to Gruber had cost nearly two and a half million dollars—$1,472,700 to move the division across the ocean, about $940,000 to ship it by rail to the reception stations and from them to Gruber. A few days ago the Transportation Corps gathered the trains to move the Eighty-sixth to the West Coast and the ships to carry it to Japan. —JOHN HERSEY

•

His trial was to have been held in Absentia next month.—*Lincoln* (*Nebraska*) *State Journal.*

Is that one of the peace-loving nations?

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Los Angeles Daily News*]

GILLETTE, WYO.—(U.P.)—The idea of counting the legs of a herd of cattle and dividing by four to find the number of animals wouldn't work very well in a herd of sheep owned by M. J. Hannum near here.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

MARKETS AND MENUS

DISTURBED by the reports that keep coming in about what post-war life is going to be like, I dropped in at the shop at 967 Lexington Avenue (70th), which belongs to the Ultima Frozen Food Corporation, an outfit that, I had been informed, has particularly detailed blueprints of the future. This shop is one of a chain; that is, there is another Ultima store at 2548 Broadway (96th) and the owners plan to open up more later on. Aside from the fancy modernistic interior, not many of the Ultima dreams seemed to have been realized at the time of my visit. This is not set down in criticism. On the contrary, the not-unusual line of frozen vegetables, fruits, and fish which the shop had on hand was considerably more reassuring than the firm's grandiose plans for selling, before long, frozen cream puffs, baked Alaska, pastries, and entire frozen meals packed in a single carton. There will also be frozen meat stews and frozen "native dishes from every nation," but the management wasn't very sure what these native dishes would turn out to be.

WHILE the Ultima stores are dreaming their dreams, a much more modest little enterprise called Penguin Frozen Foods, at 471 Sixth Avenue (12th), is in full cry. There are, for instance, three soups. I have tried them all, and one of them, a navy-bean pottage, I thought was fairly good. The others, a vegetable soup and a purée of split peas, seemed to have no taste. All three are condensed before being frozen and have to be diluted with boiling water. I am not disparaging the new frenzy for freezing things when I say that none of these were really well-made soups to begin with. The point the enthusiasts for the return of the ice age seem to miss is that a frozen soup (or anything else, for that matter) is not going to be any better after it is frozen, and then unfrozen, than it was in the first place. The Penguin also carries quart jars of undiluted orange juice that ought to be a great convenience on some occasions, but offhand I can't think just what those occasions would be. The juice is naturally sweet and is strained before it is frozen, and when it has been thawed out, it tastes considerably better than canned orange juice. It doesn't, however, taste as good as fresh juice.

THE newest arrival in the frozen-food business seems to be the Grand Food Products Corporation, which has a shop at 358 East Fifty-seventh Street. This, too, is one of a chain, or will be as soon as the forty-nine other links planned for Greater New York are forged, and it carries the widest variety of frozen food I have encountered. The specialty of the shop is a small roasted and stuffed chicken surrounded with Lima beans, carrots, and spinach, and frozen in a pyrex baking dish, so that they can be heated all together. When I paid my visit, there had been a run on this item and the company decided that the one remaining sample was too fatigued by the overenthusiastic housewifely interest it had aroused to be sold. I had a look at it, though, and it seemed all right. At any rate, I was able to carry off some sliced boiled chicken, which for one reason or another seemed very, very tired when I made it into sandwiches later in the day. The shop carries a tremendous number of fruits and vegetables, besides meat and fish stews, whole lobsters, stuffed eggs, stuffed celery, a veal-and-chicken loaf, and trays of very fancy hors-d'œuvres. All the meat dishes, of course, take red points. Obviously, I could not undertake to try all these things. Of those I did try, I liked best an agreeably flavored frozen chicken broth with vegetables, a moderately well-aged unfrozen Cheddar cheese, a package of Chinese noodles (also at room temperature), which are meant to be sold with the frozen chow mein but which I preferred with a dish of my own making, and a fairly well-flavored mayonnaise. The stews I simply cannot recommend.

It is perhaps significant that in none of the three frozen-food shops did I hear either salespeople or customers speak of the quality of any of the products. Words conveying the idea of originality and convenience were being bandied about, but nobody thought to comment on how these strange things taste. Of course, the Grand store does have a sign that says the frozen fruits have "a flavor as delicate as old lace." Well, if old lace is your dish . . . The truth is that before these frozen fantasies can give the consumer of them any solid

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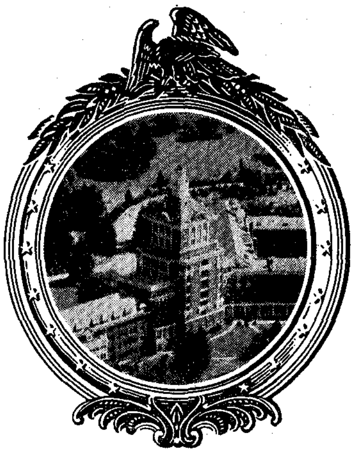

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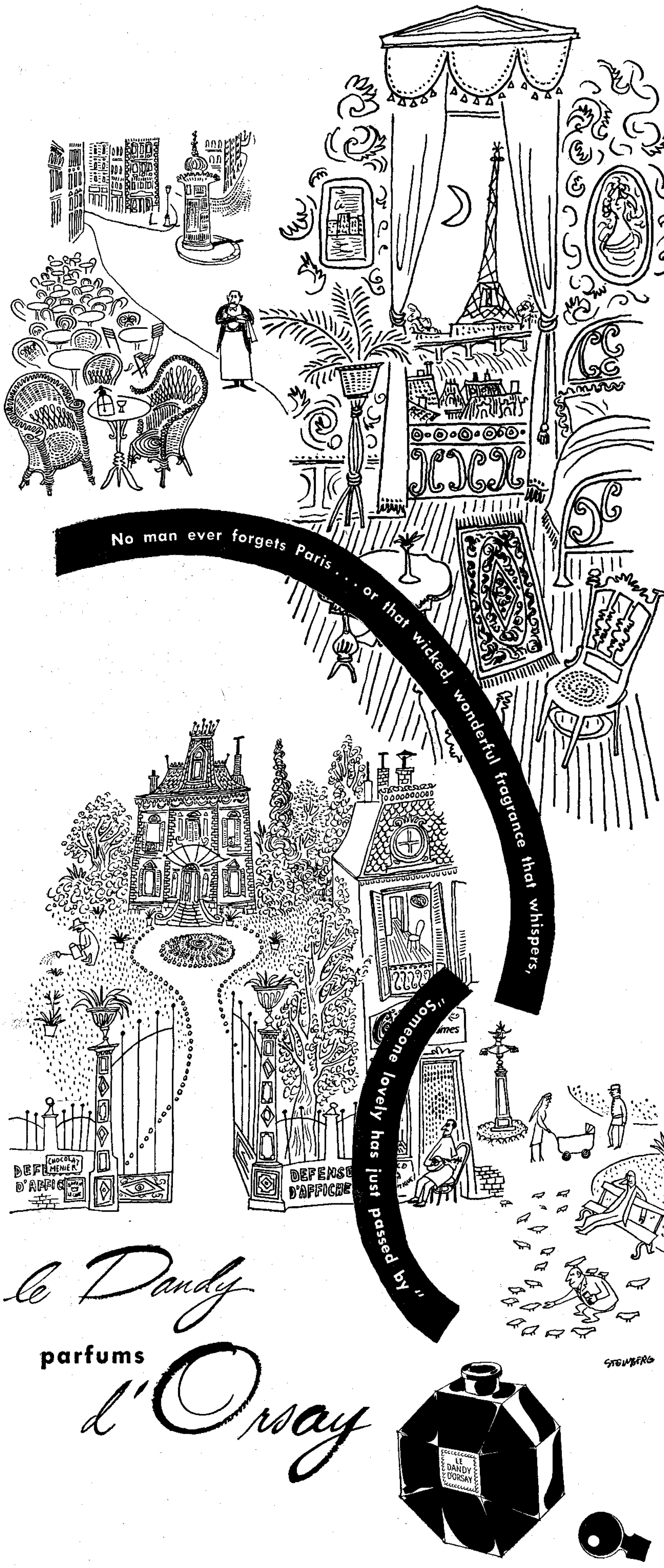
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satisfaction, one of two quite possible changes will have to take place: the preparation of the dishes must greatly improve, or (and this unfortunately seems not only possible but probable) the standard of New Yorkers' taste must fall even below the level to which the recent years of ersatz materials have brought it.

A QUIET little Armenian named Abdo Sarkis, who keeps a grocery store at 435 Third Avenue (30th), must still be wondering at my enthusiasm when I visited his shop just after my session with the last frozen-food place on my list. It is hard to explain the sense of comfort induced, after a glimpse of what may be the eating habits of the future, by rows of spices whose smell and taste have never been improved by science through the ages; and by the sight of beautiful, long-grained rice capable of being made into the sort of risotto or pilaf that is turned out by what I suppose the new home planners would call backward nations; and by a glance at jars of whole peppercorns to go into an old-fashioned beef à la mode. The shop has nearly all the spices you may have thought were off the market, some of that dried okra that is so successful in those Armenian lamb dishes, dried fruits that have none of the flavor of old lace, and the nice flat discs of bread favored by all Near Easterners. There is, moreover, a modest collection of first-rate earthenware casseroles and (although this certainly is not the time to bring them up) plenty of the long skewers for *shish kebab.*

Once you have a really good rice, like the one in the Sarkis shop, you may need some of the fine curry sauce put up by the East India Curry Shop, at 122 East 57th Street. It is made by an American woman who evidently got to know the right people during the many years she lived in India, and it is nothing like the ordinary commercial sauces. Just heat up the contents of a jar of it with shrimps that have been boiled in a highly seasoned court bouillon. Left to herself, your own cook probably couldn't turn out half as good a curry.

—S. H.

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*Adv. in the Chaska (Minn.) Weekly Valley Herald*]

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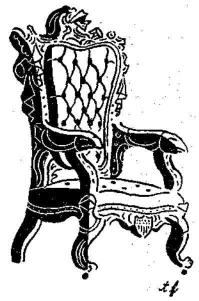
DEAUVILLE BEACH, 1945

I SPENT a few days in Deauville this summer. It's the headquarters of the Normandy Base Section, United States Army, and I was "on Army orders," as I believe the term is, while I was there. I was, however, a civilian, in civilian clothes, and this fact, although apparently not very interesting to the Army, seemed to fascinate certain other residents of the place—the gentleman who was manager of the local branch of Au Printemps, for example, and the lady who was directress of the local branch of La Grande Maison de Blanc, and a henna-haired Armenian lady who had her own *maison de couture*. All three of these, whom I met one evening at a rather heterogeneous party given by the American colonel I'd come to Deauville to see, stared at me with undisguised interest when we were introduced. "You are really an American civilian, Monsieur?" the Armenian lady demanded. I said that I was, and she shook her head incredulously. "*Mon Dieu!*" she exclaimed. "We had almost forgotten that there were such things any more. Except for your congressmen, of course. Parties of them pass through Deauville every once in a while. *Ils ont l'air de manquer de fantaisie, vos députés*. Not the kind of Americans we used to see in Deauville before the war. May I ask what you are doing in Deauville, Monsieur? You are not a congressman, I assume?"

No, I said, I was not a congressman, but my business in Deauville was more or less official.

"But Monsieur has been in Deauville before?" the Armenian lady persisted, and I noticed that the others were staring at me with the greatest expectancy. I said that I had, and instantly all three of them burst into smiles, nodded violently at each other, and exclaimed in chorus.



"Did I not tell you so?" demanded the directress of La Grande Maison de Blanc. "The moment Monsieur entered the room I told you that I had seen him before, that he was one of our American visitors before the war. I have seen Monsieur in my shop!"

"And I in mine," said the manager of Au Printemps.

"And I in mine, I could swear!" cried the Armenian lady. "Surely you knew our shops before the war, Monsieur?"

I didn't have the heart to undeceive them. An American who wasn't in uniform and who didn't look like a congressman—it was clear that almost anyone answering that description would have stood a pretty good chance of being "recognized" as they had "recognized" me, so eager were they to believe that one of Deauville's own had returned. Why should I confess to them that my previous visits to Deauville had been of brief duration indeed—two hasty passages through the town in an automobile on my way to and from the Normandie at Le Havre, and a very quick drink on one other occasion at a bar the identity of which I had forgotten.

"Is the place not sadly changed, Monsieur?" moaned the directress of La Grande Maison de Blanc. "The Normandie Hotel, where most of your officers live—the carpets removed, the big lounge closed, the dining room turned into an Army mess! And the Casino—the Recreation Center, as some people call it now. Do you remember how elegant the crowds were? I wish you could see the Saturday-night dances at the Casino *these* days."

The directress sounded bitter, and the Armenian lady interrupted to say, "Do not misunderstand us, Monsieur. Of course Deauville is a far better place to live in now than it was when the Germans were here. Do not think we are not grateful for our liberation."

"*Ah, les Américains sont épatants*," the directress interjected hastily, and the manager of Au Printemps echoed her "*épatants*" and gave a number of earnest nods.

"It is simply that those of us who loved Deauville the way it was, Monsieur," the Armenian lady explained, "the way it was when you used to come and visit us, before the war—"

"Before the Aga Khan's villa was requisitioned for the Wacs, for example," said the manager of Au Printemps. "You have seen the condition of our beautiful seaside villas, Monsieur? Either demined and requisitioned, or still full of booby traps and covered with warning signs, or else horribly pillaged. Pillaged by the Germans originally, of course. And then it must be admitted that certain French people, even the residents of Deauville, did a little pillaging, too. But I think everyone agrees that it was the Americans who did the most enthusiastic

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pillaging, who took the greatest pleasure—"

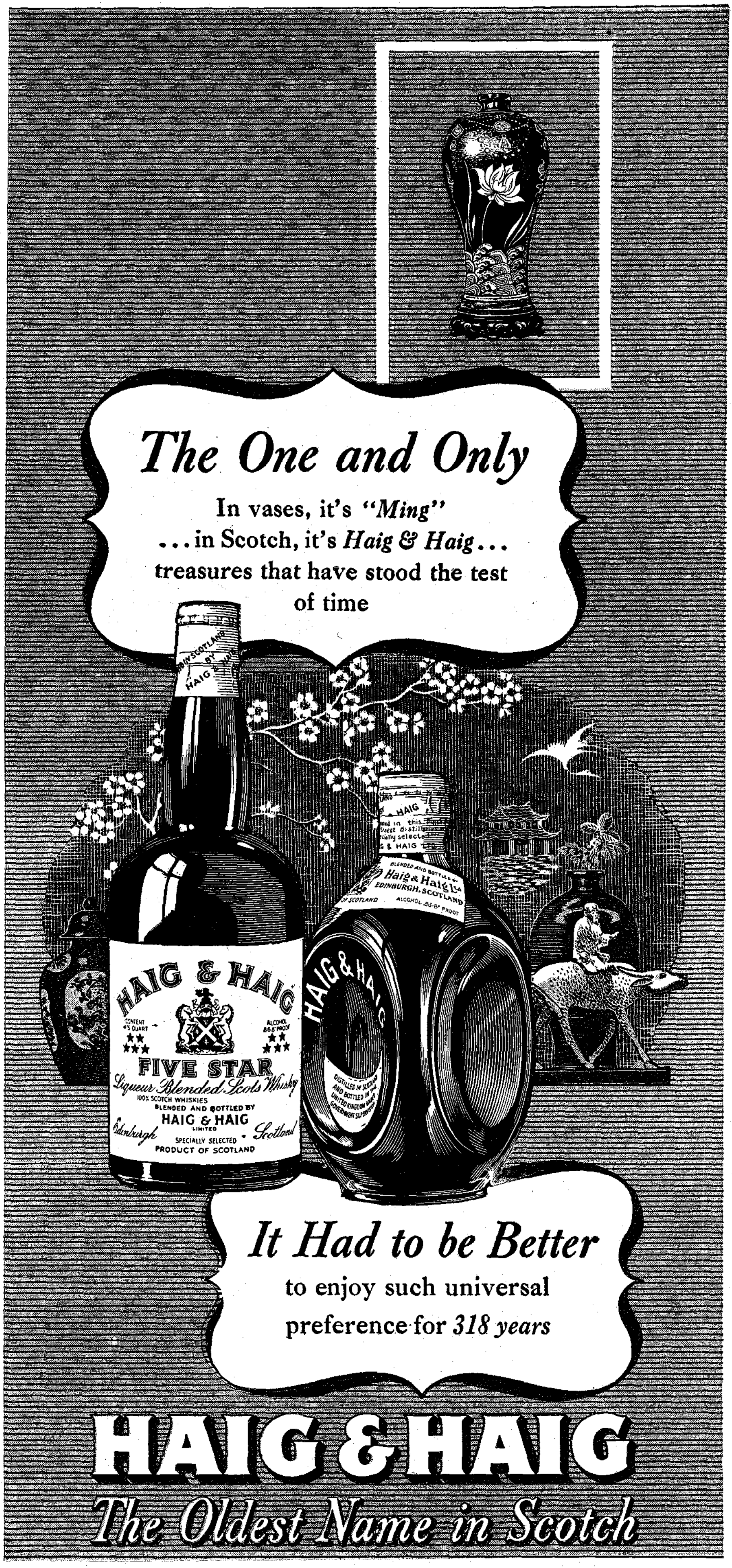
"*Au fond*," said the Armenian lady, interrupting again, "it is the Germans that we have to thank for the most disagreeable difference that one notices between the old Deauville and Deauville today. The difference which, I must confess, we had all expected the Americans would have put an end to long before this. I refer to the mines."

The others nodded, and I nodded too. I had been aware of the mines since my arrival in Deauville. Who could help being so? Quite regularly, about once every half hour from early morning till sundown, there had been a sharp, cracking explosion on the beach, the air had trembled, and windows rattled and shook. Shortly after dinner each day, the explosions had ceased. "Tell me about the mines," I said. "Who is it, exactly, that sets them off?"

My host, the American colonel, happened by at that moment, heard my question, and told me to come with him if I wanted an answer. I took leave of the three shopkeepers and followed him to the other side of the room, where he introduced me to a French major, the head, he explained, of the local demining crew. The major was quite willing to tell me about the mines.

By now, he said, all the mines in whatever Deauville villas and other buildings were required for military occupancy had been removed, and they had been removed from the beach down to the low-water mark. At present his crew was removing mines that were beyond the low-water mark, mines that were underwater. "We know their location," he said, "and whenever their removal can be accomplished by hand we send a trained German prisoner to do the job. Occasionally the result is fatal," he went on with a shrug. "*Tant pis pour le Boche*. But some mines are in water so deep that a man can't get at them, and those we dispose of by detonation. We drop a small explosive charge nearby and set it off. That work we do ourselves, since we're not eager to give German prisoners explosives to play with. Why don't you come down to the beach tomorrow and watch us at work?"

THE next day, I was busy with other things and it wasn't until after dinner that I had a chance to go down to the beach. All day, and through the dinner hour, mines had been exploding, but now everything was quiet, and American soldiers and Wacs were



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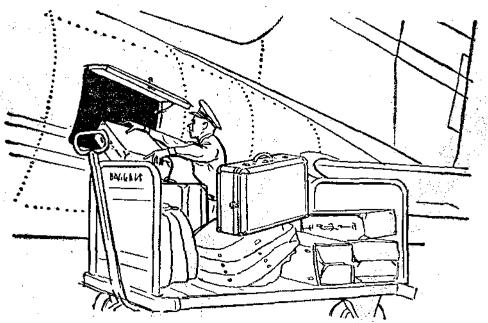
strolling in pairs and groups on the sand, enjoying the fine summer evening and the sunset glow. I walked toward a cluster of ruined bathhouses, where the French major had told me he and his men would be working. As I approached it I passed a group of French enlisted men and noncoms loading equipment into a truck. They were clearly deminers, and I exchanged greetings with them. "Good night, Monsieur," they all said, and one of them added gaily, "We've made enough noise for today, but you'll hear from us again in the morning." I walked on to have a word with the major before he, too, left.

It was at that moment, while I was between the truck and the bathhouses, that there came the loudest explosion I had heard. There was a terrific crack, and a short distance out at sea a column of water and a puff of black smoke shot high into the air. In a moment I became aware that the air around me was filled with curious faint whining sounds, sounds almost like the whimperings of a very young puppy. I also noticed that the French soldiers were crouching behind their truck and that the Americans who had been strolling on the beach were no longer visible, and I heard a voice cry, "Hit the dirt, civilian!" But I was too surprised and interested to realize that the advice was meant for me. Fascinated, I watched the column of water subside and wondered what was making the whining noises in the air. When a jagged piece of metal thudded near my feet, half burying itself in the sand, I bent over to pick it up and was surprised to find it too hot to handle.

The French major came running toward me from behind the bathhouses, his hand outstretched. "Forgive me, Monsieur! All my excuses! A couple of my men decided to detonate one last mine before leaving for the night and the thing went off a little sooner than they expected. There was no time to give warning. And as you see, it proved—alas!—to be one of the larger mines, filled with shrapnel. You are not hurt, Monsieur? It was magnificent, the way you disdained to take cover. Magnificent! Allow me to express to you, Monsieur, the admiration no one could help but feel."

I suddenly felt queer. Shrapnel! Quite a novelty. As best I could, but weakly, I tried to undeceive the major. "I'm afraid you're mistaken, *mon commandant*," I said. "I assure you I hadn't the slightest idea that—"

But the major waved my words



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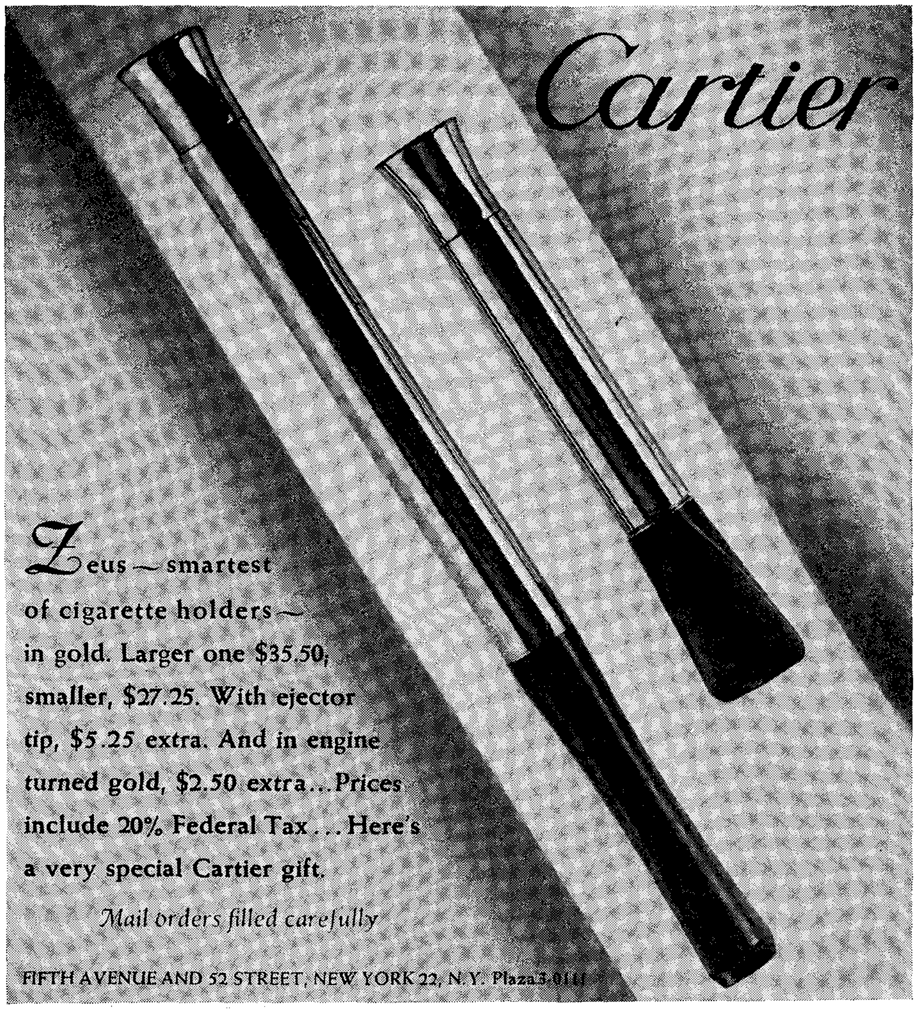

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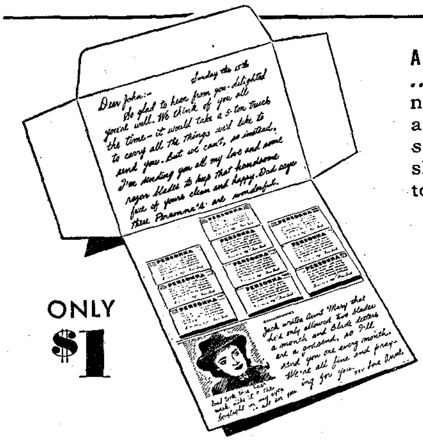
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away. "You were magnificent, Monsieur, magnificent." And then he hurried off to see whether anyone on the beach had been hurt. No one had been. Everywhere Americans were gingerly examining shrapnel fragments they had picked up, and dropping them, and shouting and blowing on their fingers, and over at the truck the French soldiers were examining one of their tires, torn to pieces by one of the jagged bits of metal that had come whining through the air.

I walked back up the beach. A very youthful-looking G.I.—the same one, I'm sure, who had called out, "Hit the dirt, civilian!"—grinned at me. "Fell a little too close for comfort, didn't it, sir?" I agreed that it had. "You were in no danger, though, you know," he said, still grinning. "These Deauville mines are military mines. They leave civilians strictly alone." I thanked him for his comforting news and walked on.

A LITTLE later that evening I was with a group of American officers in the bar of the Casino, or the Recreation Center, as the directress of La Grande Maison de Blanc had scornfully told me it was now called. We were drinking brandy, and I was telling my companions about the events on the beach, including the major's misconstruing of my behavior. One of them held up a finger and spoke to me in a low voice. "You know there's always a pretty lively grapevine in a place like this," he said. "I think they're talking about you next door. Do you want to listen?"

From the other side of a partition, where a group of enlisted men were apparently drinking *their* brandy, we heard voices raised in a lively discussion of whether the American civilian who had been on the beach that evening when the mine had gone off would have been eligible for the Purple Heart if he'd been hit. One man declared that no civilian could ever be given the Purple Heart under any conditions. "Not even if he's on Army orders when he's hit?" a second man inquired. "They say this guy's on Army orders, Christ knows why." Another man pointed out that the Purple Heart was awarded only for injury by enemy action and asked whether deliberate detonation of a mine, even an enemy mine, by soldiers of an Allied nation could be considered enemy action. "This would be pretty damn *delayed* enemy action, too," still another man said. "This mine went off on D Day plus four hundred-odd—don't forget that." One or two men said that this probably made no difference, but I could sense, through the partition, that on the whole opinion was against my getting the Purple Heart. And then the argument was brought to an end by a voice I hadn't heard before in the discussion but that I *had* heard a couple of hours before on the beach. "I wouldn't care about their giving a civilian the Purple Heart if he was *bright*," the voice said. "But this one—he was such a dope he didn't even know enough to hit the dirt!"

My friends were laughing, and some of them wanted to shout the news over the partition and give the enlisted men a laugh, too. Even I was laughing. But amusement wasn't my only sensation. It wasn't even the chief one. Rather to my surprise, I was feeling another kind of pleasure, one I hadn't felt in Deauville. The manager of Au Printemps, the directress of La Grande Maison de Blanc, and the Armenian lady had taken me, because I was a civilian who didn't look like a congressman, for a habitué of the old Deauville, who shared their feelings about the place. There was nothing the matter with that, particularly, except that it didn't happen to be true. The French major had congratulated me on my daring, and that had been a mistake, too. But the young American soldier whom I'd seen on the beach and had heard through the partition, for all his G.I. humor about military mines and civilians, hadn't been fooled the way all the others had been. It was truly a pleasure, there in Deauville, to be instantly, casually recognized, by someone from home, for what I really was.

—FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

•

Dr. Thomas A. Stafford, Chicago, will be guest speaker Sunday at 10:30 a. m. at Bethany Methodist church. With "The Church" as his subject he will use as text "Upon This Rock I Will Build My Board of Secretaries and executive secretary of the Board of Pensions and Relief of the Methodist Church.—*Racine (Wis.) Journal-Times.*

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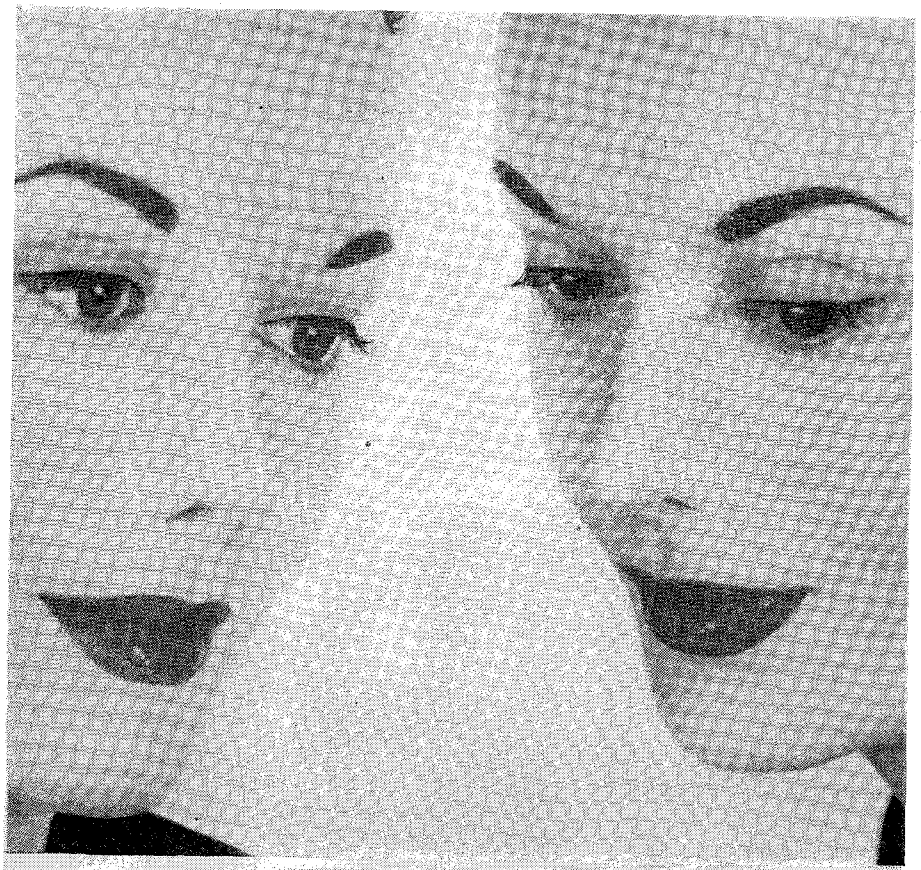

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LETTER FROM RIO DE JANEIRO

AUGUST 17

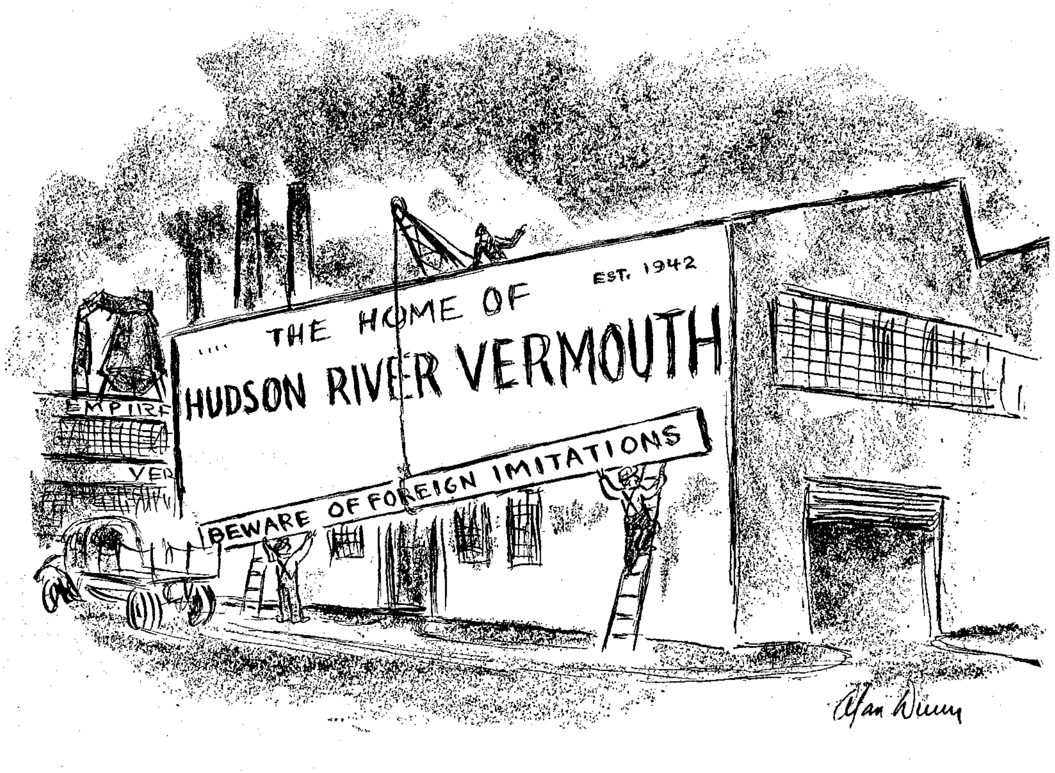
DURING the evening rush hours, between four-thirty and eight o'clock, there are officially no taxis in Rio. The taxis during those hours become *lotações*. The name is derived from the Portuguese verb *lotar*, meaning "to load." The *lotações* wait at fixed points in the center of town until they are loaded with passengers, whereupon they proceed along fixed routes, many of them leading out to Copacabana, the residential district along the beach. At about four-fifteen, you see dozens of taxi drivers painting that name in white letters on the windshields of their cars. Each passenger pays about a fifth of the taxi fare, or five times what he would pay on a bus. When the homeward rush starts, people stand in line, often for half an hour, waiting to get on one. They have to stand even longer for a bus.

Standing in lines, or *filas*, has become a way of life in Rio. Housewives and their cooks stand in *filas* for milk and sugar. Workers in the tall, modernistic office buildings that have popped up all over the city in the past ten years stand in line to get on the elevators. Holiday crowds stand in line for the cable car that carries them from the Praia Vermelha, or Red Beach, over the ocean to Sugar Loaf Mountain, the jutting rock that used to be a mainstay of steamship travel folders. Many people grumble about the *filas*, but maids and cooks and even their mistresses find that the *filas* give them a wonderful opportunity for gossiping and a good excuse for taking a long time on errands. There aren't many private automobiles on the streets and of those that are in operation a large proportion are of the coal-burning, "gasogene" variety. Even so, what with the trucks, buses, and taxis (or *lotações*), jay-walking is dangerous, and Americans who have lived here a long time hate to think what it will be like when gas, tires, and automobiles are plentiful again. There are not many traffic lights, and the drivers don't bother too much about them; there are many pedestrians, and bus drivers don't bother too much about *them*, possibly because of a statute of limitations that allows hit-and-run drivers who are not apprehended within twenty-four hours after their offense to go free. Pedestrians are indirectly encouraged to be careful by the knowledge that ambulances, which seem to be on the go all day, frequently take hours to answer a call. A victim often lies unattended and practically alone, for his plight is too routine to attract much of a crowd.

TO an American visitor, Rio's transportation jam is the only visible indication that the world has just pulled through a six-year war. Beef and sugar are rationed, but you find this hard to believe. Wherever you dine, whether in restaurants and hotels or in people's homes, food is plentiful, but it is also very expensive. The inflation is, naturally, another effect of the war. A streetcar conductor in Rio earns four hundred cruzeiros, or some twenty dollars, a month; a very inferior shirt costs him five dollars and a pair of shoes ten dollars or more. Restaurant prices are as high as or higher than they are in New York. Only two things are cheap—a streetcar ride, which costs the equivalent of a penny, and a shoeshine, which costs the same. Rents are almost what they are in Manhattan and apartments are even harder to find, but some construction is under way. Rents have been frozen, and that has produced a notorious black market in apartments. But the people of Rio do not seem gloomy about things.

The average carioca, as the citizen of Rio calls himself, worries more about economics than politics. There is some reason, however, to believe that he is beginning to see a connection between the two. When, a few months ago, President Vargas relaxed the censorship of the press, many of the newspapers, of which there are over twenty in Rio, became as outspoken against him as the most virulent anti-New Deal papers in the States ever were against Roosevelt. If eloquent and satirical words could end a dictatorship, the Vargas regime would have been done for. It may be done for anyway in the December elections, if the inflation, which is serious here, gets worse. On the other hand, there is always the chance that the election will be rigged to elect a Vargas candidate or that at the last moment the President, who has announced his retirement, will take over again to "save the country from disorder," as he did in 1937.

THERE is one small group that certainly has little reason to be gloomy. They are the *grandes finos*. The name is used, with a mixture of deference and contempt, to define a wealthy class of Brazilians with overtones of imitation French and American mannerisms plus a dash of café society. Some of the *grandes finos* are very wealthy indeed, and they can easily stay that way in a country that has an almost negligible income tax and where the expedient of depleting one's fortune in one's later years by donations to public libraries and colleges is quite unnecessary. The *grandes finos* belong to the Jockey Club. They play roulette at the Casino da Urca or at the Copacabana Palace



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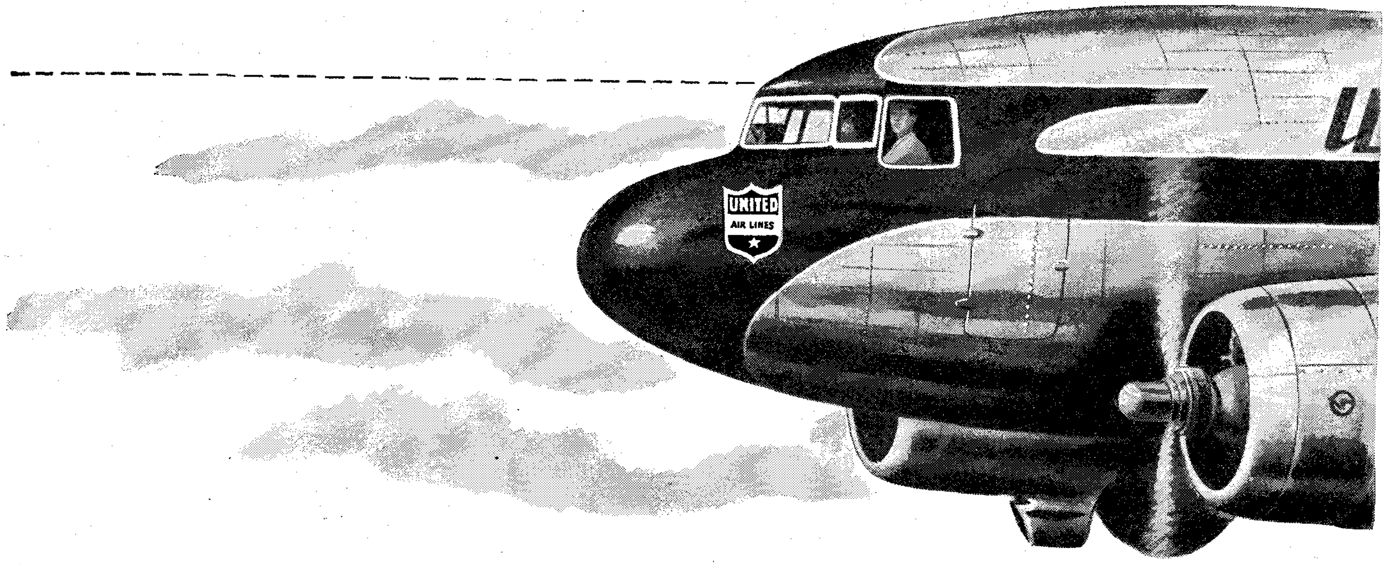

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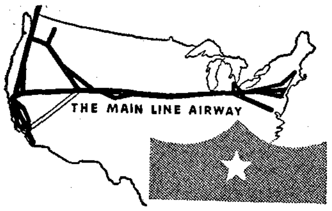

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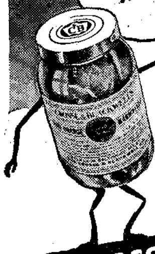

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The *grandes finos* turn out for Rio's important concerts and for the brief international opera season, which usually comes in August. The women do themselves up so magnificently on such occasions that one gets the impression that there must be more beauty shops in Rio than anywhere else in the world. The older generation of the group speak French fluently and, when they read at all, read it; the younger generation inclines increasingly toward English. When the *grandes finos* dine out, they patronize a few very costly restaurants, of which the best is perhaps the inelegantly named Fish Market. This is on the second floor of a building and is reached by a tiny triangular elevator installed apparently as an afterthought in one corner of the premises. The lift holds three people, including the operator.

Many of the *grandes finos* live in Copacabana, which in the past ten years has grown enormously. The Avenida Atlântica, which runs along the beach, is lined on the shoreward side with tall (up to fifteen stories) and very modern apartment buildings and every flat has a terrace overlooking the sea. The residents of the district tell the bus driver what stop they want to get off at by saying Fourth Life-Saving Post, or Fifth or Sixth. The only real problem for the *grandes finos*, in fact, is how to get back to Copacabana comfortably during the rush hours.

THERE is a café life as well as a café-society life in Rio. It gets under way at eleven in the morning, when the cafés, many of them with outdoor tables and chairs, are filled with cariocas drinking their morning demitasses of strong black coffee. Indeed, if you sit down in a café at almost any hour, you will be served a *cafezinho*, a small coffee, unless you tell the waiter quickly that you want something else. Despite rationing, the waiter will put down beside your cup a large bowl of sugar. If you've learned from experience how strong the Brazilian coffee is, you'll take a tip from the cariocas and put two or three spoonfuls of sugar in your cup before the waiter pours in the powerful black stuff from a large pot. Meet a Brazilian acquaintance at any time of day on the Avenida and he will almost surely invite you to join him in a *cafezinho* at some coffee bar, perhaps the Palacio do Café, which is run by the coffee industry and serves very good coffee, too. In government offices, coffee is served to everyone at eleven in the morning and again at four in the afternoon.

The *grandes finos* almost monopolize the Casino da Urca, but there are other ways of gambling. One of the most popular is the National Lottery, tickets for which are sold everywhere, and very articulately, by wandering vendors who shout, "Three million cruzeiros!," the prize they assure you for an investment of two hundred and forty cruzeiros. (At the current valuation of the cruzeiro, the profit would be something like $150,000.) As for Rio's other amusements, the great mass of cariocas, like the great mass of people everywhere, love the movies. Most of the cinema houses are near the harbor end of the Avenida, and most of them show North American films very soon after they have opened in the first-run houses on Broadway. Among the shorts, however, there is sure to be a Brazilian newsreel, which always gives the impression that the big event of the past week was that some little girl handed a bouquet of flowers to Vargas or one of his Ministers.

As for the concerts, there is a symphony orchestra, only five years old, which is usually turned over to a succession of visiting conductors. A frequent comment made by foreigners is that the visitors have done awfully well with such a youthful group of musicians, most of whom spend their off nights playing in cafés. At every symphony concert at least one Brazilian composition is played, for this is required by law. And it's two to one, though there's nothing on the statute

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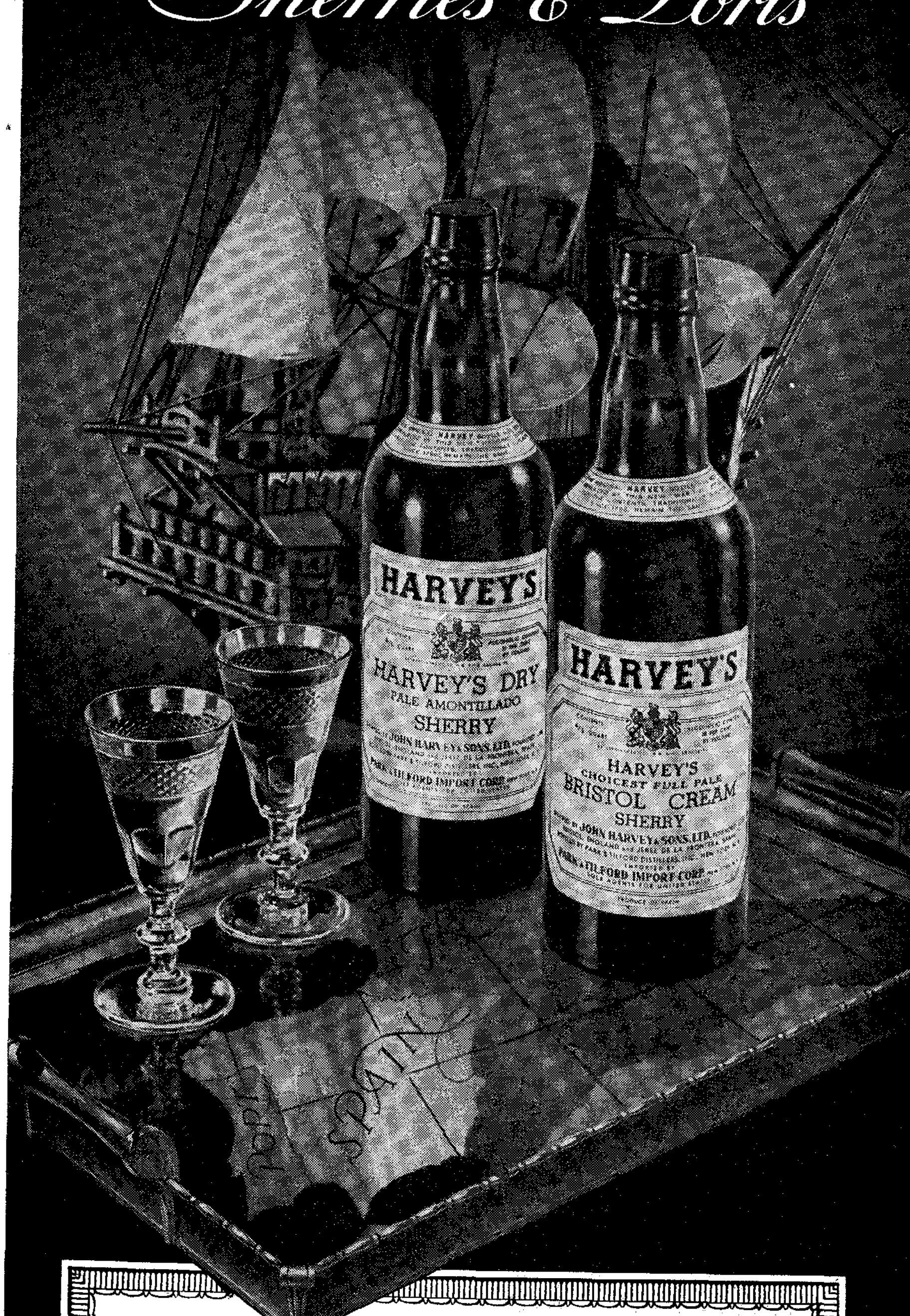

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who have lived here all their lives seem as moved by the charm of the city as a North American on a vacation cruise. They will point out to the visitor with some pride that there are views even at one's feet; in keeping with a Portuguese tradition, the pavements of the town, which are tiled, are laid in patterns, usually in black and white. Then, like as not, they will urge you to ride on a trolley with them up the steep hills of Rio to the district of Gavea or Santa Teresa and see the vast and beautiful panorama of which Rio and the harbor are the center.

Among the sights of Rio are the streetcars themselves. They are like the old-fashioned open trolleys that were familiar in New York up to ten or fifteen years ago, with crosswise benches holding five passengers and narrow running boards along which the conductor moves to collect fares, swinging from one handrail to the next. Indeed, some of Rio's trolleys are said to have passed the best years of their lives in Manhattan. At rush hours they are remarkable sights indeed. Jammed inside and out, they rattle along with *pendentes*, or hangers-on, two rows deep, clinging to the handrails and scrabbling for a foothold on the running board. The conductor manages to clamber through or around this mass of excess cargo, and if he doesn't ring up all the fares he collects, there's only his conscience to check up on him.

The streetcars are called *bondes*, a name that dates from the large bond issue that financed the first lines in Rio. The name is of such long standing that most young cariocas don't know its origin. The *bondes* are very much in favor now, for there's always the chance that you can at least be a *pendente* on one, whereas the buses won't accept a single extra passenger when the drivers decide that they're full. Some time ago a Rio paper published a picture of a rush-hour trolley completely swathed in riders, captioned "But where is the *bonde?*"

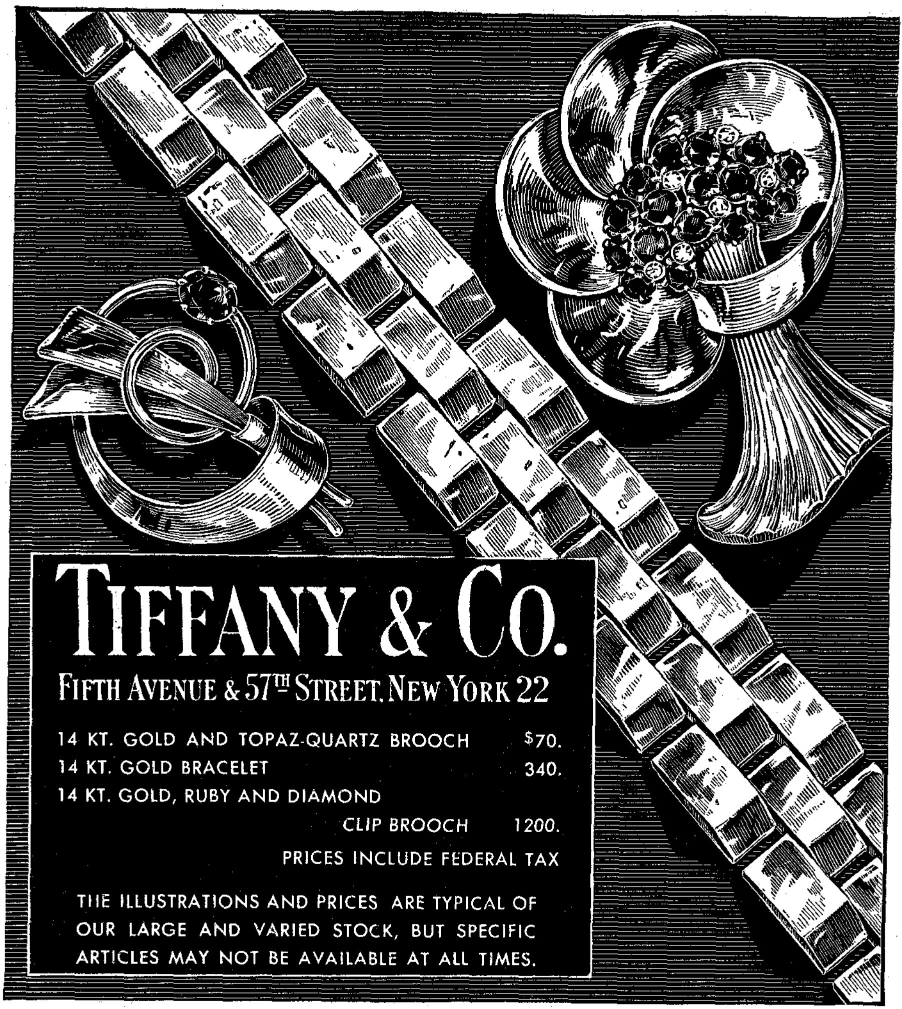
A PLEASANT way to spend a Saturday or a Sunday is to take an excursion boat out to the small island of Paquetá. The trip is pleasanter still during the week, when there are fewer people around. Paquetá is a miniature Bermuda; except for one ambulance, there isn't a gasoline-driven vehicle on the island. It is so small that one can drive around it in a barouche in forty minutes, a very pleasant thing to do after a swim and a meal. The island is reached by a small steamer, supbooks about this, that the Brazilian composition will be by Villa-Lobos.

IT is almost impossible to realize that forty years ago Rio was so full of yellow fever that the steamships to Argentina used to advertise "No stop at Rio." The vessels would anchor in the bay and the diplomats, who were almost the only passengers faced with the unpleasant necessity of landing here, would reluctantly go ashore and then hasten to the relatively safe haven of Petrópolis, where the embassies used to be. Nowadays foreigners are likely to have a little, though temporary, digestive disorder after arriving in Rio, but the more lethal tropical diseases are practically unknown here. So, also, is milk, and it is odd that many things which one would expect to be good in Rio, such as bananas, are quite flavorless.

On the hills surrounding the city are *favellas*, little slum settlements of Negroes, who live in the most primitive conditions of sanitation and shelter. There are thousands of other Negroes in the city, better off but still not much more than just getting by. There is no Jim Crowism in Rio, but the Negroes seem to have the most menial and the worst-paid jobs; there is no official color line, but an economic line keeps them out of places where theoretically they are perfectly welcome. However, there is considerable intermarriage between Negroes and whites, up to a certain economic level, and occasionally above that. The *grandes finos* are white, even if sometimes of quite a dark hue.

For all Rio's celebrity as a gay city (and the night clubs have excellent shows), it does not give the impression of being particularly vivacious. Even the conversation in the cafés is not animated. A Brazilian friend of mine remarked that his fellow-countrymen are a composite of three melancholy races—Indian, Negro, and Portuguese. The Portuguese, incidentally, have a reputation in Rio for being stupid, partly because a large proportion of the recent Portuguese immigrants are unskilled laborers. This has given circulation to a story about Manuel, always the central figure in such tales here. Manuel, it seems, was walking along a road outside Rio with his mule and the animal fell into a ditch. Manuel helped the mule out, threw his arms around its neck, and said affectionately, "I know you're smarter than I am, but I'm stronger."

The cariocas never lose their fondness for the beauties of Rio, and even those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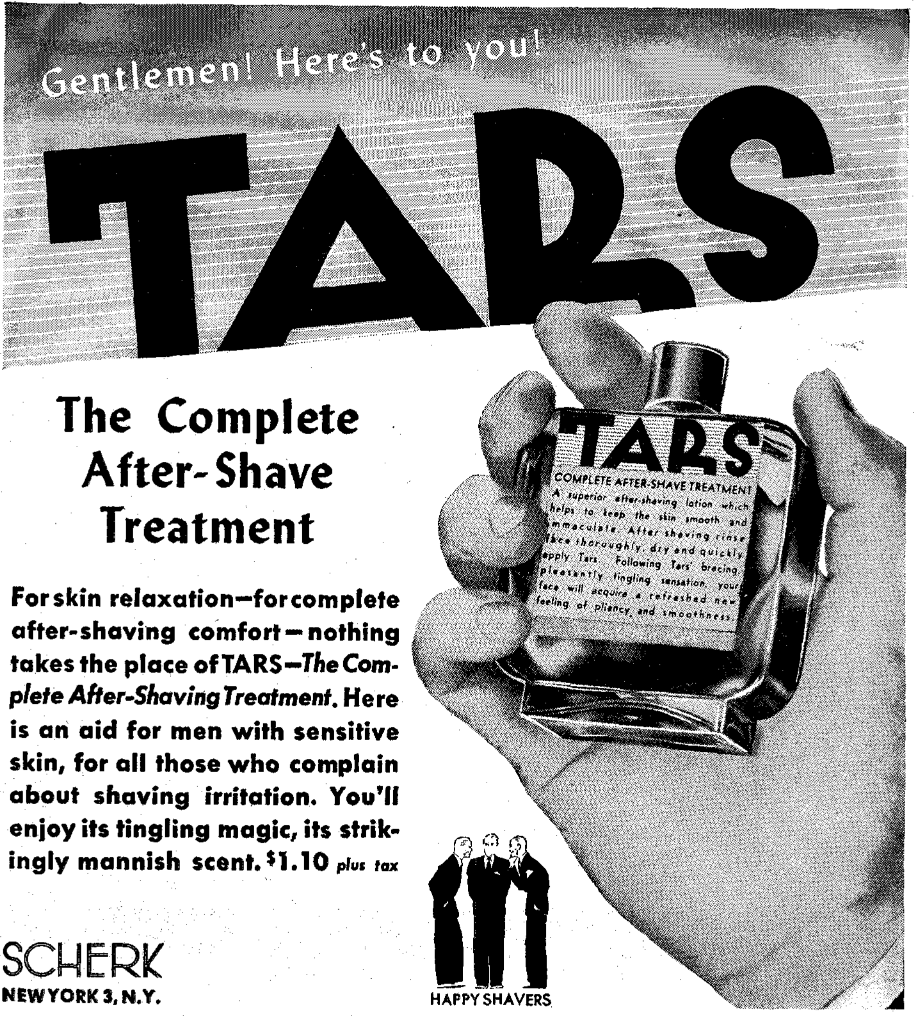
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HAPPY SHAVERS

posedly a veteran of the Mississippi, which runs twice a day.

On the whole, Americans in Rio, even those who have been in Brazil for years, do not bother much with the Portuguese language. A few of them pick up a smattering of servant Portuguese, but the Brazilians they know socially (if they know any) usually speak English, so English it is. The American School is, as might be expected, about like a private school in Scarsdale, except that by law the children must be taught in Portuguese at least one hour a day. The American Women's Club has a few Brazilian members, but it too would be right at home in Westchester. Brazilians still seem surprised to find that not all Americans are businessmen, but one I met did say he greatly admired that fine American philosopher Lin Yutang.

One of Rio's Sunday newspapers carried an article recently warning against the introduction of Italian words into the Portuguese language by the Brazilian Expeditionary Force, which is now back home from Italy. The paper was rather definite in its opinion. Incidentally, one gathers from the papers that the Brazilian troops in Italy had a more decisive part in winning the European war than people in North America think.

The people of Rio are curious in an amiably persistent way about America and Americans, and almost every Brazilian I have encountered would like to visit the States. Our Embassy in Rio is constantly being asked by Brazilian students about their chances of getting scholarships to study up north. What they're principally interested in is technical subjects. The *grandes finos* are beginning to think of New York as they used to think of Paris. I heard the other day from a young Brazilian who had recently got to New York. "It is very gay," he wrote me. "Very colorful. It is what Americans expect of Rio."

—IRWIN EDMAN

•

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Decatur* (*Ill.*) *Herald*]

CHICKEN SUPPER

Townsend club No. 3 will have a chicken and noodle supper at 5:30 p. m. today in the G. A. R. hall at 316 North Main street. A short business meeting and a dance will follow the supper.

CHICKENS MISSING

Dorothy Painter, 525 East Grand avenue, reported to police yesterday that 35 three-pound frying chickens had been stolen from the chicken house at her home.

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SURE! See this spectacular display at your Larvex dealer's. A covered dish showing treated and untreated cloth with live moth worms. Proof right before your eyes that moth worms will not eat LARVEXED fabrics!

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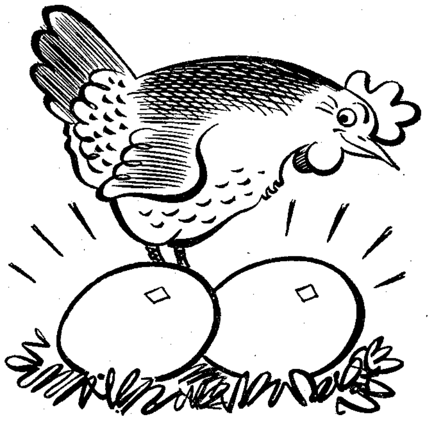
THE RACE TRACK

As to Saratoga

NOW that the Saratoga Association's meeting at Belmont has ended, the horses, full of good intentions, are over at Aqueduct for a fortnight. With them are a horde of horseplayers in pursuit of the golden daily double. A two-dollar double paid $4,313.90 at Belmont one afternoon last week, and ever since then the lines in front of the windows where tickets on that merry guessing game are sold have been longer than ever. Another popular guessing game is whether there will be racing at Saratoga next year. Some glumly insist that there won't be, because Long Island will have a new track by next August, which is the month for Saratoga racing. It doesn't take long to build a track now, once you have the materials. Narragansett Park, for example, was opened just sixty days after ground was broken for it. Garden State Park took rather longer, but it was a much better job. I believe that there will be racing at Saratoga next summer, at least. Just the same, I wouldn't be surprised to see a wonder track on Long Island by the following year.

It would be silly to try to ignore the fact that politicians and promoters have been extremely anxious to keep racing on Long Island during August ever since they discovered the enormous revenue potentialities of the pari-mutuel. Around seventy-two million dollars was wagered during the twenty-four days of the Saratoga-at-Belmont meeting, of which the State of New York received about $4,320,000. (In case you've forgotten, a ten-per-cent brokerage commission for handling wagers is deducted from all mutuel pools, of which the State takes six per cent and the track four.) The best mutuels year at Saratoga was 1941, when $13,590,739 was handled in thirty days and the State's revenue from it amounted to $730,739. Two years ago the State Racing Law was quietly amended so that the Saratoga track, which has ranked as a major track, would drop down into a sort of Class B category if and when a track ever operated in the metropolitan district while the Saratoga meeting was on. As a sop for permitting this competition, the Saratoga man-

TWO are better than ONE!



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agement would receive an extra one per cent of the mutuel take.

Racing may survive at the Spa despite competition, but the enchanting old course will probably become just another track. The fat, lazy days with only six races an afternoon, the first one not until three o'clock, will be gone, along with the good race horses, along with the yellow livery-stable rigs and the sway-backed nags that pulled them. The crowds had already begun to change at the last meeting, in 1942. As far back as Saratogans can remember, the old families in the neighborhood were as enthusiastic racegoers as the Jockey Club men or the owners of the big stables, but in recent years their interest had waned and the lists of boxholders grew steadily shorter. Maybe it's that they just didn't like the mutuels. Incredible as it may seem to the promoters and politicians, some people don't.

IT looks as though the fillies have become as inconsistent as the colts. After failing badly in the Test Stakes and in the Alabama earlier in the meeting, Surosa ran away with the Diana Handicap at Belmont the other afternoon. Also, neither Red Shoes, who won the Schuylerville Stakes, nor Sopranist, who won the Spinaway, was dangerous in the Adirondack Handicap, which Rytina, who had finished down the course in both those races, took rather easily. I expect that the lighter weight Rytina carried did the trick for her.

Well, Ed Bradley may have something extra in Be Courageous, a fine big brown Bimelech colt, who beat a useful field of fellow-two-year-olds last week. After seeing Be Courageous win, Bradley sat back and waited for word from Chicago on the match race, at Washington Park, between Busher and Durazna that same afternoon. He was as pleased at the news that Busher had won as he would have been if he still owned her.

IT'S a little bit late in the season to be talking about horses' names, but one of my outside men has popped up with a few entries for the Radio Announcers' Handicap: Sobre Todos, En Famille, Asterperious, Highfortidies, Bossiney, Cientifico, Qona, and Qbania.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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—*Headline in the Springfield (Mass.) Union.*

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BOOKS

Two Survivors: Malraux and Silone

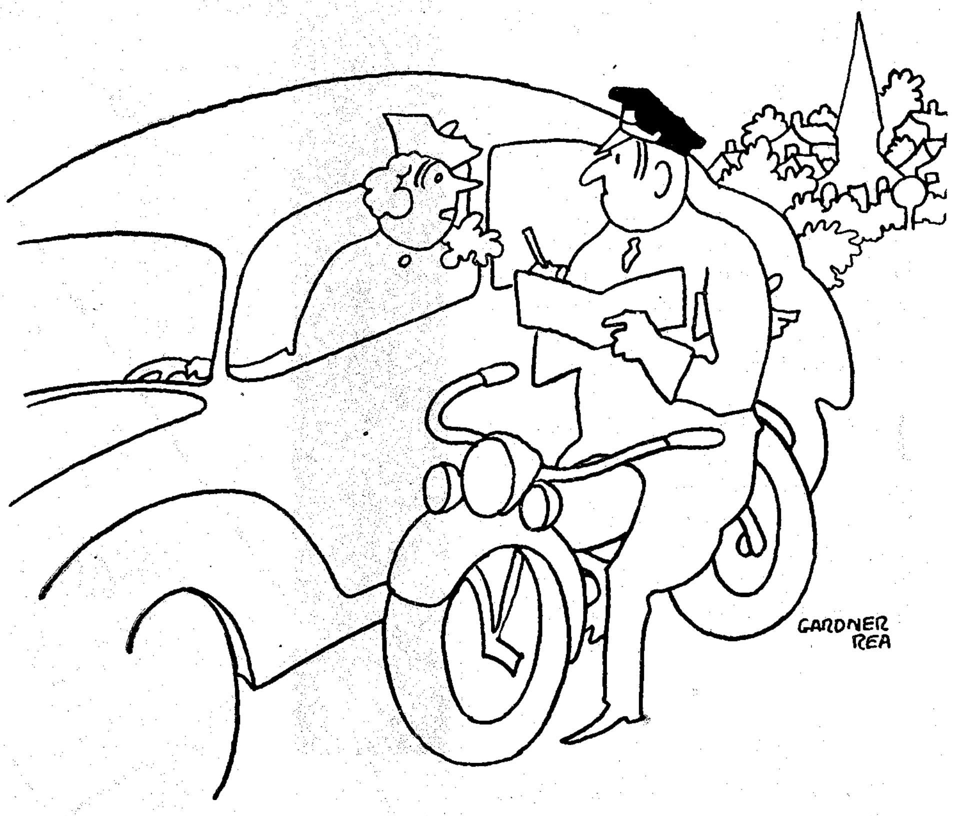
DURING the decade before the war, when the tradition of Lenin was still alive and Marxism had still its prestige as a moral and intellectual force, there emerged in Europe two first-rate novelists who, though quite different in other ways, both presented the contemporary world in terms of the Marxist class conflict: the Frenchman André Malraux, and the Italian Ignazio Silone.

Malraux and Silone belong to the same European generation: there is only a year between them, Malraux having been born in Paris in 1900 and Silone in a little town of the Abruzzi in 1901. Malraux, who studied Oriental languages and went to the East as an archeologist, became interested in the Chinese revolution, in which, from 1925 to 1927, he took an active part. He worked with the Communist Kuomintang and was a member of the Committee of Twelve, which organized the Canton uprising. He wrote, out of this experience, his two novels "The Conquerors" and "Man's Fate," and the first of them brought him to the attention of Trotsky, whose acquaintance he made in the years when Trotsky was living in France and who tried to correct what he regarded as Malraux's out-of-date French romanticism and reconstruct him as an unambiguous Marxist. Later, in the Spanish Civil War of 1936-39, Malraux took part on the Loyalist side as chief of an escadrille and accepted the direction of Moscow in its strategy and policy in Spain. Otherwise, he has remained, however, quite independent both of Trotskyist and of Stalinist influence.

Silone, on the other hand, had been an active revolutionary worker from 1917, when, at the age of seventeen, he became secretary of the peasant movement, syndicalist in its political complexion, which had been launched in his native Abruzzi. Soon thereafter, he went to Rome, where he first became editor of a Socialist paper and then one of the founders, under the inspiration of Moscow, of the Communist Youth International, and where he took part, in 1921, in organizing the Italian Communist Party. In the years between 1925 and 1929, he was a member of the Central Committee of the Party, doing underground work in Italy under the Mussolini regime and representing the Party in Moscow during a period when its leader was in jail and at such times as Silone did not happen to be in jail himself. When it became evident, at the end of the twenties, that the Russians in the Communist International were beginning to dictate policy from the point of view of Russian interests at the expense of the freedom of the Communists of the parties of other nations to determine their own lines of action, Silone resigned, with a group which included about half the Italians; nor did he afterwards associate himself with the followers of either Bukharin or Trotsky, who had set up split-off Communist groups, for he felt, as he says, that these groups had all the defects of the Stalinist parties without the power of Moscow behind them. He left Italy at the end of the twenties and went to live in Switzerland, where for the first time he began to write novels and where he remained until 1944, when, after the fall of the Fascists, he returned to Rome.

The temperaments of Malraux and Silone present in certain respects a very sharp contrast. Malraux, though he served in Spain in the army of international Communism, has had, especially in his earlier career, an element of the international adventurer—part explorer of the ancient Oriental world, whose most exciting sensation it was to find there the twentieth-century class struggle; part Byronic egoist and actor, driven by an obscure compulsion to assert his will for its own sake—whereas Silone, since he has broken with Moscow, has been assuming a personality which combines in a peculiar way the traditional severity of the Communist with the compassion for weakness of a parish priest. For Malraux, the conception of the class struggle gave him a vision of the drama of history, in which he could play a rôle, fierce, courageous, perhaps noble; for Silone, it drew clear moral issues which showed him how to direct his energies toward ends that would benefit his fellows. Malraux is largely preoccupied with the tactics of action, Silone with ethical problems. But at one time both accepted the Marxist assumptions as a guide to the contemporary world and worked for the Communist objectives, and this experience has supplied the subjects of the most important books of both.

Now, for the sincere Marxist revolutionary who was able to think for himself and not afraid to follow his judgment, further belief in the Soviet Union



"But I thought all driving restrictions had been lifted."

as a power working for international socialism—if it had not become impossible already—became definitely so in August, 1939, with the signing of the Stalin-Hitler pact. There is an observation in Malraux's new novel which, though applied to something else, sounds as if it had been inspired by the illusions of foreign Communists and Communist sympathizers about the conditions of life in the Soviet Union: "It is as impossible," he makes one of his characters say, "to see a country which embodies a myth in which one believes as it is to see a woman with whom one is in love." And the horror of the destruction of Europe and the degradation of human values, protracted through the five and a half years of the war, made the realization of the socialist hope seem more and more remote and doubtful. For writers like Malraux and Silone, their natural line of development was broken, but, confronted with the scene of wreckage—living in the debris of defeated France under the German domination, or isolated in Switzerland in an exile which must at moments have seemed likely to be permanent—they had to lay hold of the new situation and find some way of making something of it; and what they have made is of so much interest and still so relatively little known—their latest books have not been published in English and Malraux's is even almost unprocurable in French—that I believe it may be worth while to take space to give some detailed account of them.

Malraux's novel, "La Lutte avec l'Ange" (evidently referring to the ordeal of Jacob in Genesis XXXII), which was published in Switzerland in 1943 in an edition of but fifteen hundred copies, is offered as the first section of a larger work—a work which could hardly have been finished, given the historical immediacy of the subject, before the war had come to an end, and which Malraux, who after the expulsion of the Germans was on active duty as colonel of a regiment, could hardly have had a chance to finish. It is impossible, thus, to judge this installment in any conclusive way, since it is concerned with presenting situations of which we are not yet able to see the upshot and propounding far-reaching questions to which the answers have not yet been found. The book develops a double story of two generations of an Alsatian family: the career of the German father, a diplomat in the German service, who has seen some-

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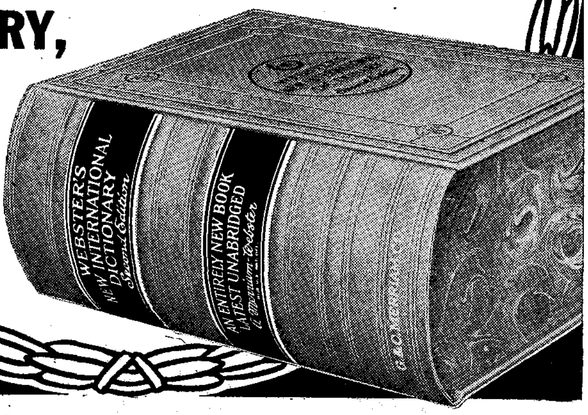

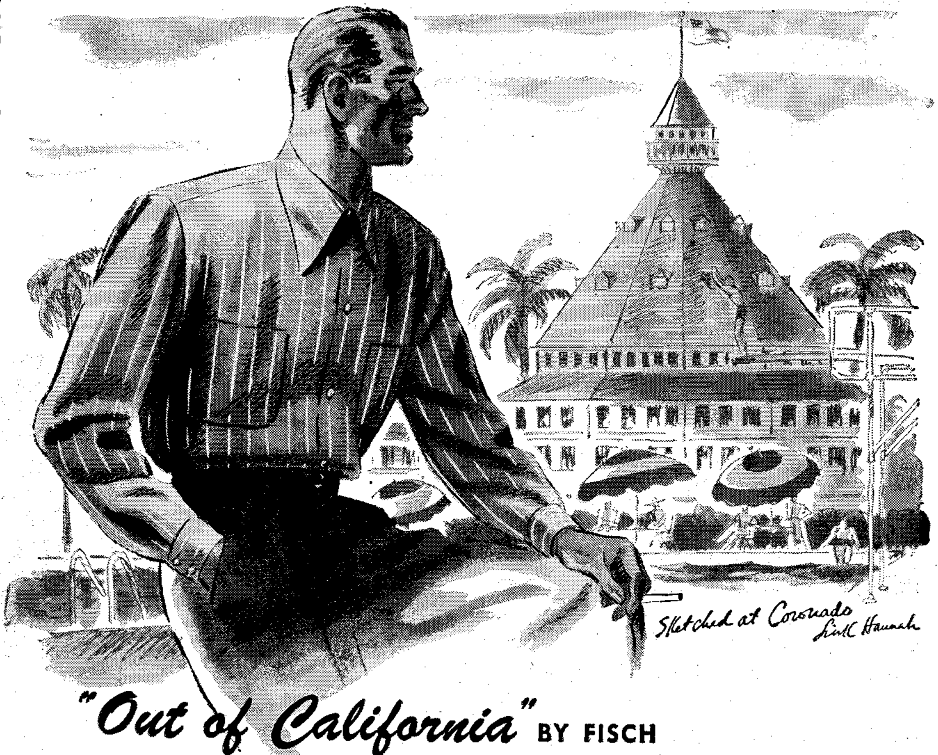

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Popular Record News!

by Dave Dexter, Jr.

★ WEEKS BEFORE the rugged and shell-pocked island of Okinawa was secured by American fighting men, Pfc. Morton Saks dispatched a letter to this pillar requesting "all the news and pictures you can send about bands, singers and the records on the jukes back home." Saks sprawled in a foxhole, he said, writing his letter after members of his batallion elected him "the dogface most likely to get results."

Since then scores of letters from G.I. music lovers have been arriving, not only from Okinawa but also from newly-occupied areas in the European Theatre, bases throughout the South Pacific, U.S. camps and hundreds of ships at sea. America's fighting men—and women—rate popular music as tops in popularity. As a morale hypo it is unsurpassed. Virtually all the music heard, they report, is via records.

Capitol Records, Inc. is answering those requests for more and better music with the biggest stars and brightest tunes. Singers like Johnny Mercer, Jo Stafford, Andy Russell, Martha Tilton, Peggy Lee and Johnnie Johnston; bands like Stan Kenton, Freddie Slack, Billy Butterfield, Benny Carter, Cootie Williams, Paul Weston, the King Cole Trio—these 18-karat attractions add up to good listening. Capitol's discs insure finer reproduction and longer wear. *Spin a Capitol record... hear the difference!*

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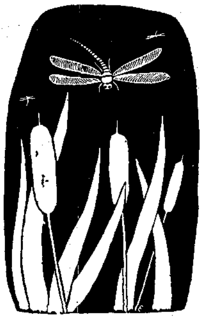
thing of World War I, and the adventures of the half-French son, who fights on the French side in World War II. The son is supposed to put together the whole rather complicated chronicle. Taken prisoner at the fall of France and sent to a concentration camp at Chartres, he goes back over his own experience and reflects on his father's exploits as he has learned of them through a set of notes which has come into his hands after the latter's death. The father, an active and clever man, has that love of half-quixotic, half-perverse adventure which is characteristic of Malraux's heroes. Malraux brilliantly analyzes his motives in a passage which explains his interest, passionate though apparently gratuitous, in the Young Turk movement of the beginning of the century: "His need to get away from Europe, the solicitation of history, the fanatical desire to leave a scar on the earth, the fascination of a project which he had contributed not a little to shape, the fellowship of combat, and friendship." In Turkey, this accomplished Alsatian comes under the influence for a time of the Pan-Turanian propaganda, which talked about uniting in a great Turkish empire all those peoples who were supposed to be of Turkish stock; but as he travels in Afghanistan and finds only a "people of sleepwalkers" quite unconscious of their Turanianism, the whole myth suddenly fades away. He goes back and gives up his mission and presently finds himself again working for the Germans, with whom he is always a little restive. Just before the first World War he is present at a cross-examination, by the head of the Secret Service, of a supposed Russian woman spy, when they bring in her little son to try to make her betray herself, and later, when the war has begun, he assists at a pioneering experiment with the use of poison gas. On this occasion, the German soldiers, finding the Russians asphyxiated and choking, yield to a primitive human instinct and, instead of taking the Russian position, try to rescue the dying men. The Alsatian, himself half intoxicated with gas, is soon irresistibly impelled to behave in the same manner: he picks up a gasping Russian and starts back toward the field hospital with him. In him, as in the soldiers, there is something which revolts before the methods of warfare that the German general staff is developing. But the scene now shifts back to his son, and, following immediately the gas attack, we get an episode out of World War II—a tank advance in which the young man had taken part before he was captured by the Germans. His tank is proceeding at night through a heavy barrage of shellfire and falls into a trench, where it seems to be helpless. Modern warfare has gone on getting worse, more crushing and more abasing. Nothing has been done to curb it, and the human race itself seems to have fallen, like the men in the tank, to the bottom of a dark ditch, imprisoned and overwhelmed by a great mass of anti-human machinery. Nor does there appear in the second of these episodes, as there did in the gas attack, any sign of a fraternal solidarity between the soldiers of the hostile armies.



Here the volume ends, but a larger vista of interest has been opened up for the reader than this bare outline of the action would indicate. The narrator of the story has a great uncle who is a sort of dilettante intellectual in a serious German way. He has been a correspondent of Nietzsche and sometimes entertains Freud. He holds at his home periodical conferences, to which he invites a varied company of savants and at which set subjects are systematically discussed. The father of the narrator attends one of these conferences, at which a great German anthropologist is supposed to have something of importance to say. He has been working for fifteen years on a book which he has just decided not to publish. It turns out that this book had been an Hegelian affair which was to have led up to the proposition that the civilization of the Germans was the supreme end-product of history, and that the author has now ceased to believe this because he has ceased to believe that "the human adventure" makes any sense at all. The more he came to examine the diverse kinds of society which the human race has produced, the more he was driven to question the continuity of human history and the consistency of human purpose. He tells the company about the people who were for centuries firmly convinced that their ruler was himself the moon, that his power waxed and waned with it and that when the moon went into eclipse the king had to be strangled by his subjects; and those natives of the Melanesian Islands who have never seen any connection between childbearing and sexual intercourse, refuting attempts to enlighten them by pointing out that it is by no means true that love-making is always

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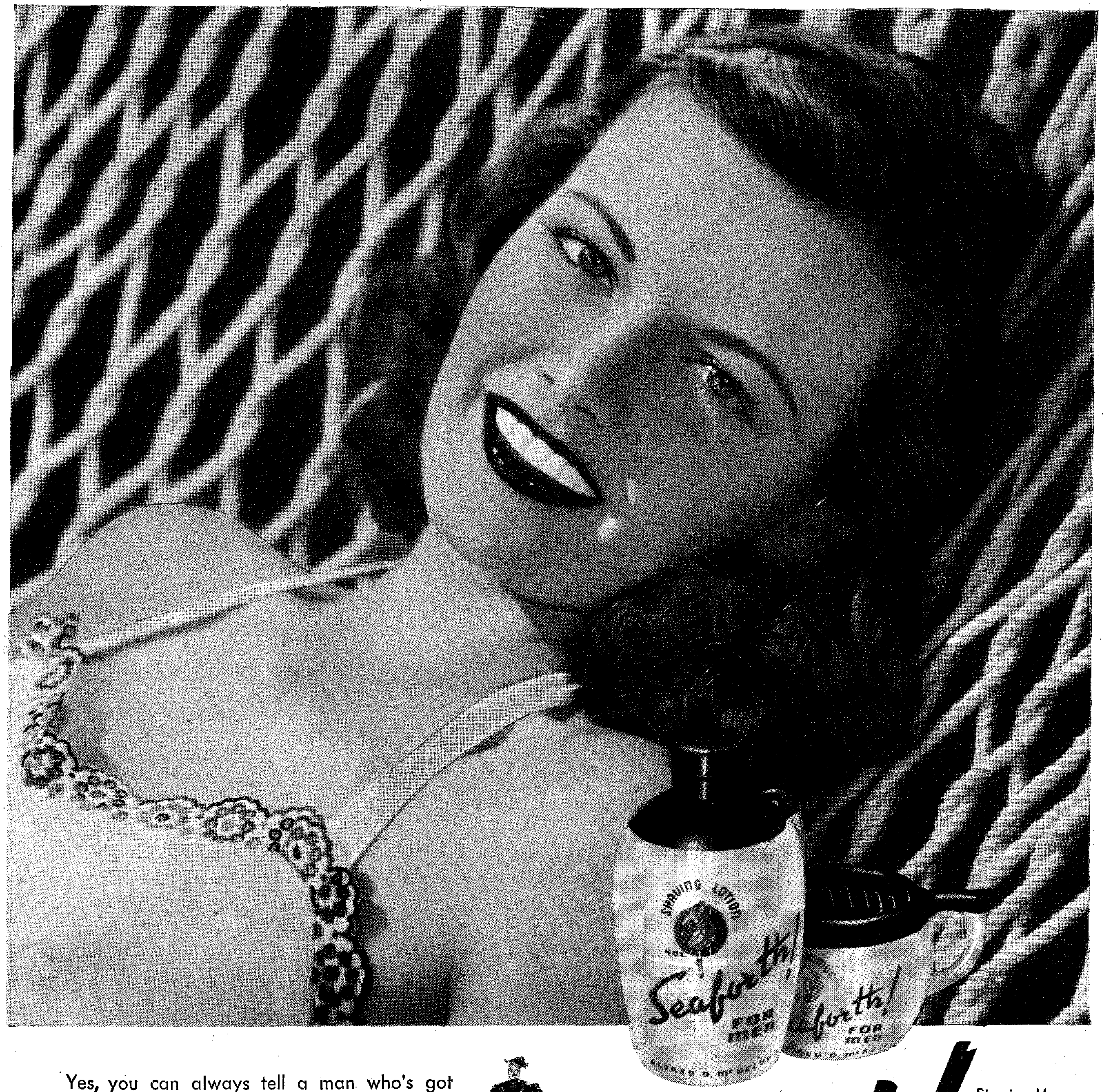
..Know what I like about Joe?

Lots of things. The way he says "Hello"... and listens with his left eyebrow. And does things on his own. And he trails a suggestion of heather that's pretty clean and outdoors-y and strictly wonderful. It always makes me think I'd love to go to Scotland with him... or anywhere at all.



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- Men's Cologne
- Men's Hand Soap

followed by babies. Just as the narrator's father has lost the racial conception of Turanianism in the presence of the Afghan tribes, so the German anthropologist has been losing the sense of human meaning among the mutually exclusive delusions on which human civilizations have been based. And are we not still, Western man, he asks, enveloped in some such delusion, which we are no more capable of perceiving than goldfish are of understanding their aquarium, which to them must seem the whole of the world when it is really but a small glass box? And if this is true, what *is* our basic delusion? Nationalism, someone suggests. No, not merely nationalism—our all-pervading and inescapable false notion may well be our idea of history and the conception of Time itself that goes with it.

"Has the notion of man a meaning? In other words: under the beliefs, the myths, especially under the multiplicity of mental structures, is it possible to distinguish a permanent line or idea [Malraux uses the characteristically French and essentially intellectual word *donnée*], which retains its validity through history and on which the notion of man can be based?"

The question is never answered. These perplexities, one supposes, are the struggle with the angel, which left Jacob, it will be remembered, a prince who had "power with God and with men;" and the whole discussion, though not very typical of the time at which it is made to take place, the early years of the century, when the nations seemed to be prospering under capitalism and few doubted the inevitability of progress, serves to bring to a clear formulation the kind of misgivings which has been pulling at our minds during these complacency-shaking recent years. Malraux has sidestepped completely all the obvious melodrama of the triumphs and the defeats of the Fascist regimes, which American novelists, far from the battle, have been exploiting with so much fervor and cashing in on with so much success. Malraux's hero is half-French and half-German, and his theme is not the struggle with the Nazis, or even any longer the Marxist struggle of classes which gave the confrontation of forces in his earlier books, but the justification of man itself.

"La Lutte avec l'Ange" is not, from the point of view of architecture and writing, one of the most satisfactory of Malraux's books. It seems rather to show the marks of having been written against pressures and under difficulties and only by dint of determined application. Both the style and the mode of presentation give sometimes—through overwriting or congestion—a certain effect of effort. Malraux's admiration for English literature has apparently here been responsible for some results that seem queer in French. Malraux has been praised by Gide, who has recently been deploring the "feminine" tone of the French fiction, for writing books which, by their masculinity, come closer to "Tom Jones" and "Moby Dick," and he is said, during the last years of the war, to have become a strong Anglophile. Certainly, in "La Lutte avec l'Ange," he has managed to reproduce—though usually with bad effect—some of the most flagrantly non-French traits of his favorite English authors: Kipling's knowing international allusiveness, Meredith's elliptical expression, and Conrad's mixed-up way of telling a story. Malraux, who is said at one point to have escaped getting shot by the Germans by impersonating an English officer, thus almost appears, in a literary way, as one of those "displaced persons" whom a department of the Allied Commission is now making efforts to repatriate.

But any effort to get outside the formulas which, in preserving the French classical elegance, have tended to keep French literature provincial is probably an excellent thing, and one finds in "La Lutte avec l'Ange" passages of sinewy and searching thought, strokes of dramatic imagination, of which only a man of genius would have been capable. Above all, there is seriousness, an undulled perspicuity, about the large problems of human destiny, that has become the rarest thing in the world. This novel is both the most impressive and the most exciting piece of literature that I have yet seen inspired by the war.

THE typical heroes of the novels of both Malraux and Silone have been workers for Marxist revolution, but the two writers have strikingly differed in their attitudes toward what the Communists used to call "the masses." Certainly, Malraux himself did not reach the revolution primarily through sympathy for the underdog, but rather, like his protagonist in "The Conquerors," through disgust with the bourgeoisie—to which, in the author's case, must be added the motivation of a very strong sense of what non-Communists call "human decency." All the main characters in Malraux's novels are more or less extraordinary or exceptional men, and the Communist's self-identification with the hardships and interests

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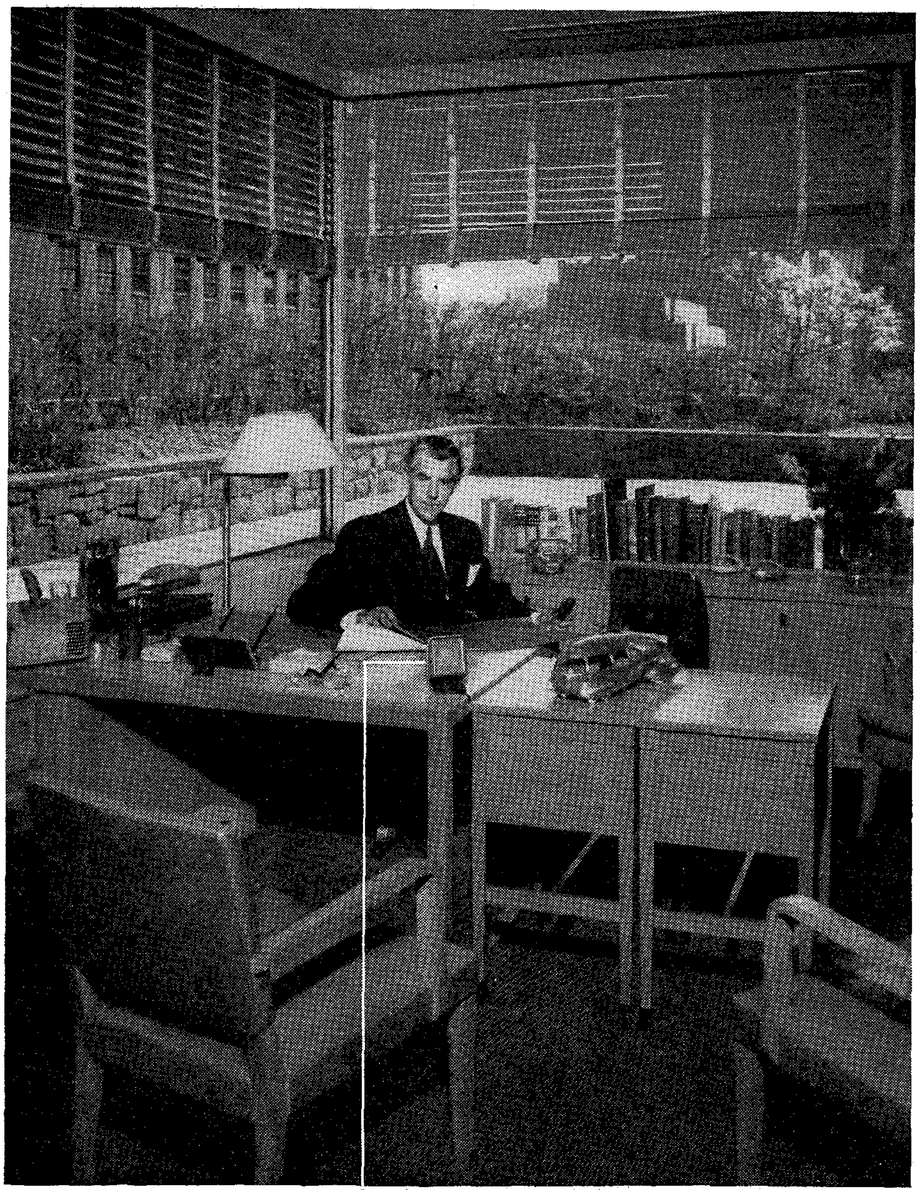
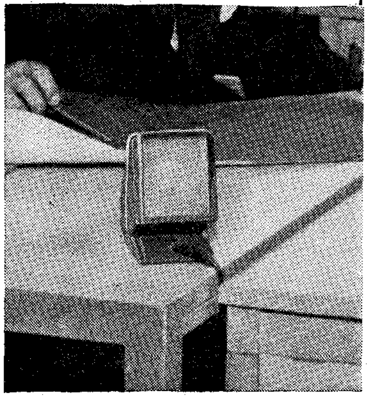
of the working class has been the aspect of the social struggle which was least adequately rendered in his novels. Now, however, in "La Lutte avec l'Ange," he has taken some special pains to try to make the common man sympathetic, yet these scenes are not his most successful. The conversations between the soldiers just before the gas attack seem a little gotten-up and labored, the reflections to which they give rise on the narrator's part a little self-conscious and sententious; the whole thing has a suggestion, at moments, of a pastiche of the Barbusse of "Under Fire." The gas attack in which the German soldiers show their human solidarity with the Russians is not so effectively done as the tank battle in which the man of intellect loses control of his monstrous machine.

Silone, on the other hand, has tended to be mainly preoccupied in his fiction with the relation of the dedicated revolutionist to the people whom he is supposed to be serving. When the Communist line loses touch with the people, he comes to the conclusion that there is something wrong, and though his protagonist, Pietro Spina, in his well-known novel "Bread and Wine," never wearies of renewing his efforts to make connections between the peasantry and the Communist Party, his failures bring him constantly closer to the point of view of the peasants at the expense of the Marxist doctrine. Spina, impatient of the exile into which he has been driven by the Fascists, returns, disguised as a priest, to his native Abruzzi mountains in an attempt to rouse the people against Fascism and to build a revolutionary movement, but he finds himself baffled at every move by the primitive mentality of the Italians, who see the world in terms of sins and pardons, saints and miracles, prayers and rites. In spite of himself, he makes his contact with them not through his appeal to their class-consciousness but through his natural sympathy for them, the sobriety of his life in their midst, a moral rectitude and a spiritual candor which they recognize and to which they respond.

And just as the false priest of "Bread and Wine" is, in the course of his relations with these peasants, half transformed into a real priest, to whom they look for forgiveness and guidance, whom they believe to possess powers of healing, while he, on his side, is preaching to them as a militant disciple of Christ, so Silone himself has come closer to the conceptions of primitive Christianity and has been attempting to make a kind of merger between the ideals of modern socialism and these. "In the





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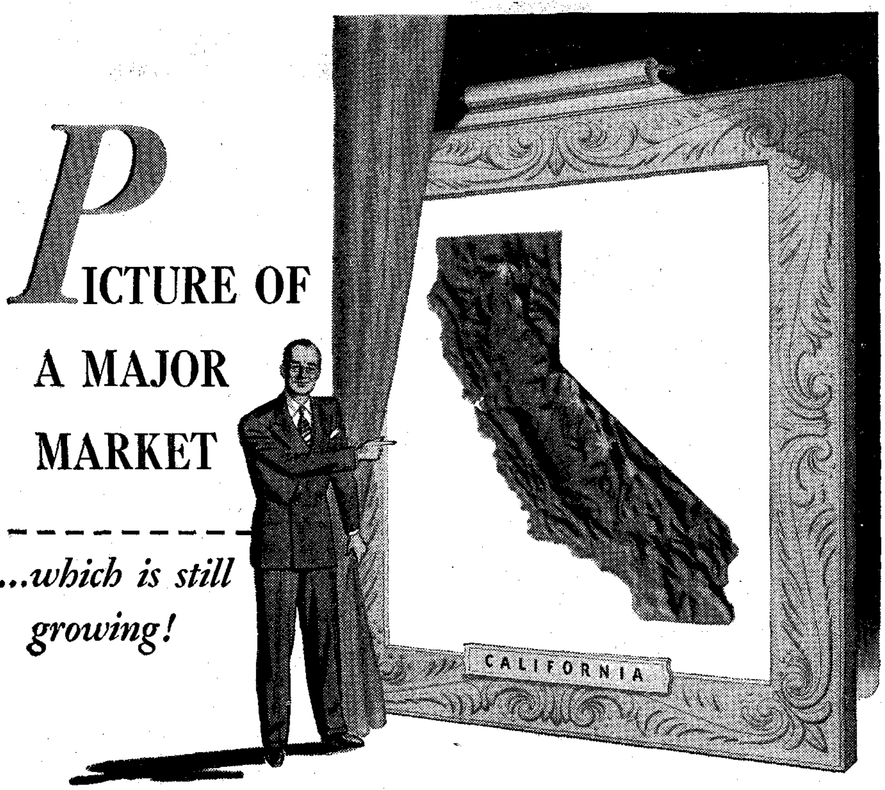
modern drama," he writes in the foreword to his new book, "a new element appears in the guise of a protagonist: the proletarian. Not new in the sense of not already having existed in antiquity, but because his ordeal and his destiny were not then considered suitable subjects for history, thought, and art. If to us moderns the situation of this character seems the nearest to the human truth, it is because, in the last analysis, between the ancients and us there has been Jesus." This new book, first published in Switzerland in 1944 and now just brought out in Rome as the first of Silone's works to be published in his native country, is a long play called "Ed Egli Si Nascose"—"And He Did Hide Himself," a quotation from John XII (it is interesting that both Silone and Malraux should have fallen back on the Bible for titles)—in which it is recorded that Jesus withdrew and disappeared after preaching, "Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you: for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth. While ye have the light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light." "Ed Egli Si Nascose" develops, on a larger scale and with a different implication, one of the incidents in "Bread and Wine." In that novel there was a young man from the country who had gone to study in Rome and who, falling in love with an anti-Fascist girl, had associated himself with a revolutionary group, but his small supply of funds had given out and, in order to finish his courses, he had agreed to take money from the Fascist police to inform against the activities of his companions. But he has been horribly tormented by conscience and, when he is caught in the country by the local police, he allows them to kill him on the spot on the assumption that he is a genuine revolutionary. His death is thus an expiation and, in the account of it and the scene of his funeral, there are echoes of the Last Supper, the Passion, and the Crucifixion. Now, in "Ed Egli Si Nascose," Silone has made this episode his central theme. The young man is here driven to redeem himself by the much more positive gesture of actually printing and distributing a proletarian manifesto, and his murder at the hands of the Fascist police proves the stimulus—where Spina has failed—that rouses the people against the regime and leads them to organize a united opposition. His death brings the play to a climax with a kind of liturgical drama, which has its Joseph and Mary, its Magdalen, its John the Baptist, and its Communion, all worked out in a systematic parallel. Silone has



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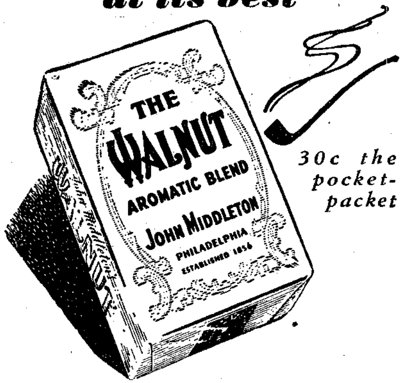

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explained in his foreword his belief that "the revolution of our epoch, which has been promoted by politicians and economists," presents "the appearance of a 'sacred mystery' in which the very fate of man is at stake." "In the sacred history of man on earth, we are as yet, alas, only at Good Friday. The men who 'hunger and thirst after righteousness' are still being derided and persecuted and put to death. The spirit is still forced to hide in order to save itself."

In "Bread and Wine," Silone had already had Pietro Spina ask the same question as Malraux's anthropologist: "What is man? What is this human life?" "Every revolution," he tells young Murica, the informer who is to expiate his treason, "always turns on this elementary question." And, "in this horrible society," where man is "mutilated, disgraced, deformed, insulted," the problem is to become "a new man," or, rather, to become for the first time "a man in the true sense of the word." Silone's way of finding a continuity in the vicissitudes of human history is to conceive it as a vast enactment of a drama to which the life of Jesus has given the symbolic clue.

"Ed Egli Si Nascose," as a work of art, is less successful than "Bread and Wine." The novel, in its chronicle of the adventures of Spina and its procession of Italian characters, had something in common with the great panorama novels like "Dead Souls" and "Huckleberry Finn," and Silone has not shown in this play a dramatic sense comparable to his narrative one. The emergence, furthermore, of the mystery play from the milieu of the modern Abruzzi may be found distasteful by readers who are remote from the Catholic religion; certainly it will be found dismaying by the old secularist type of socialist. But the piece is full of excellent things: particularly the post-mortem discussions of the psychology of Communist activity in the period before the war. "The underground character of the movement," the young renegade is made to explain, "offers to the weak man the important and deceptive advantage of secrecy. He lives in sacrilege and shudders at it, but this is all concealed from the world. He is outside the hateful and terrifying law, but the guardians of the law do not know it. His denial of the established order remains an intimate and secret thing, as if it took place in a dream, and precisely on that account is likely to run to ideas that are drastic, catastrophic, and bloody; but his external behavior remains unchanged. In his habitual relations this kind of weak man remains as timid, silly, and nervous as before. He conspires against the government in the same way that he may be in the habit of dreaming that he is strangling his own father, with whom he will sit down to breakfast in the morning." And there is an equally merciless passage on revolutionary activity as a drug. The Communist's life is so dangerous and hard, one of the underground workers explains, that the only way to accomplish anything is to eliminate the strain on your nerves, and to do this is to induce a narcosis. "But," one of the women characters objects, "excuse me if I ask a stupid question. How can we be true and brave fighters for the revolution and be drugged at the same time? Shall we turn into a movement of sleepwalkers? . . . If we come to the revolutionary cause precisely through our sensibility—because our sensibility has been wounded by the savagery, the injustice, the brutality which we have found in present-day society? If we neutralize our sensibility, aren't we destroying in ourselves the very feelings that have brought us to the revolution?" The narcotized revolutionist may become unscrupulous and cruel and lose sight of the ends that he set out to serve, and the weak man who loves concealment may find it easy, under pressure of terrorism, to betray the underground movement and to keep this betrayal concealed. When young Murica has turned stool pigeon for the Fascists, he finds himself tortured by the notion that, if no one ever finds him out, he will never be punished for his treason, and it is a horror of this idea that good and bad may be mere matters of practical expediency which drives him, in moral protest, to do something that will get him into trouble. For Silone has grasped boldly here the central problem of the present time: the justification of a human morality at this moment when the religions are losing their authority and man finds himself alone on the earth. The situation of the German Nazis was precisely that of young Murica: why worry about moral principles if you are never to be called to account? —and, unlike Silone's young student, they could not see that they did have to worry.

Silone himself, in the face of this problem, has reverted to the Christian religion in a special non-ecclesiastical version, a version which one may find it easier to sympathize with than the formal and official version of some of the recent Protestant converts to Catholicism. His point of view is a curious one. He makes one of his characters speak of

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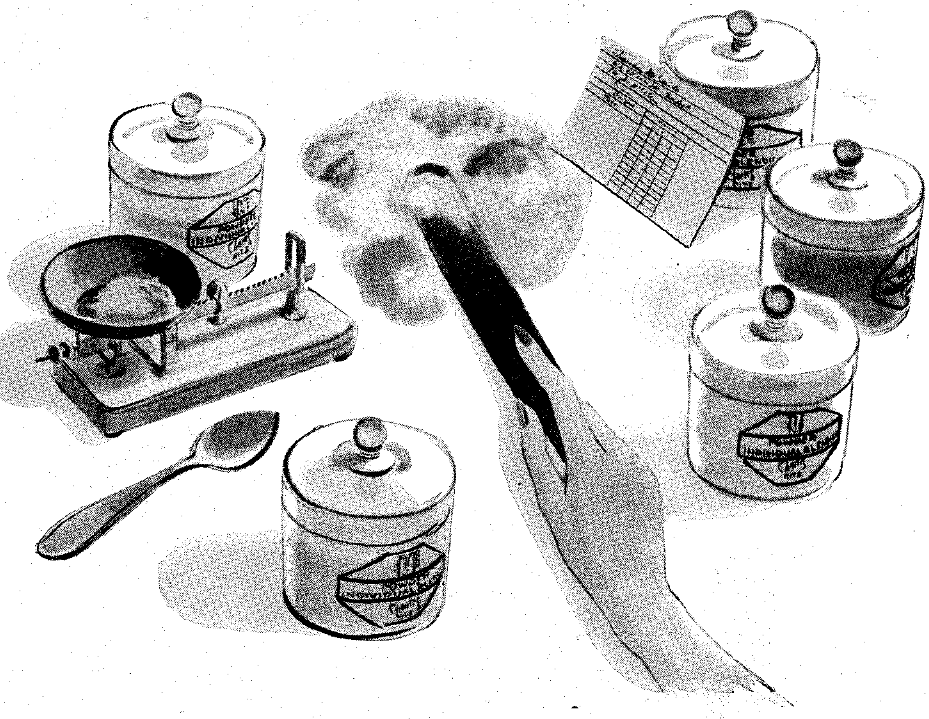

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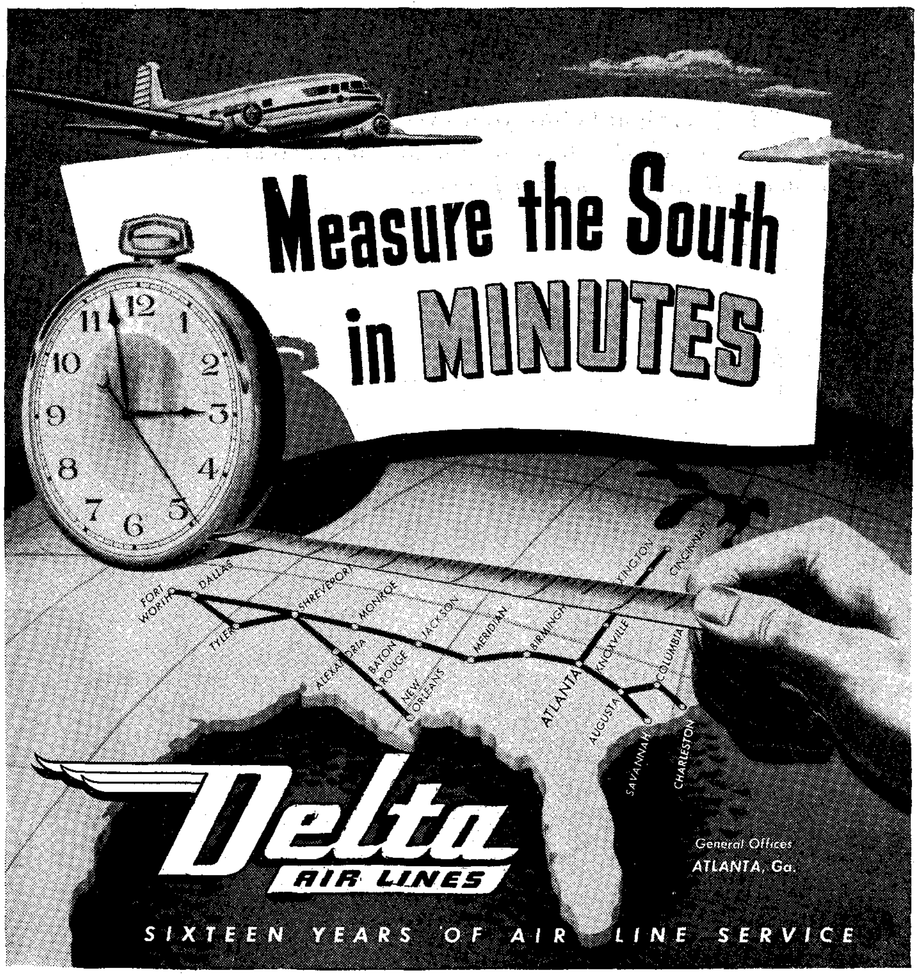
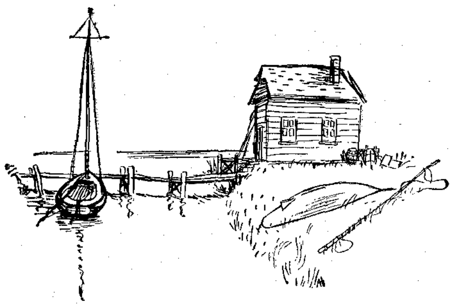


"the new idea of good and evil" of "those who do not believe in the death and resurrection of Jesus but do believe in his agony," and he has explained to the present writer that he does not accept what he calls "the mythology of Christianity," that the liturgical form of his play and the analogies with the Gospel in his novels have come to him quite naturally as a result of his never having known in his childhood any literature except the Bible and never, till he was seventeen, having seen any drama except that of the mass. Yet certainly the life of Jesus has still for him a mystical meaning, and, in a paper read recently in Rome before the Associazione per il Progresso degli Studi Morali e Religiosi—I quote from the newspaper account—he dissociated his present position from that of the "God-seekers" of the Russian socialist movement, after its defeat in 1905, but asserted that he belonged rather among "those of whom St. Bernard speaks, those whom God pursues, and whom, when He overtakes them, He tears to pieces and chews and swallows." All this does not, however, prevent him from taking a very active part in the work of the Socialist Party as a member of its central committee.

The great importance of these two men at this time is my excuse for thus reporting on them at length. They stand almost alone in Europe as writers of first-rate talents who have continued to take imaginative literature with the utmost seriousness and who have not lost their hold on the large social developments that lie behind national conflicts. They have survived the intellectual starvation, the spiritual panic of the war, and they are among the most valuable forces still alive on their devastated continent. Still they are trying to perform through their writing what Malraux makes one of his characters describe as the function of art: "a rectification of the world . . . It seems to me that the cardinal confusion has arisen from our having assumed—in our conception of Greek tragedy it's striking—that to represent a doom is to suffer it. But that's not true: rather, it's almost to possess it. The very power of being able



to represent it, to conceive it, makes it possible for it to escape from its real fate, from the implacable divine scheme, brings it down to the human scale. In what is essential, our art is a humanization of the world." This is a much humbler point of view than that of the defiant Romantics or of the professional nineteenth-century Titans, but it trusts in human strength and vindicates human pride as the writers of our day have not always done. "The greatest mystery," says Malraux in another fine passage of his novel, "is not that we should have been thrown up by chance between the profusion of matter and the profusion of the stars, but that, in that prison, we should be able to get out of ourselves images sufficiently powerful to deny our insignificance." —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SOWING THE WIND, by Martha Dodd (Harcourt, Brace). A careful chronicle of high German society from the time of the Spanish Civil War through 1943. Miss Dodd's familiarity with smart Berlin gives a certain interest to her picture of fashionable life under Hitler; a certain lack of imagination, however, prevents her study of the processes by which a decent young man is made into a Nazi beast from being any more original than the novel's well-worn title would suggest.

BROAD MARGIN, by A. R. Beverley-Giddings (Morrow). The healing qualities of peace and sanity, which an invalided soldier finds in a kindly, civilized community of Tidewater Virginia, is not a bad idea for a novel at a time when the grace of a contented spirit is as rare in fiction as it is in real life. Unfortunately, much as Mr. Beverley-Giddings admires the agreeable virtues of his Chesapeake Bay families, he makes their story a rather prosy one.

GENERAL

SMOULDERING FREEDOM, by Isabel de Palencia (Longmans, Green). A history of the Spanish Republicans who have been in exile since the great exodus of January, 1939, deprived their country of most of its best brains and talent. Madame Palencia, a diplomat in the days of Republican Spain, describes the activities of the many artists, scientists, writers, and politicians who have been working to free the country from its dictator and adds a guarded chapter or two on the un-

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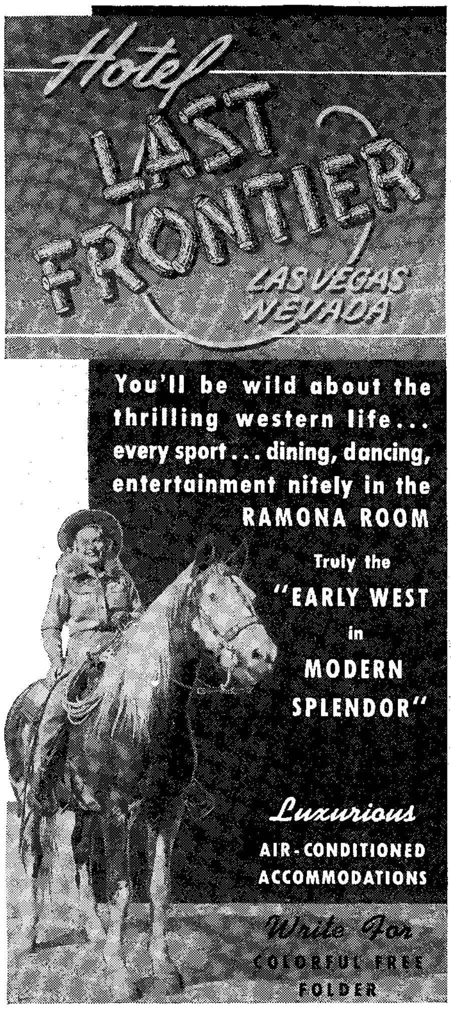

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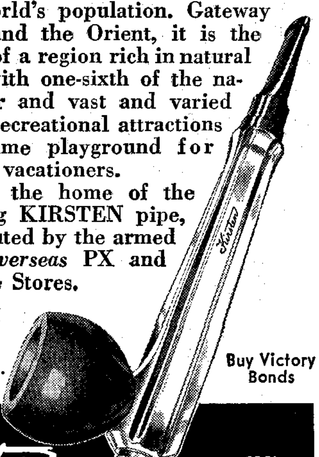

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derground now operating in Generalissimo Franco's own territory. The book is a testament to the vitality and will of what the exiles call "Pilgrim Spain" and reminds us, at this opportune moment, that the preliminary struggle of the second World War is still not over, even though the main bout is.

The Balance of Tomorrow, by Robert Strausz-Hupé (Putnam). A study of what the author calls the "power-political forces" that will constitute the postwar world (the one that's here right now). The emphasis is on American foreign policy. Mr. Strausz-Hupé's chief objective is an assay of the strength of nations in terms of power—topography, men, raw materials, and technology—rather than in terms of nineteenth-century legalistic concepts of international politics. He writes with admirable clarity and forthrightness, and rarely drops into the demographic cant and geopolitical mumbling that can make this subject so painful. As though to underline one of his main theses—that the niftiest formula for evaluating history is subject to change without notice—an insert page has been added in which the author acknowledges that the advent of atomic fission has already upset many preconceptions and may be expected to upset many more. If not, one might add, the whole damn applecart.

Twice a Year, edited by Dorothy Norman (Twice a Year Press). As usual, this semiannual, which has been appearing only once a year, is a mouthful. This number ranges in content from a transcript of the Dumbarton Oaks proposals to a poem by Muriel Rukeyser, from the Army's report on the Buchenwald atrocities to some random notes (on nothing much) from the diary of Angna Enters. The idea is to present contemporary life in a "comprehensive manner"—no small feat. There are discussions of India, civil liberties, full employment, and the Negro, and there is a section that serves as a sort of cell block for fugitive literary pieces. Two of the most interesting of these are a collection of prose writings by the late Hart Crane and an interview with André Malraux when he was a colonel in the Maquis. The book is something of a hodgepodge, but then, so is contemporary life. Maybe that's what the editor meant.

Out of Carnage, by Alexander R. Griffin (Howell, Soskin). The record of the Allied armies in reducing their mortality rate. There are chapters on the psychiatric treatment of battle shock, penicillin, plasma, techniques for rescuing men at sea, and so on. There is, however, little that is new in the material and the book is rather like a number of others on the subject of medicine at war.

A Word in Your Ear and Just Another Word, by Ivor Brown (Dutton). Mr. Brown, the editor of the *London Observer*, has compiled two anthologies (bound together for the price of one) dealing with the origin and mutations of certain words. One word, he has discovered, leads inevitably to another, and it has amused him to collect some whose meanderings seem particularly interesting—staddle, stalwart, stolchy, and stour, for instance. J. Donald Adams, in his introduction, finds all this delightful, and the stolchy-and-stour-minded, as well as those who have an interest in peregrine, pickthank, and pinchbeck, probably will too. Even those who have a hard time remembering the difference between etymology and entomology could do worse than give it a try.

Note: A collection of cartoons by Mischa Richter has been published by Whittlesey House under the title "This One's on Me." Nearly half of these drawings first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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Gentleman wishes to meet distinguished, bilingual, lone lady, large flat, cemented cellar. Will assume share of expenses. Box 8009 Herald Office. 16-101
—*Montreal Daily Herald.*

Come out, Karloff, we see you!

•

News reaches us of the birth of a daughter weighing 7 pounds 8 ounces to Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Benson at Wellsboro, Pa., June 23. They have named her Maude Charlotte. Mrs. Benson was Miss Nellie Simons and was born and grew to womanhood before her marriage.—*Canisteo (N.Y.) Times.*

That's the way it works out best.

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LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT

(DIVISION OF COMPARATIVE ECSTASY)

[*From a story by Jean Kinkead in Collier's*]

"Johnny," she said, "there's never been anyone so right for me." And that was the answer.

He held her close then, her hair soft against his face, and it was like sitting in with Teddy Wilson and Benny Goodman. Only a million times better.

Conventional Radio — lacks color and richness. Something is missing.

Lovely **MARY MARTIN,** star of radio, stage and screen.

FM Radio by General Electric — you hear the tones in all their "natural color" and beauty, virtually free from static, fading and station interference.

Mary Martin—even more sparkling in natural color tone on a great new radio

THERE'S thrilling new magic in Mary Martin's voice when you hear her on the coming General Electric FM radio. Its glorious "natural color" tone recreates all the glamour of her captivating personality.

Never Before—This Natural Color Tone

♪ This revolutionary General Electric radio reveals in all their rare beauty the rich tones and overtones—many of them unheard on the radios of today—that give to every voice and instrument its own charm—its own distinctive musical character.

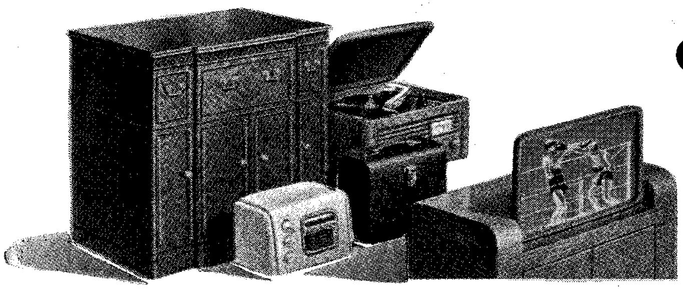
Never Before—Such Flawless Reception

♪ When you listen on this amazing new radio, reception will be incredibly free from fading or station interference. Static will never drown out its matchless purity of tone. Gone at last are all barriers between you and the artists. Space itself seems to vanish as you listen, entranced, to programs so vivid, so real, it seems that the artists themselves stand within the very room.

Everything in Radio and Television

♪ As soon as war needs permit, your General Electric dealer will feature this newest kind of radio as well as conventional radios, radio-phonographs with an amazing new system of tone reproduction, the revolutionary new self-charging portable, and the latest developments in attractive television receivers for your home.

Hear the G-E radio programs: *"The World Today" news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p.m., EWT, CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p.m., EWT, NBC. "The G-E House Party," Monday through Friday, 4 p.m., EWT, CBS.*



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